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TO AND FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE. — FROM DOLMA BAGTCHÉ.

TO AND FROM
CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM,

AUTHOR OF

'LIFE IN A FRENCH CHÂTEAU,'

TRANSLATOR OF BARON HÜBNER'S 'SIXTUS V.' ETC.

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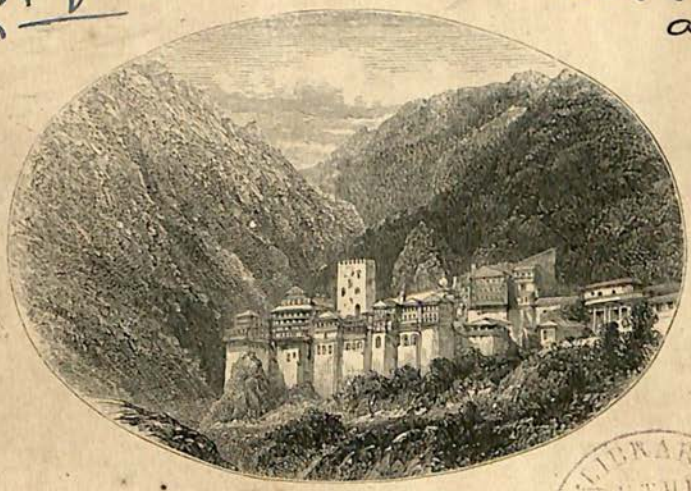

MONASTERY OF ST. PAUL, MOUNT ATHOS.

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To

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD STAFFORD

PREFACE.

IN offering to the public the few following chapters of travels performed during my residence of upwards of two years at Athens and Constantinople, I am actuated only by the desire of being of use to those who may be tempted to avail themselves of the many facilities which railways and steamers now present for seeing a great deal in a short space of time.

Apart from the natural beauties with which Eastern scenery abounds, there is a peculiar interest which attaches to all things Eastern, and which is due not only to the halo of mysticism that surrounds them, but also to the part which almost every spot has played in the early history of the world.

To record that interest, and to point to those natural beauties at the same time, has been the object of my present endeavour, and this will explain why I have perhaps multiplied quotations to an extent which some may consider unnecessary, and others tedious. It must be remembered, however, that after writers upon the East, such as Hammer, d'Ohsson, Gibbon, Urquhart, Leake, and, in earlier times, Tournefort, de Tott, and de Choiseuil-Gouffier, it is somewhat difficult to write any description of manners, customs, and scenery which can improve upon theirs; and, indeed, such an attempt would be presumption. But to conciliate their views with the present aspect of Turkey and Greece, and to be supported by their authority wherever they can be aptly quoted, is to give to one's work a guarantee of earnestness which the public may justly claim.

I hope for my book no greater honour than that of becoming an extra-companion (Murray's Guide-books being the companions in ordinary) to the traveller in those countries which I have spoken of.

I have abstained from all political consider-

ations, though I have pointed to some subjects which a more independent traveller should not fail to examine, as in the study of them he will reap the enormous advantages that are to be derived from journeying in Turkey.

Some of the conversations which I have reported may not flatter many among whom I number several friends; but I trust they will do me the justice to observe that I am striving only to notice evils and mark facts which they either have it in their power to correct, or to the truth of which they must subscribe.

I should be grieved to think that I had hurt any of them by remarks which I may have made respecting their countrymen in the course of this volume, and I hasten, therefore, to apologise for being bound to keep to my statements by admitting them all into the category of those charming exceptions which confirm the rule.

HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	BRINDISI TO ATHENS	1
II.	TO CORINTH BY NAUPLIA AND MYCENÆ	37
III.	MOUNT ATHOS	89
IV.	TRIP TO CYZICUS	165
V.	BROUSSA	199
VI.	NICOMEDIA AND NICÆA	237
VII.	THE BOSPHORUS	285
VIII.	GALATA BRIDGE	325

Brindisi to Athens.

CHAPTER I.

BRINDISI TO ATHENS.

IT was eleven o'clock on a morning, in July, 1870, when I was informed that the little station at which the train stopped, and wherein I had travelled for the last twenty-six hours, was no other than Brindisi—the old Roman Brundisium, where Virgil died, and no wonder!—where the Via Appia terminated, and where travellers bid farewell to the West. The heat alone (92° in the shade) was enough to explain why the place can never have been but one of departure, either for another world or other regions.

I hurried to the Grand Hôtel des Indes Orientales on the Quay, and had all its greatness to myself—not a soul within, not a creature without. What had become of the children of the 70,000 inhabitants which the town is sup-

posed to have boasted, even so late as the 13th century?

Unaccustomed yet to Eastern or Southern practices, I ventured out in the broiling sun in search of the remains of the Temple of Neptune, which my guide-book informed me was near; but I only got to a decaying gate, where I gazed on the dull, glaring country around, and caught a mild sun-stroke.

While wondering whether the road that I saw before me was that by which old Horace had travelled when he came down from Rome with Mæcenas, and took fifteen days to do it, I don't know what brought the *Giaour's* lines to my memory,—

> 'I'd rather be the thing that crawls
> Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls
> Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
> Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.'

Towards sunset a fresh breeze sprung up, and I betook myself to a boat. Hungry for companionship, I spied two Englishmen. (What is the most forsaken spot on earth in which an Englishman is not to be found?) They were tourists and botanists. Two unpleasant qualities; but Providence has so happily dispensed all matters here below, that even a bull, as Cardinal

Wiseman used to say, can be taken for a bore (boar), and a bore at times become a pleasure. We made for the Castello, which must at one time have been a strong fortress, and is now allowed to fall into ruins. Why? It commands a noble position, and would seem to require no extraordinary outlay to make it serviceable as a fort. I may be talking of what I know nothing about, but it strikes forcibly the uninitiated in the art of engineering and fortification, that it is a pity to leave what once was the object of all the attention of a Charles V. to fall into absolute decay, when the commercial existence of the place it is intended to protect is at last waking from its long slumbers.

While admiring the massive round towers which delineate the fort, and thinking of Madame Victoire's (daughter of Louis XV.) escape to Brindisi in a little boat, destitute of all means, and hostile ships of her own nation in pursuit of her, I perceived my friends busily engaged in the search of some unknown herb growing out of the crevices of some falling stones.

What were historical traditions to them? A change in the fate of nations, of cities, and of people, suggested by the sight of that which

testified to the greatness of the one and prosperity of the others, would little engross the attention of men devoted to so small a thing as a petal, to so mean an object as a stem, or a herb, or a thorn. To my notes of admiration I could hear them exclaim to one another,—'Holla, Jim; here's another!' 'Another what, Jack?' And then came a four-syllable word which I could not hear, of course, the wind being westerly and I seated in an opposite direction to that whence it blew.

Jim and Jack hailing each other by their familiar nicknames somewhat jarred on my ears. I wanted to feel poetical, and while they brought me back to reality they made me feel ignorant. That is probably why I disliked them. I positively hated them when they shortly after brought me a leaf—to try me, I suppose—and told me it was that of caper, when I had expressed wonderment at what it could be. 'Capers on Brindisi Fort! capers on a tumbling castle! capers at the end of the Stag's Head Port! Really, sir, is it possible?' 'Yes, sir,' said the eldest of the two; 'not possible, but a fact: caper it is, and I am surprised you were not aware of it.' 'All boys know that,' added t'other fellow—the one I most

disliked. 'Maybe,' I replied; 'but can I not know the caper without knowing the leaf?' 'You'd eat few capers if every one did not know the leaf,' summed up the elder. All this about capers a thousand miles from England! No wonder, then, if my prejudice against botanists is strong. And, indeed, all 'special' people are more or less vexatious. A man who knows a little of everything generally knows nothing well, and hence there is not the same risk of being humbled at every step by the comparison which a fellow well versed in a subject constantly likes to make between his knowledge and your ignorance, on the specious ground that he wishes to add to his store of information.

When 'shut up,' as I suppose my companion's last remark may be considered to have done with me (there is much force in that slang expression), the best thing to do is to turn the cards, if possible — to change subjects quite abruptly, and suddenly to propose something which will not expose one easily to a similar treatment. I proposed a sail, and as my suggestion was readily accepted, I confidently hoped I had escaped all future queries, and would have my own way by descanting upon the historical interest of the

place. 'Errare humanum est.' In the boat they displayed all the ferns and other plants which they had gathered; and had it not been for our striking against some rocks, and happily losing our rudder in getting off, which obliged us to pull ourselves for six miles, there is no knowing how far despondency, born at such a place as Brindisi, would have worked its dire effects upon me.

The next day being Sunday, I went to the Duomo to hear mass, and never was so disgusted with the want of respect shown to a place of worship. Men and women were squatted about the place, all spitting to their throats' content; half-naked children were running to and fro, exhibiting their little selves to the enchanted eyes of their supposed parents; and meanwhile, some gaudily attired priests were dancing about the altar to the tune of *Crispino e la Comare.*

Previous to embarking on board the 'Principe Oddone,' a fine vessel belonging to the Peirano line of Italian steamers, I visited the 'Ismael' frigate, belonging to the Viceroy of Egypt, which was expecting somebody who apparently would not come.

The Captain was most kind, and offered me

coffee and Nile water. Real Turkish coffee!—the first introduction to an Eastern taste, which, once acquired, never leaves one. He made the men, all niggers, fall in, and we inspected them to a tuneless tune from a band of disordered brass instruments.

At 4 p.m. we bade farewell to Italy. I say 'we,' because it is polite to speak in the plural, but for no other more plausible reason.

At 7 we sighted Fano, which D'Anville, the French geographer, supposes to have been Calypso's Island. Is this so? Many would say, No; but I rather incline to the belief that this rock, which an American called 'a darned spot, only good for sharpening a slate-pencil,' is no other than the old Ogygia. My best argument lies in the position of the island between the south of Italy and Corfu, in the middle of the channel which leads into the Adriatic. My weakest point is the fact of Ulysses taking so long as twenty-one days to get thence to Corfu, the Homeric Scheria, where lived the sea-loving Phæacians.

According to Homer, Ogygia, where resided Calypso, the beautiful-haired goddess, Νύμφη ἐϋπλόκαμος, was supposed to be the numbril of the sea, ὀμφαλὸς θαλάσσης, just as Delphi was called by the Greeks the centre of the earth,

ὀμφαλὸς γῆς. Calypso was the daughter of Oceânus, God of that river which, according to ancient geography, perpetually flowed round the earth.

If it be borne in mind that the furthest point known in Homeric times was the island of Erytheia, from which Hercules carried off the oxen of Geryon, and that, according to Herodotus, Erytheia was close to Gadeira, the modern Cadiz, it will be easily seen that Fano, or Ogygia, occupies a central position between Cadiz and Troy.

Again, on leaving Trinacria (Sicily), he took ten days to reach Ogygia, and twenty-one thence to Corfu.

Had Malta, or Pantellaria near Malta, been the island in question, he must on leaving Sicily, where he landed, after crossing Scylla and Charybdis, have drifted some eighty miles to the south, and notice would have been taken of his receding journey, while on the contrary he is said to have progressed towards Ithaca.

Pliny asserts that Calypso's Isle was not far from Cape Colonna, near the promontory of Lacinium, at the entrance of the Gulf of Tarento; and but for the fact that I cannot find any such island marked on the charts, I would readily accept the statement, though I strongly suspect he likewise

meant Fano, which is on a level with the entrance to the Gulf of Tarento.

I apologise for tarrying so long on a subject which at best is but mythical, but it is curious what a hold mythology gets upon the mind as one enters the regions where the doings and sayings of the old heroes and divinities of antiquity have originated.

Thanks to the power of steam, we were not, like Ulysses, seventeen days at sea on our way to Corfu, nor even seventeen hours, owing to a beautifully calm sea; and had a tempest arisen at the angry will of Neptune, I trust the accommodation on board was such that, even had a storm 'rent our sails, and like to an impetuous wind, which disperses the dry leaves that have gathered in one spot, and sends them flying in all directions, shattered the planks of our craft,'

> Ὡς δ' ἄνεμος ζαὴς ἠΐων θήμονα τινάζει
> καρφαλέων τὰ μὲν ἄρ τε διεσκέδας ἀλλυδὶς ἄλλῃ
> ὣς τῆς δούρατα μακρὰ διεσκέδας.— *Odyssey*, v. 368,

we should not have been compelled to swim for two days, and to greet on landing the beautiful eyes of the fair Nausicaa, with so green an accoutrement as that of the father of Telemachus on beholding the fair daughter of Alcinous.

Nausicaa must always strike one as the most beautiful character in history or romance. Her innocent, yet intelligent simplicity; her gentle and winning ways; her affectionate respect for her parents; her submission to the will of the Deity; and withal her girlish fondness for those little things that adorn without harming; the whole constitutes one of the happiest conceptions of the great poet's fancy.

Alas! on coming on deck at 4 a.m. I found no charming Nausicaa to greet me with pleasant words, or to give orders to her maids to offer me 'food and drink, to show me where to bathe, in a spot protected from the winds.'

> Ἀλλὰ δότ', ἀμφίπολοι, ζείνῳ βρῶσίν τε πόσιν τε
> λόυσατέ τ'ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθ' ἐπὶ σκέπας ἔστ' ἀνέμοιο.
>
> *Odyssey*, vi. 309.

What delightful habits the ancients had! Never to ask who a stranger was until they had fed, bathed, and clothed him!

What a contrast this morning with the interested obsequiousness of a certain individual, who apparently had ascertained all about me before he proffered his services to the '*Signor Segretario*,' with which he dunned my ears until I got sick of the appellation (yet quite new, and

therefore pleasing), and still more disgusted with the man. I indignantly refused his help on finding that he was no friend's messenger, but a mere *commissionnaire*. He thereupon, like Juno—

> 'Stetit acri fixa dolore:
> Tum quassans caput, hæc effudit pectore dicta.'
> *Eneid*, vii. 291.

And the words he uttered in his grief were these:—'Oh, stranger! you are new to the place, and the place is new to you. Take me as guide, and you'll be old in the place before the place is old for you.' Five minutes after, the result of his eloquent appeal could be seen in the fact that we were making the best of our way together towards the landing-place.

For a description of Corfu, I refer the reader to the guide-books. For my part, I tried to see all that they pointed to and my cicerone pointed out; but feeling more than poetically inclined, I looked for the river where Ulysses was directed to by the pretty-ankled Ino, καλλίσφυρος Ἰνώ. From the fortress, which is situated on a high cliff that overhangs the sea, I was told that a mile off to the south stood the old Corcyra, and I accordingly made for it. What does Corcyra come from?

Schliemann, a German archæologist, says it is derived from Κορυφώ the Byzantine name of Κερκυρα, as it is styled on old coins, and that it means the two double-coned hills upon which the modern fortress is built. He adds that these are probably the '*aëriæ Pheacum arces*,' spoken of by Virgil, *Eneid*, iii. 291. Schliemann may be right; but where stood the palace of Alcinous, of which Homer gives so glowing a description? 'Brass walls, crowned by some metal of azure hue, golden gates,' &c.

Κάλκεοι μὲν γὰρ τοῖχοι . . . .
. . . . περὶ δὲ θριγκὸς κυάνοιο
χρύσειαι δὲ θύραι. . . . . .

No wonder if it shone 'with a brilliancy equal to that of the sun and the moon.'

Ὥστε γὰρ ἠελίου αἴγλη πέλεν ἠὲ σελήνης
δῶμα κάθ. . . . . .—*Odyssey*, vii. 84.

If Ulysses took some time to get to it from the river, which was close to the sea-shore, where the attendants of Nausicaa dried their clothes, and passed through the celebrated gardens described in the above-mentioned canto, and recorded by Virgil in his *Georgics*, ii. 87—

'Pomaque, et Alcinoi silvæ,'

there is little doubt that the present palace of the king stands on the spot which it occupied, for the river runs north of it, and the excavations made in that part of the island have brought to light many treasures which a more careful search would no doubt have rendered even more interesting in an archæological point of view.

Though the Greeks appear to be delighted at being in possession of the Ionian Islands, I question whether the islanders do not regret their English protectors.

The commerce of the place has considerably decreased, I am told, and the military strength of this key to the Adriatic is such that one Krupp or big-sized Armstrong gun would capture the place in a few hours.

The Greeks are excellent sailors, and the greater part of the traffic of the Levant is carried in Greek bottoms. They do not in this respect belie their old reputation, but between carrying goods and manning guns there is a wide space, which the Greeks omit to fill up by the purchase of proper armaments. They seem to revel in the exquisite scenery of the island, and in this respect they can boast a singularly beautiful gem, but precisely on this account it would seem

natural to secure it; yet with the exception of the roads which we made, and one or two institutions which we bequeathed to them, and which appear to be well kept up, there is no sign of that activity and life which should exist in a point at once central and extreme, like Corfu, with respect to its maritime and national position in the map of Europe.

I visited one or two Greek churches, dirty, hot, and not over sweet-smelling. The language spoken by the people appeared to me to be a mixture of half-a-dozen other languages, and their character, judging by their gait, to be the residue of such bad points as specially characterised those numerous nations that have had the honour of ruling the Ionian Islands.

When it is remembered that in a space of 2500 years Corfu has successively belonged to the Corinthians, with whom they quarrelled; to the Macedonians, whom the Romans kicked out; to the latter, whom the degenerate Greeks of the Byzantine period succeeded; to the Normans of the Crusades, the Venetians, the Turks, the French, the English, and the modern Hellenes, it is not surprising that these successive peoples, having each in turn to prove their right of con-

quest by the strength of their will and the *hauteur* of their demeanour, have bequeathed to the population of the principal island the roughness of bullyism and the cunning which is born of fear, besides the ignorance which must result from the impossibility of forming a dialect of their own.

The great difference also between such peoples as the Greek, the Roman, and the Turk alone, would show how impossible it is to obtain out of the contact of these anything but a mongrel race, and the only sign of patriotism which is evident is the attachment of the inhabitants to their native district.

I think it is Mr. Finlay who remarks that, unless orthodoxy coincides with nationality in Greece, the feelings of general patriotism are weak; and the remark is unquestionably true. The Corfiots are orthodox in religion, and Greece is of orthodox belief. Belonging, therefore, to Greece, is only a coincidence which strengthens the general patriotic feeling of the Ionians. But were Greece to separate from the orthodox creed, there would only remain as the element of patriotism the attachment of the inhabitants for their native islands.

Many even now regret the new rule for which they sighed, and would gladly hail the return of the protectorate of England. This is no statement born out of a wish, but the expression of a sentiment I myself heard expounded by several people, whose religious creed, it is true, I did not inquire into.

But what is patriotism, after all, if not, in theory, a love of one's native soil, and in practice the defence of the same? I do not see, therefore, that islanders are to be refused the merit of being high-minded—

'A tous les cœurs bien nés que la patrie est chère!'—

because they care more for their native island than for the country to which such isles may belong for the time being. This sounds like a plea for Ireland, and may be taken as such.

One is sometimes apt to judge of a whole people by the conduct of one or two individuals only, and I confess to having formed a very small opinion of the Corfiot honesty and disinterestedness owing to the rapacious greed of two urchins, Phæacians, lovers of the oar, Φαιήκων φιληρέτμων, who insisted on the honour of taking me on

board the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Austria* in a boat which I soon became aware was not their own, for in his ardour to regain his property the owner dashed into his craft with such force that he nearly sank her and me in his praiseworthy attempt to drown the Corfiot boys. On escaping I naturally came to the conclusion that, if two boys could be so dishonest, the rest of the population who were older must be more so still, and hence I left the delicious Scheria, Σχερίην ἐρατεινήν, with no great opinion of her present inhabitants.

The *Austria* was crowded with passengers, among whom were some Greeks going to Syra and to Athens, and a Pasha with his harem and suite. The Pasha was Governor of Janina, and had twelve females with him, all more or less his wives, though he acknowledged but one as such. These women slept on mattresses laid on the deck under a tent, between the raised cabins and the bulwarks. But of course everybody has seen this, and I ought not to mention it; still I was much impressed by the first Turkish veil or 'yashmak' that I saw, and but for the sight of two repulsive black fellows keeping watch over them, and my inability to speak their language,

I would gladly have entered upon those little social duties which are so many pleasures on board ship, when one wishes to become acquainted with the pretty or graceful beings for whose benefit they are performed.

While full of admiration and curiosity I felt a great desire for food. How strange it is that the material portions of ourselves should so persistently insist on their precedence over our more ethereal natures! I have always thought Ulysses a great philosopher from the fact that, in the midst of his tears on recollecting the misfortunes he had gone through, he was able to stay them and beg of Alcinous to 'allow him to continue his repast notwithstanding his affliction;' adding, 'that nothing is more importunate than the stomach, which obliges the man who is most distressed, and who carries mourning within his soul, to take notice of its existence.'

> Ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν δορπῆσαι ἐάσατε, κηδόμενόν περ
> Οὐ γάρ τι στυγερῇ ἐπὶ γαστέρι κύντερον ἄλλο
> ἔπλετο, ἥτ' ἐκέλευσεν ἔο μνήσασθαι ἀνάγῃ,
> καὶ μαλὰ τειρόμενον καὶ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πένθος ἔχόντα.
>
> *Odyssey*, vii. 215.

The night was lovely, and the receding moun-

tains of 'hilly Epirus' brought us nearer to Santa Maura, and like Childe Harold we

> 'Hail'd Leucadia's cape afar,'

and (though I own for my part I could not see it) yet, far to the east, Actium was pointed out.

The moon was shining in all her brilliancy, and I cannot forget the sort of schoolboy enthusiasm with which I repeated the lines of Byron as we coasted the same delightful scenery that he had viewed and has so vividly described in the second canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. We saw

> 'the evening star above
> Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
> And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
> And felt, or deem'd we felt, no common glow:
> And as the stately vessel glided slow
> Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
> We watched the billows' melancholy flow.'

Of how many delights the sceptic is deprived on viewing the classic regions of the past! Half, nay two-thirds, of the pleasure there is in visiting Greece, and especially its incomparable islands and seas, consists in rebuilding in fancy the haunts and favourite abodes of the heroes of antiquity, who maybe were only the sires of the brigands that infest those regions now, if indeed they ever

existed, or the prototypes of the more civilised Parisian *cocottes.* I use the word designedly, for there is little doubt that the widow Sappho was another Lais, whose disgraceful proceedings at Mitylene caused her to fly the vengeance of her female compatriots, and aroused the envy of those of her sex who were less successful.

'Mascula Lesbiacis Sappho peritura sagittis.'

Whatever may have been her successes, however, this fair Grecian poetess, another Marguerite, appears to have paid dearly her love for the Faust of antiquity—Phaon, the ugly old boatman who carried Venus gratis on one occasion, and was made young and flighty in return for his former disinterestedness.

The leap from Leucadia's rock appears an ugly one, though it is said that the disappointed Greek lovers who threw themselves into the raging sea beneath did not always meet with the tragical end they were in search of.

But whatever respect is due to the conscientious relation by Strabo of the popular traditions handed down to his time, it requires a certain amount of benevolent good-will to accept as a fact the dodge he supposes many distracted lovers to have had recourse to.

No one, I think, would be so mad now-a-days as to tie bird-feathers to the arms, in order to escape the death which awaits an energetic leap, by even a mad confidence in the power of such feathers to check a downward course. Yet Strabo says that many men escaped a watery grave in this wise, and adds that females had too slight a frame to bear a shock on falling. Thus a heavy body falling on a pointed rock had less chance of being crushed to atoms than a slender one; a remarkable doctrine, which is admirably completed by the information that salt water is a great cure for love-sickness.

Towards midnight we passed between Cephalonia and Ithaca, the former on our right (I suppose I ought to say our starboard side), and the latter, of course, on our left.

Was it not from Cephalonia that twenty-four of Penelope's suitors came? That would seem to indicate ambition and avarice on the part of the men, and little attraction in the women of that island. The result of this train of thought made me look with indifference upon the largest of the Ionian Islands.

Upon Ithaca it was not possible to gaze without that interest which has existed three thousand

years for a spot that a poet alone has brought into notice, which can neither claim any subsequent celebrity of its own, nor boast of the birth of any men within its mountain walls who have called for even a passing mention in the pages of history.

Ithaca lives of the life given to it by Homer, and no other island in the world can boast a renown of such long standing, on the sole ground of a poet's fancy in selecting it for the seat of his hero's home.

The youth of the whole world are made familiar with the island so eminently suited for the 'bringing up of youth,' as the old poet styles her, ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος; and even those who least could tell why Ithaca is celebrated, will smile the smile of recognition on being told that the barren spot by which he passes is the famed home of Ulysses and the prudent Penelope.

One of my greatest regrets was that time and duty forbade all possibility of tarrying a few days in a spot, every rock, fountain, and vale of which must breathe the charm that is born of recognition and of memory.

Dr. Schliemann, who is now engaged in making researches at Troy, places the old palace of Ulysses on the summit of Mount Aetos, by which we

passed, and has published a remarkable paper on his archæological researches in the interior of the island. He is, however, carried away by his enthusiasm; it may be supposed, when he claims to have found five little vases 'more ancient than the ancient vases of Cuma in the Museum of Naples, and which very possibly contain the bodies of Ulysses, Penelope, and their children.'

He gives likewise a description of the view which one obtains from the summit of Mount Aetos, which would seem to vie in grandeur with that which is obtained on the Acro-Corinth, and which I mention merely for the sake of those who may feel inclined to visit the spot; as, having seen the latter, I can vouch for anything that approaches it in magnificence being well deserving a visit.

We passed during the night the entrance to the Gulf of Patras, or Lepanto, or Corinth, as it is variously called, and when the rose-fingered Aurora dawned at early morn,* we were opposite Navarino, the supposed residence of Nestor, the son of Neleus, the great glory of the Greeks—*μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν*: but we saw no remains of the well-

* Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς.

Odyssey, viii. 1.

built town, ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον, of which Homer speaks as having greeted the eyes of Telemachus, when, in company of Minerva, he had set out on his voyage of discovery after his father.

There is something amusing in Minerva helping the father and the son, by directing the latter to look for his parent just in the opposite direction to that which she pointed to the god of gods, as being the spot where she wished Mercury to be sent to deliver Ulysses from the thraldom of Calypso.

But what of that? As the French say, '*ce n'est qu'un détail,*' and what did it matter to a goddess?

The 'untoward event' which took place in Navarino Bay cannot be said to have added much lustre to the guaranteeing Powers that crushed the Ottoman navy; for it is matter of history that it was only to avoid affording the Turks an opportunity of slipping out of the Bay that the allied Admirals resolved to anchor alongside the Egyptian and Ottoman fleets, thus rendering a collision inevitable; and it is equally matter of history that the armed intervention of these Powers was in reality but an act of bullyism, for, as Mr. Finlay very justly observes, 'The

measures adopted by the allies to establish an armistice were, during the whole period of their negotiations, remarkable for incongruity. The Greeks accepted the armistice, and were allowed to carry on hostilities both by land and by sea. The Turks refused, and were prevented from prosecuting the war by sea.' This at the time that an Englishman had defeated the Turkish squadron at Salona, while England was not at war with Turkey. There is something touching in the remonstrance of the Reis Effendi to Lord Strangford, our ambassador at Constantinople in 1824, that it is absurd for a nation to say to another, 'I am your sincere and loyal friend, but I beg you to rest satisfied with this assurance, and not to feel dissatisfied if some of my subjects sally out and cut the throats of yours;'* and it must be owned there is something ridiculous in the proclamation that followed, by which the Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands prohibited any help being given to Greece by inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, at the very time that a squadron of observation was watching the moment when it could deal a fatal blow to the

* Lesur, quoted by Finlay, *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii.

Turkish rule in Greece. It would have been more to the credit of the Government of the day had it, by an open avowal of its known sympathies for the cause of Hellenic independence, which it shared with the people of England, spared their representative at Constantinople the humiliation of being obliged to plead the popular feeling as an excuse for the violation of national engagements.

Navarino, to many ears, must always sound as glorious for Ibrahim Pasha alone.

Modon was soon reached, and its high wall and towers were clearly visible.

> 'The tower by war or tempest bent,
> While yet may frown one battlement,
> Demands and daunts the stranger's eye:
> Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
> Pleads haughtily for glories gone!'—*Giaour.*

This extreme south-western point of the Morea is the site of the old Methone, celebrated in the time of the Sacred War, when Philip transferred the seat of hostilities into the Peloponnesus, and remarkable for having been subsequently captured and recaptured almost immediately on being attacked.

I think it was Methone on the Macedonian

coast that Philip was besieging when Aster shot an arrow straight into his right eye. How pleasant to receive such a *billet-doux,* just to show how dexterous another fellow can be!

Coron, which we next sighted, of course, reminded one of the Corsair, Gulnare, and 'Seyd the Pasha. We could not say,

> 'In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
> Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,'

for not a sail in the horizon, not a twinkle in the distance, could we see. No doubt it was because no 'Seyd the Pasha made a feast that night.' But all the same, the single tall tower that overtops the town commands respect, and reminds one that this city, too, built as it was by the Messenians nearly four centuries before Christ, has seen upwards of two thousand years roll by.

Towards sunset we reached the most southern point of Europe, Cape Matapan, formerly the promontory of Tænarum, on which stood a celebrated temple of Neptune, and where also a famous statue of Arion, seated on a dolphin, had been erected in memory of his miraculous escape at that spot, on the compassionate back of a porpoise, from the envious clutches of the sailors that

carried him back from Sicily, where his cithara had won him golden opinions and treasures.

Arion is said to be the father of dithyrambic poetry, Sappho the inventor of the Sapphic verse.

The greatest advantage of the one over the other would seem to be that, while Sappho died on her way to Sicily, Arion escaped death on returning from it; but it is odd that both should have selected a mountain-peak for the opposite objects of dying and living.

The Tænarum mount cannot have been, however, a pleasant spot: for Horace, who, when he wished to depict anything disagreeable, generally managed to put together those spots of the earth which popular opinion pointed out as the most dangerous, says in his thirty-fourth Ode:—

> 'Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
> Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tænari
> Sedes.'

Nor does the rugged aspect of that odious peak invite more than a recollection that, according to the poets of antiquity, it was thence that through a hideous gap there existed a direct passage to hell.

Just before the 'Queen of Night' had once more asserted 'her silent reign,' we came abreast of Cape St. Angelo and the island of Cerigo.

While the former promontory was famous in olden times, as now, for the bad weather which one invariably encounters near it, and as 'the high mountain called Malea, where Jupiter with the terrible voice prepared for Menelaus a painful journey, by letting loose the loud-breathing winds, and raising the waves as high as mountains, dispersing his ships,' &c.,* the graceful island of Cythera had the honour of seeing Venus rise from the foam of the sea that washes its shores, and was the birthplace of Helen, according to Murray's *Guide-book*. I have no objection to the statement, further than that, as Helen was the daughter of Jupiter when that god took the form of a swan, and of Leda, wife of Tyndar, king of Sparta, I do not see why the young lady should not have been born at her step-father's court as well as one hundred miles away from it.

Mr. Murray says also that Cythera contained the most magnificent temple that Greece had erected to Venus, and calls Cerigo the Botany

* Μαλειάων ὄρος αἰπὺ
ἵζε θέων, τότε δὴ στυγερὴν ὁδὸν εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἐφράσατο, λιγέων δ' ἀνέμων ἐπ' αὐτμένα χεῦε
κύματά τε τροφόεντα, πελώρια, ἶσα ὄρεσσιν
ἔνθα διατμήζας . . . . . —*Odyssey*, iii. 288.

Bay of the Ionian Islands. Be it so; but is it not a case to exclaim,—

'Quam mutatus ab illo?'

The Cerigo biscuits, which in Constantinople are called 'Simid,' alone call for celebrity now.

As night came on—another night of glorious beauty—land receded from us, and we made a rapid course to Syra, where we arrived at day-break.

It was a very hot day, and the sun's rays, darting horizontally upon the white houses of the sugar-loaf-built town, gave the place an appearance of being a gigantic lime-kiln rather than a large city, wherein twenty thousand human beings lived, and where a great portion of the commerce of the Levant makes its appearance in transit, if not in dépôt.

I bade adieu to the *Austria* and landed for a short excursion, which was productive not so much of interest as of fatigue.

At eleven we left in an old tub, the *Scheldt* for the Piræus, and towards two we steamed (?) past Sunium, now called Cape Kolónnes from the temple on its summit.

According to Leake, the twelve columns that

now stand—nine on the southern, and three on the northern side—with their architraves, notwithstanding the exposed situation of the building, which has caused a corrosion in the surface of the marble, must belong to a temple built after the time of the invasion of Xerxes, and in that brilliant period of art which intervened between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars (or about the middle of the fifth century B.C.), when the Parthenon was constructed.

The columns are of Doric architecture, and proudly tell the traveller that he must bow before the classic greatness of a land that must remain great through time, notwithstanding the weakness of its present people.

The work of man can be equal to the genius of man himself, but the greatness of man lives in his work; and when for the first time the splendid achievements of Grecian art strike upon the view, there comes over one a feeling of admiration, the loud expression of which is only checked by the respect and reverence which they inspire.

To see the light and airy buildings of ancient Greece is to live a new life, which, while it enchants and electrifies, fills one also with regret. The art is lost that gave to Grecian columns

that graceful appearance which baffles the skill of our best architects. Egypt, Rome, and all the numerous styles that were born of them, have none been able to equal the monumental perfection of the Grecian temples.

How thoroughly has Byron caught the note that sounds within one's soul at the first sight of the great Athenian land! How grand! how beautiful! how desolate! One would say that shadows alone hovered around one, and that the great heroes of centuries ago were all arrayed along the line that extends from Sunium to the Bay of Salamis, to exact from the stranger a respectful homage before he lands within the walls that witnessed their deeds of greatness.

'"Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath:
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling pass'd away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth.'

Giaour.

And when the sense of those lines has well possessed one's thoughts, then Childe Harold's exclamation comes naturally to one's memory,—

'Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more: tho' fallen, great.'

Whilst musing upon the reasons why this had come to pass, a so-called son of modern Athens tapped me familiarly on the back, and said in vilest French that there to my right, facing Salamis and at the entrance of the harbour of Piræus, stood the tomb of Themistocles. I thanked him, and asked for his card. 'I am Miltiades.' I started back: 'What?' He smiled a savage grin and replied, 'At your service.' 'Who are you?' 'A *laquais de place.*' 'Miltiades a *laquais de place!* Is it possible? The hero of Marathon reduced to that!' 'I knew them all.' 'Who all?' 'Those poor gentlemen of Marathon.' The dream was over. I had come to replace my poor friend Herbert, and Fate would have a Miltiades to meet me.

I drove to Athens with somewhat of that uncomfortable feeling which a man has when he wakes from a dream and dreads the reality. The evening was hot and the Piræus road dusty. Armed patrols of mounted soldiers reminded one

of the late acts of brigandage. Miltiades was on the box, and, for what I knew to the contrary, the coachman's name might be Pericles. The moon had not yet risen, and the olive groves looked gloomy. The sea afar was bright with phosphorescent light, and ahead there was nothing to be seen except a few dark shadows of pedestrians making their way to Athens. In half-an-hour more I was stopping at the door of Her Majesty's Legation. My journey was at an end.

To Corinth, by Amphia and Mycenæ.

CHAPTER II.

TO CORINTH, BY NAUPLIA AND MYCENÆ.

'We were a gallant company
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea;
Oh! but we went merrily.'—BYRON.

'BEAUTIFUL' and 'exquisite' are terms frequently used by travellers when viewing the natural and artistic beauties of Athens, but 'dull' is the only term that can adequately render the species of existence a man is condemned to drag who is obliged to make that modern city his home for a more or less limited period.

Before the unfortunate event at Oropos, which threw a gloom over everything and everybody, there was a certain amount of life visible in the goings to and fro of reckless sight-seers, who, bent on visiting every stone that concealed some

ancient tradition or revealed some historical remembrance, went about with an independent air that showed no fear of brigands, and called for no help in the way of patrols.

Matters had changed since then, and at the time I am writing, no one could consider himself in safety who ventured a mile out of Athens by himself. Indeed, so timid had everybody become, that a walk up Lycabettus, which is a hill as much a part of Athens as the Acropolis itself can be said to be, was considered to be a rash and an unwise act. The road from Athens to the Piræus was guarded by a mounted patrol, both by day and by night. Happily their services have never been required. It is impossible to say what would have happened had they encountered those for whom they were thus promenading about in uniform.

Athenians possessing slips of land, which they liked to call properties, on the Patissia and Kephissia roads, dared not for months after the murders of our countrymen venture so far; though by 'so far' a mile, or a mile and a half at the utmost, is intended.

A ride to Phalerum, the usual bathing-place in summer, was a rash act, which had to be given

up, because information reached the police-force at Athens that bathers had been watched and daily riders marked.

In fact, Athens was, to all intents and purposes, a besieged city, and the only consolation a classical student could derive from being shut up within its walls was the happy thought that he must feel as the Athenians did when the Spartans first invaded Attica.

To remain in Athens, however, with no brighter prospect to cheer one up than this, was rather more than human patience could stand, so we turned our hopes towards the Morea, where we were told the roads were more secure.

At the request of Her Majesty's Minister, orders were telegraphed to Nauplia to furnish our party of three with an escort on our arrival there; and no pains were spared to secure our safety during this trip, the first undertaken in Greece by foreigners since the unfortunate Marathon catastrophe.

I rather insist on this point, being anxious to show that we were well aware how little right we should have had in expecting our countrymen at home to sympathise with our misfortune had we, by want of proper precautionary measures, got

ourselves and the Greek Government into increased difficulties.

With our minds at ease, we started on Sunday night, the 18th of September, for the Piræus, determined to conquer a prevailing tendency in each of us to justify the French saying, that an Englishman is always too late; and by sleeping within a hundred yards of the steamer which was to take us off the next morning at six to Nauplia, ensure our reaching that boat before its actual departure.

Thanks to this provident step, we were not compelled to put off for a week (the steamers that coast the Morea only leave every Monday) an excursion we had long planned. Be it said, however, in parenthesis, notwithstanding all our precaution we so strictly proved ourselves to be of British blood that one of us arrived only in time to be hauled over the bulwarks by two or three Greeks; in, to say the least, the most unpoetical fashion.

The passengers on board the Ὁμόνοια (Concord) were all Greeks, and they all appeared to look at us as if we were responsible for the gross indignity they conceived England had subjected Greece to, in requesting that two English lawyers should be

present at the examination of witnesses in the lengthy inquiry into the Dilessi affair.

It must be owned that, irrespective of this standing outrage to their Constitution, which legal authorities in England declared to be the only means of pacifying somewhat the justly incensed British wrath, the Greeks had reason to deplore the conscientiousness and business ways of the English lawyers; for, like Molière's Harpagon, they had summoned the whole town as witnesses, and implicated one half of it.

The appearance of a Greek steamer is very much that of any other steamer, with the exception perhaps of a little more variety of dress, a decided prevalence of handsome over ugly faces, and an increasing odour of bad tobacco and half-burnt cigarettes. A cigarette never leaves a Greek's fingers, and the fingers that hold it are necessarily smoked. The sight is therefore neither agreeable nor pretty, and the odour anything but pleasant.

Our reconnaissance of the ship's passengers led us to select a spot on the bridge where we could at leisure indulge beforehand in recollections of mythological, classical, and historical times, and where our appearance would not offend the eyes of the natives on board.

Having selected such a spot, we coasted the Attic shore until opposite the old town of Megara, which was to the north of Greece what Corinth was to the south—the key of the passes into each—when we made for the island of Ægina,[1] where we halted.

A classical remark as to the proper manner of pronouncing the name of this island caused some lively discussion on the subject, which ended by our agreeing that if we pronounced it according to the present Greek fashion we should be stigmatised as barbarians at Oxford, and that if we pronounced the word correctly according to our English notions, no one in this country would understand us, '*O fallaces hominum spes!*' to suppose that our English letter 'i' was ever in existence before we made it our exclusive property!

Ægina may have been a flourishing town, and in the sixth century B.C. may have boasted of possessing the finest navy that could ride on Grecian waters: she may twenty-six centuries later, in 1828, have once more caught a glimpse of her long-departed prosperity, by finding herself suddenly honoured with the presence of Government, but her appearance now, clean but desolate, neat but straggling, would no longer inspire Pericles

[1] The Greeks pronounce it Ēgĭnă.

with his denomination of her as the 'eye-sore of the Piræus.'

The water along the coast being somewhat shallow, the steamers stop some way out at sea, and thus procure one the advantage of contemplating the scene below; which, consisting of touts scrambling for a fare, is at times most enlivening. We were struck with the prevalent good-humour, and rather French *bonhomie*, which characterised both the boatmen and their victims. The Greeks are French in character; but their vanity can reach the degree of pride, while their feverish desire to meddle with other people's affairs cannot be restrained. They are curious to a pitch which is incredible, and susceptible to a point which is almost painful. Naturally idle, they yet keep a sharp look-out on their individual interests; and while the poverty of the country is such that it was actually stated in an Athenian paper that the present ministry found two ten-drachma notes (1*l.* being equal to 28 drachmas) in the Treasury on succeeding to the Zaïmis Government, yet there is no outward sign of individual poverty, and indeed a beggar is seldom or never seen. Such food for conversation was sufficient to satisfy us until we reached our next station, Poros.

The town, which is a deceptive hole, being dingy and dirty in reality, but picturesque and pretty in appearance, is now the Greek Portsmouth. It covers on the one side the old remains of Trœzene, and is protected on the other by a rock which hides it from view, much to the disgust of those on the steamer; which, pursuing its system of not venturing too far into any harbour, selects here one of the prettiest possible halting sites, having the monastery of Calavria, which is picturesquely situated on the edge of a ravine shaded and studded with fir-trees on the one side, and the lemon-groves for which that portion of the Peloponnesus is famous on the other.

Overlooking Calavria, or, rather, overtopping that monastery, on the summit of the rock are the remains of the Temple of Neptune, where Demosthenes elected to die by his own hands rather than surrender to the old tragedian Archias, sent by Antipater to capture him alive.

The last words of the great orator seemed to live in the breeze which came down from the hills, as our thoughts brought us back to the saddest portion of Athenian history, when, after the conquest of their country by the Macedonians, they bid an eternal adieu to the preponderance which

they had hitherto exercised over the rest of the world in the arts, in literature, in eloquence, and in politics.

'I leave thy temple, O Neptune, with life within me still; but my death will not prevent the fact that thy temple was profaned by the entrance of Antipater and his Macedonians.'

We had left Poros half-an-hour, and were still looking back upon its picturesque outlines, when rounding Skylli point we hailed on our left the glorious island of Hydra, the sight of which turned the tide of our thoughts from the olden to the modern times, from the fall to the regeneration of the Grecian land. Conduriotti, Miaoulis, Tombazi, Boudouri! what patriotic names, which will live for ever in the records of the struggles fought in freedom's cause!

The town of Hydra, as seen from the sea, presents a truly noble aspect, forming an amphitheatre of white houses, rising one above the other round a small creek, which can hardly be used as a port; but the barren nature of the rocky soil which surrounds this large and well-laid-out town leads one to check the impulse which would suggest a visit to it.

Mr. Finlay, in his *History of the Greek Revolu-*

tion, describes the island as 'a long ridge of limestone rocks, with only a few acres of soil capable of cultivation;'* and this description is so accurate, that one wonders how a poet like M. Victor Hugo should render himself so subservient to rhyme, at the expense of truth, as to make his hero Canaris—who, by the way, he in the same verse proclaims to be a native of Hydra, whereas it is notorious he belonged to Psara—exclaim :—

'Adieu, *fière patrie*, Hydra, Sparte nouvelle !
Ta jeune liberté par des chants se révèle :
Les mâts voilent tes murs, ville de matelots !
Adieu ! j'aime ton île où notre espoir se fonde,
Tes gazons caressés par l'onde,
Tes rocs battus d'éclairs et rongés par les flots.'†

There is not a patch of grass in the whole island.

On leaving Hydra the breakfast-bell was rung, and we must have been very hungry to relish the olives, capers, garlic sausages, coarse bread, and tough horseflesh which constituted our meal, and which we were called upon to wash down by draughts of resined wine.

A most animated conversation took place during the repast, and it was clear that the affairs

* Finlay, *History of the Greek Revolution*, i. 37.

† *Orientales*, Victor Hugo, p. 87.

of Europe had little to do with it. Those of Greece alone, and the indignity the Greeks were obliged to suffer on the part of England, constituted the pith of the arguments used to prove that M. Zaïmis was a traitor to his country, and M. Deligeorges no better than his predecessor in submitting to that which nothing pledged him to. It is curious how loquacious the Greeks are. There is not one amongst them who does not consider himself a Demosthenes; and if it be not a crime to utter such sentiments, the results of that great orator's appeals have done more harm in the present day than any good they produced at the time they were uttered. His invectives against Philip of Macedon are freely imitated by his descendants; and while a Greek inveighs against all other nations in language well known at Billingsgate and at the Halles in Paris, he puts on such an air of self-contentment and importance that it fires the enthusiasm of his Greek listeners, while it produces an irritation in the feet of those who cannot boast such an eloquent ancestor that is at times uncontrollable.

In our endeavour to make out the conversation which was held in Greek by men apparently of a rapid if not eloquent turn of mind, we failed

to observe the village of Kastri, which is opposite Hydra, and which, according to good authority, is the representative of the ancient Hermione—a town which was rich in temples, and where a cavern exists which, in mythological times, was supposed to be one of the mouths of hell.

Strabo asserts* 'that the shortest road to hell was from Hermione, which was the reason why the Haliæans ignored the custom of placing a Δανάζη, or piece of money, into the mouth of their dead,' to pay for the transit across the Acherusian Lake.

At Hermione Pluto carried off Proserpine against her will, while she was gathering flowers with Artemis and Altena, but her mother found her out, and obliged Pluto to allow her daughter to reside on earth two-thirds of the year, while she might enjoy his company below for another third of the year.

Thus Persephone, or Proserpine, became the 'symbol of vegetation, which shoots forth in spring, and the power of which withdraws into the earth at other seasons of the year.'

We next stopped at Spetzia, which can be called the sister of Hydra, being less rocky and better

* Strabo, lib. viii. c. 6, p. 13.

cultivated, but possessing a population equally bold, patriotic, and industrious.

In a couple of hours more we were opposite the stout fortress of Palamede, which so proudly overhangs the town of Nauplia, built by the Venetians on a steep and lofty mountain bearing that name, which rises to the south-east of the town.

As soon as we had landed we made for the Nomarch's house, to present our letters and claim his protection.

We were shown into an ante-room, where coffee and a modification of the sherbet of the Turks, in the shape of preserves, were handed to us, as well as tobacco, at the sole suggestion, as far as we could make out, of the servants who had ushered us into the room.

In a few minutes the Nomarch appeared in a dressing-gown which he need not have excused himself for wearing, and our friend Mr. C. being the only one of the party sufficiently conversant with modern Greek to carry on a conversation, at once entered with him into an inquiry as to what we had better do to fulfil our intentions.

Servants and subordinate officers crowded round their chief, while he was discussing the

matter with Mr. C., and in true democratic style offered their opinion, as if bidden to do so.

While this settlement was going on, a Greek gentleman whom I had known at Athens came in, and at once, with a true spirit of gentlemanlike hospitality, bade us dine with him, although two of us were unknown to him; and expressed a regret, which we all did him the justice to believe was sincere, that his house was too small for him to offer us rooms for the night.

He placed himself at our disposal as a cicerone, and on our expressing a desire to visit the Palamede before sunset, he volunteered to take us, a service which, considering that he would have to accompany our ascent up 720 steps, was no light one, and deserving of our appreciation.

The town of Nauplia itself occupies a space between the sea and the fortress, and from its confined situation is considered unhealthy. It bears rather the appearance of a recent than an ancient city.

Colonel Leake remarks, in his *Travels in the Morea*, that 'Nauplia seems never to have attained, in ancient times, an importance equal to that which it acquired during the Byzantine empire, and which was even augmented when it became the

chief town of the Morea under the Venetians and the Turks;' but he conjectures 'that in the time of Strabo' it was probably never anything more than the naval fortress or arsenal of Argos, while in that of Pausanias the place was deserted.'*

The Palamede, which constitutes the great attraction at Nauplia, has the appearance of an impregnable fortress, and strikes one with awe at the thought of the expense of life which it would seem must take place before such a citadel can be brought to surrender.

Though occupied by a small garrison, principally maintained for the purpose of keeping watch over the prisoners, among whom some three or four brigands were pointed out to us, the fortress is almost dismantled.

When Colonel Leake visited it in 1826, he was shown over it by a Janissary Aga, and his descriptions of the Morea being the best and most accurate extant, I must be permitted to quote him rather than give our own impressions, wherever correctness of detail appears to be necessary.

'The interior of the fortress consists of three cavaliers, or high redoubts, entirely detached from one another, and surrounded by an outer and

* Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, vol. ii. p. 356.

lower inclosure. The outer wall is low on the side towards the sea, and the rock, though very precipitous on that side, is not inaccessible to a surprise; but there is an advanced work adjoining the rocks at the southern extremity, the salient angle of which is as high as that of the principal cavalier.'

The following curious list of ammunition found by Ali Pasha in 1715, when he besieged Nauplia during his victorious tour through the Morea, may have an actual interest, as showing how the place, which is considered to be the Gibraltar of Greece, was armed by the Venetians nearly two centuries ago.

This list is published in an interesting report by M. Brue, then Dragoman to the French Embassy at Constantinople, who accompanied Ali during his campaign, and Mr. Finlay has had printed a small number of copies of it:—

'96 canons en fonte (cast iron).
55 „ de fer.
10 mortiers de fonte.
6 „ de fer.
18 pierriers de fonte.
4 „ de fer.
8 pièces de campagne de fonte.

[1] Leake, *Travels in the Morea*, vol. ii. p. 361.

7 pièces de campagne de fer.
339⅓ quintaux de fer.
1,664½ „ de plomb.
34,697 boulets de 3 à 48 livres.
12,115 bombes de 36 livres.
2,930 grenades de fer.
2,320 „ de verre.
20,000 quintaux de poudre.'

The commandant of the place, a Greek officer of an active turn of mind and most complaisant ways, showed us over each of the redoubts, from the top of the highest of which we witnessed the glorious setting of the sun on the opposite hills of Arcadia, discerning in the distance the white houses of Argos, enjoying a splendid view over the Argolic plain on the right, and the beautiful Argolic Gulf on the left; viewing the whole, maybe, from the very spot where Palamede, son of Nauplius, discovered the pretended madness of Ulysses.

The air was almost perfectly still, though not hot, and a very faint breeze occasionally played gently in the leaves of the cactus-tree, which grows plentifully on the rocks of Palamede, and the fruit of which is really excellent.

It was a little late when we sat down to a hospitable board at my Greek friend's house, whose very pretty wife, by the way, is a grand-

daughter of that famous patriot George Mavromikali, who, by hatred of the Russian influence which Capo d'Istrias had striven to spread over Greece, devoted his life to the cause of independence, and rid his country of that obnoxious President.

It is a curious feature, inherent, I presume, to nations recently emancipated, that a halo of peculiar interest surrounds everything that belongs to them, their names, their manners, and the places they reside in.

It is not less certain that, with all his faults, there is something about the Greek which attracts rather than repels; and so beautiful is the land which Providence has bestowed upon him as a residence, that to anyone who visits Greece it is no longer a matter of wonder how attached the native must become to the mountains and vales, to the pure atmosphere and to the bright blue colour of the waters, which so enchanted our own great poet, and must kindle enthusiasm in the hearts of those who are least susceptible of it at the sight of the beauties of nature.

Nauplia is a very poor and badly accommodated town. Indeed, to speak the truth, there is no accommodation whatever, and it will scarcely be

believed that in the second town of Greece, one which it was some time proposed should become the capital of the country, we were taken to an hotel where we got two rooms not to be described in any other term but that of filthy holes, the furniture of which consisted of bedsteads with one mattress and only one sheet each; it not being deemed necessary to give us a pair, or even a blanket. Our rugs served the purpose of the latter, and the windows being opened all night, the fresh air served us a good turn, by opposing a possible invasion of sundry bloodthirsty little animals, which would otherwise have disturbed our rest and our comfort.

Nauplia deserves not much further notice, but its antiquity is as undoubted as its celebrity; and the remains of the latter are as unsubstantial as those of the former.

In the time of Strabo it was the seaport of Argos. In that of Pausanias it was already deserted. In the time of the Crusades it became the capital of a Frank Duchy. In the fourteenth century it was looked upon by the Venetians as their most important stronghold in the Levant.

Yet Leake observes, in his *Peloponnesiaca*, that in the seventeenth century 'there was evidently a

Mount Palamidhi, but no fortress.' It seems unlikely that the Venetians should have been two hundred years in possession of one of the strongest natural defences in the East without fortifying it, the more so that the rock overhangs the old Acropolis, the Greek fortifications of which can even now be traced around the modern fort of Itskale.

Palamede was taken from the Venetians in 1715 by the Turks, who in turn had to give it up to the successful Greeks on the 12th of December, 1822, when 'the conquest was announced to the Greek troops who guarded the passes towards Corinth by volleys of the whole artillery of the place.'*

Fifty years have elapsed since that glorious day, but they have not proved an era of regenerated wealth and importance to Nauplia. An attempt to make it the capital of Greece was frustrated, and the town has fast resumed its original position of some three thousand years ago, that of a port to Argos.

Early next day we left Nauplia on our way to Argos.

As we passed the gates of the town, we saw the Lion of St. Mark still proudly testifying to the past power of the old Venetian Republic. We then

* Finlay, *History of the Greek Revolution*, i. p. 368.

loaded our pistols, and formed our plans for the campaign we were about to begin.

Many a reader may recall to his mind the pleasure there is in thus preparing for danger, when nothing serious is actually apprehended; but sufficient excitement existed to justify precautionary measures, on the old beaten ground of 'prudence commanding it.'

Our plans were numerous, nor ought I to mention them, but for the fact that the one we decided upon was of course the only one by which the lives of all three must be endangered.

On leaving the town we were met by a body of soldiers, who informed us that a portion of their number had gone on to Mycenæ that morning, and that they had orders to escort us all the way to Corinth.

An empty carriage passing by, we at once chartered it (to carry our escort along with us) to Argos, for the crawling pace at which *our* carriage was made to go, in obedience to the strict injunctions that the soldiers were not to lose sight of us, made it particularly disagreeable to those who, like ourselves, were bent upon seeing all we could in as short a time as possible.

We were now fairly launched upon our road,

through that country that was best known in Homeric times, and each step we made brought us nearer to the city over which Atreus reigned, and whence both Hercules and Agamemnon came. We drove along the road that coasts the shores which the crafty Ithacan king sowed with salt, and in the distance rose before our view the Acropolis of Argos, where Hipsilanti in modern times saved the Peloponnesus from the vengeance of the Turks. In less than half-an-hour's drive on the best road in Greece, each side of which showed land cultivated to a degree quite refreshing after the barren Attic fields to which we had been accustomed, we stopped before a garden and apparently a neat country-house.

The gardener soon appeared, and offered us bouquets of flowers, which we were obliged not to decline, but which were anything but useful in hands ready to make use of fire-arms.

When, after many a hint, we had made him understand that we were not botanists, but wished to be taken to the ruins of Tiryns, he pointed to the left, and we made for a rocky little hill, 'rising like an island out of the level plain.'

'The length of the summit of the hill of Tiryns is about 250 yards, its breadth about 80, and its

height above the plain from 20 to 50 feet; the direction being nearly north and south.'

A portion of the Cyclopean walls, the finest specimens of which are near the eastern gate, where a ramp, supported by a wall of the same kind, leads up to it, still remains to show the extent of this fortress, and on what a gigantic scale the Cyclopes conceived masses of stone should be shaped by art. It would seem that these wonderful structures, which on the authority of Pausanias are known as the works of the Cyclopes, Κυκλώπων μέν ἐστιν ἔργον, excited curiosity even in the time of Homer, Τίρυνθά τε τειχιόεσσαν, which, as Colonel Leake justly remarks, is 'no bad proof of their remote and genuine antiquity.'

There is a peculiar reverential awe which seizes one at the sight of relics of an age so remote as to be almost lost in tradition, that no modern building can inspire.

To gaze on the solid masses of stone which, heaped together by human hands upwards of 3000 years ago, are still there to mark the imperishable nature of vast conceptions, is to experience respect for the past, and to feel that, even in its most uncultivated form, the mind of man is capable of that which shall remind him of his divine origin.

The most curious feature in these ruins of a fort that must have seen a great deal of bloodshed, considering its position as an outward redoubt, is the still existing gallery, which, according to Leake, is one of many which led to towers or places of arms at the extremity.

The entrance is in the form of a triangle, and the gallery is only a prolongation of the angle which is formed by 'sloping the courses of masonry.'

Tiryns is said to have been founded by Prœtus about 1400 B.C., just thirty years before Perseus founded Mycenæ. Its independence lasted but a generation, for it soon became a fortress dependent upon Mycenæ, until the rising fortunes of Argos caused both the one and the other to recognise its supremacy.

We resumed our road to Argos, where we arrived in another half hour. Our escort and our own appearance soon attracted the attention of the inhabitants—the male portion, at least,—and they flocked round us like bees about a hive.

The town, which we were told was one of the most important in Greece, appeared to be full of agriculturists, and to correspond to our own market-towns.

The Demarch, for whom we had a letter, and who very kindly acted as our *cicerone*, informed us, that though the surrounding country was well cultivated, the drier parts of the plain of Argos being covered with corn, while cotton, tobacco, and vines were grown in parts where the moisture was greater; yet there was no exportation, or anything deserving of the name, there being no one farmer richer than the other, and no land-proprietor sufficiently wealthy to produce more than his wants required, or to be able to accumulate capital for the improvement of his land. Thus it may be said that the commerce of the place consists only in an extensive barter, the drachma notes of the one being probably exchanged for a corresponding amount of leptas to another, and so on *ad infinitum*, without the inhabitants ever seeing the colour of foreign coin.

While the Demarch was taking us to see the theatre, a partly Greek and partly Roman building, now hardly recognisable, he indulged in moanings, the purport of which was to complain of the absence of roads in Greece: owing to which the condition of the country must remain as it is at present, and brigandage what it has been. He

remarked significantly that the people feared brigands less than they did the soldiery, and dwelt upon this as one of those evils which the construction of proper roads would at once remedy. His conversation was calculated to inspire us with the notion that a wholesome sense of the reality was dawning upon the more intelligent Greeks, and that perhaps in the future the blood of the poor victims at Dilessi would prove to have not been spilled in vain, but to have flowed, like other English blood, for the regeneration of this land.

From the theatre, which is now merely a heap of rubbish, on each side of which are the remains of a Roman temple of tiles and mortar, we ascended the hill of Larissa to the fortress of that name, which crowns its summit, and which is said to be of Lower Greek or Frank construction, but bears a remarkable resemblance to Venetian work, though the Lion of St. Mark is not visible anywhere.

It is certain, however, that every succeeding age has had a hand in its construction, for on the western side we noticed a wall bearing the traces of the Tirynthian style, over which we remarked the more regular lines of the Hellenic times, and above these the work of modern hands.

From the citadel a fine view presented itself over the Argolic plain, embracing the country we had traversed, the gulf, the marsh of Lerna, so famed in Herculean labours, and to the north Mycenæ, for which we were bound.

An ascent of a thousand feet up rocky hills before breakfast is likely to give one an appetite; but there was no *restaurant* in Argos where we could satisfy our hunger. Let the reader bear in mind, then, that, should his good luck take him to these interesting regions, precautionary measures, such as carrying provisions, will materially aid in the keeping up of his spirits; for it is a sad reality that, while admiration breeds hunger, an unsatisfied appetite is not conducive to increased attention.

We at last, thanks to the exertions of our servant and guide, Dionysio, contrived to get a table in a loft over a grocer's shop, where we regaled ourselves with hot, indigestible bread, and Argolic wine, which without an addition of resin would be sour in the spring, and which on that account is made to suit the taste of the descendants of Inachus, but proved most objectionable to our Saxon palates.

Argos has so often been the scene of destruc-

tion and ruin, that it is hardly to be wondered that no remains exist of all the splendid monuments and temples of which Pausanias gives the list.

All that we could trace were a cave half way up the rock to the citadel, which, according to Leake, was probably that of Apollo, whence his oracles were delivered; and the spot where, in 1831, General Gordon, while out shooting, identified the remains of the famous temple of Hera or Juno, which so many great travellers had hopelessly searched for before him.

It was before Argos that the restless Pyrrhus fell coming from Nauplia, and Cleomenes was stopped in his brilliant career by the courage of the Argive women, headed by the poetess Telesilla.

Argos was the first city in Greece, and became the seat of one of the most celebrated schools of statuary in the land. Sacadas, who holds in antiquity the rank of the best composer, was born at Argos. Its riches were greater than those of any other Grecian town, and its temples rivalled in magnificence and number those of subsequent illustrious cities.

The heroes of mythology came from the land

that surrounds this antique city, and nowhere did Zeus give Juno more cause to be jealous than when among the fair ones of Argos, with whom he was oft wont to flirt.

Yet little remains to be seen. Wars have swept away what time had spared, and we were shown as a relic of the past a little dilapidated mansion, surrounded by an olive-grove, which we were informed had been the house in which General Gordon wrote his remarkable *History of the Greek Revolution.*

At 11 we started on our way to Charvati, passing by the Heræum, the above-mentioned temple of the great goddess of Argos, and here dismissed our carriages to mount the so-called horses which had been sent on for our use.

Charvati is a large village, situated about a quarter of a mile from the site of the old town of Mycenæ. A guide from the village takes the traveller in the first instance to look at what is known as the Treasury of Atreus, or Tomb of Agamemnon, a subterranean dome, with a diameter of 47 feet 6 inches and a height of 50 feet, connected by a door with a smaller chamber 23 feet square, excavated in the rock, with an arch-shaped roof, and in the centre of which is

a stone, supposed to be the stone that covers the tomb of the great Agamemnon. This dome resembles on a larger scale what at Athens is shown as the prison of Socrates. Above the entrance (to which an approach 20 feet in breadth leads through the slope of the hill towards the ravine of a neighbouring torrent) is a triangular window, and the entrance itself is roofed by a single slab 9 yards long and nearly 6 wide.

Here did all those treasures lie which earned for Mycenæ the title of 'Golden,' and thence did the proud army start on the glorious but deadly Trojan war, clad in the curiously worked suits of armour, which were said to have been the gift of Minerva and the work of Vulcan.

Homer tells of the power of the grandson of Pelops,—

> 'The mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son.
> The largest and the bravest host was his:
> And he himself, in dazzling armour clad,
> O'er all the heroes proudly eminent,
> Went forth exulting in his high estate,
> Lord of the largest lands and chief of chiefs.'*

From the Treasury we sallied forth towards the Acropolis, and arrived before the Gate of the

* *Iliad*, 667–673, translated by Lord Derby.

Lions, when a host of familiar names greeted our imagination and courted our recollections.

'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,'

exclaimed one of us.

'Brave men were living before Agamemnon,
And since exceeding valorous and sage;
A good deal like him, too, though quite the same none;'

replied another.

'But then they shone not on the poet's page,*
And so have been forgotten;'

retorted the third.

We were not in want of heroes to converse with; their names and their number being more than we had bargained for:—Atreus, Ærope, Pelops, and Menelaus, Ægisthus and Thyestes, Clytemnestra, Iphigenia, Orestes, and Electra; but last and not least, Hercules, whose mission it had been to bring to Mycenæ the various trophies of his victories over lions, boars, stags, and bulls.

A remark of Colonel Leake's will show what interest attaches to this place:—

'We know from history that Mycenæ and Tiryns in conjunction sent 400 men to the battle of Platæa, and that Mycenæ was not deserted

* *Don Juan*, Canto i. v.

until the first year of the 78th Olympiad (B.C. 468), when, the place having been taken and destroyed by the Argives, more than half the inhabitants took refuge in Macedonia, and the remainder in Cerynea and Cleonæ. The later reparations of the walls may easily be recognised. With this exception, everything left at Mycenæ dates from the heroic ages; and, notwithstanding this remote antiquity, the description of Pausanias shows that Mycenæ has undergone less change since he travelled than any place in Greece.'

Over the opening of the gateway, formed of two massy uprights, covered with a third block, 15 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 6 feet 7 inches high in the middle, but diminishing at the two ends, stands a triangular stone of a kind of green basalt, 12 feet long, 10 high, and 2 thick, upon the face of which are represented two lions standing on their hind-legs, on either side of a round pillar or altar, the sculpture of which work was attributed by Pausanias to the Cyclopes.

This is not to be wondered at, as both Tiryns and Mycenæ were built about the same time; that is, the one by Prœtus in 1400 B.C., and the other by Perseus a generation later.

On looking at these rude expressions of an

age that was the forerunner of the best times of Greece, I could not help smiling on remembering About's exclamation at the sight of them,—*'L'enfance de l'art ressemble fort à l'art de l'enfance.'**

After wandering for some time along this now deserted place, and indulging in every kind of reverie — wondering, admiring, comparing, and drawing conclusions — we bade adieu to this, perhaps, the most interesting spot in the programme of our journey.

At 1 p.m. we formed a cavalcade, preparatory to our ride through the glorious defiles which still echo the names of Niketas, Dikaios, and Hypsilantes, and the report of a gun on the mountains pricked up the ears of our escort and our own.

We stopped, believing it to be a signal to other brigands that a party was approaching, which it might be profitable to attack, sent scouts in all directions to drive the brigands as we might game, thinned the ranks of our little army so as to avoid the murderous effects of a volley, and prepared for single combat should it become necessary.

The excitement was, to say the least, most

* Edmond About, *La Grèce Contemporaine.*

conducive to our pleasure, for we felt that with fifteen fire-arms, twelve of which were in the hands of disciplined (?) troops, there was not much apprehension of danger, and the liveliest of our party forthwith proposed to act as our Captain; relishing inwardly, so he told us, the confident knowledge that, being mounted on the only decent horse, he could in its swiftness find at the last moment the means of retreating rapidly.

The alarm proved to be a false one, and thenceforward, up to the time when we left the passes and entered the plain from which the caverns of the Nemean lion are pointed out, our confidence in the swift-footed, young-looking soldiers that accompanied us was as absolute as our admiration of the beauty of the scenery around us was boundless.

As we passed successively through the road of Aghio-Sosti and the pass of Dervenaki into which it issues, the men that walked by our sides pointed with pride to the spot where Niketas fell on the flank of Dramali's army, aided by Hypsilantes and Dikaios, forced the Ottoman cavalry 'to recoil under the steady fire of their select body of marksmen,' and prevented their retreat, by which means they became possessed of all their baggage, and rid Argolis of Turkish troops; whilst

the bold Kanaris, with unflinching determination, cleared the waters of Argolis from the hated presence of the Turk.

We soon found ourselves in the valley of Nemea, but taking to the left instead of proceeding to Cleonæ, we made for the village of St. George, where Colocotronis and his army had been watching the Turks at the time when men of greater action and bolder determination had done at Dervenaki the business which he gained credit for.

It was raining a little at the time of our entry into St. George, and the black clouds that overhung the surrounding mountains increased the grandeur of the spectacle.

As we advanced, we came upon the ridges of two rocks situated at right angles to one another, and forming a natural pass into a defile, which was darkened by the shadow of a third mountain behind, extending over its surface.

On one of these rocks stood a convent of the Holy Trinity, looking to all appearance like a citadel built in the rock and jutting out of it; an impregnable fort, to pass which in the ravine beneath would be death to him who should attempt it.

The various effects of light and shade playing on this scene at the time produced one of the grandest spectacles which in our joint recollections (and some of us had travelled much), we had ever seen or believed possible in nature.

Shortly after passing St. George we entered the sister village of Nemea, for the Demarch of which we were furnished with letters, and where we intended to halt for the night.

The Demarch was out at the time that we called at his clean European-looking little house, where we were, however, received most graciously by his wife; a person of very prepossessing appearance, amiable manners, and delightfully soft voice. By the way, the Greek women are remarkable for their pretty voices; no loud, vulgar talking, no screaming, no screeching, all gentle and soft.

Whether this is the result of the old Turkish education of women, or the necessary consequence of the language itself, is a question I am not able to answer; but the fact is a pleasing one to record, and indeed it may be said that, as a rule, the Greeks of Greece are naturally well-bred, though not refined; and well-mannered, though faulty.

The Demarch soon made his appearance, and

never shall we forget the unassuming dignity, the courtier-like ease and grace of manner, with which he received us; nor the magnificent specimen of a proud mountaineer, which he presented in face and in his person.

He read the letter we had brought him; never hurried over its contents; but when he had become acquainted with their meaning, gave orders to his wife to have dinner prepared for us, and hospitality for the night extended to us—took us out to see his vines, which give the best wine in the country, and to show us his fields of corn and his acres of well-cultivated land, until he thought that sufficient time had elapsed to allow of the preparations for our meal being made.

He dined with us, but his wife served at table; and the fare he gave us was excellent.

When dinner was over, the doors of the sitting-room were thrown open; and on the floor we found three mattresses extended one alongside of the other, with silk counterpanes covering each. Our handsome Palikar host then bade us good night, and we were not sorry to find the time had arrived when we could retire to rest!

Here it is only charity to point out to the reader the necessity there is for his providing

himself with the necessary powders, should the fancy possess him on a similar journey to court the hospitality of an amiable Greek in fustanel.

The night was stormy, and our sleep somewhat disturbed; but a dawn well-nigh eternal, and which never seemed to break, buoyed our hopes that the moment would soon arrive when the morning ablution would restore our somewhat shattered frames.

The morning did come, the ablution time did arrive; but a pudding-basin was the only apology for a tub or a washing-basin that was offered to us in our hostess's back-kitchen.

A tumbler the first day, a pudding-basin the next, what prospects for the morrow!

At 7, after having been offered some excellent coffee by our hostess, we bade her good-bye, and resuming our journey made for the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter in the Nemean plain.

Our host accompanied us to the limits of his district, when we fired a salute in his honour, and certainly no one deserved an acknowledgment so thoroughly for a truly generous hospitality extended to people he had never before either seen or heard of.

We reached the ruins in about a couple of hours.

'Of the temple, a portion of the cella only, several prostrate columns almost entire, and a great deal of the entablature, remain. The form and decorations are Doric, with nearly Ionic proportions.

'The material employed is very coarse, and this circumstance accounts, no doubt, for the ruins not having been carried away, though the remains of a little Turkish redoubt, some fifty yards from the temple, show that in the haste of its construction the stones of the temple were not deemed to be superfluous.'

Our escort was here reinforced by the arrival of three mounted *gendarmes*, who led the way through a narrow glen and down a rocky hill into the valley of Cleonæ, a picturesque little khan situated at the foot of Mount Apisas, said to have been built by a son of Pelops.

There are no remains of any importance to be seen, except the foundations of an Hellenic temple round a small height, on which are the foundation-walls of some terraces.

Breakfast was prepared for us on the grass, and then we found that our hospitable Demarch

had provided our servant with a turkey, chickens, and wine for that purpose.

The morning was lovely, bright, clear, such as the sky in Greece alone can show; and the spot we had chosen was like an oasis in the desert, a green island among the rugged barren rocks.

'The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.'

We could not but feel the same thrill of delight as we communed with nature and pondered over all we had seen, thought, and felt. We soon experienced the truth of those charming lines of Wordsworth,—

'As in a grove we sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'

It was at Cleonæ that Antipater waited, in the hope that the agents he had sent would bring him back as prisoners Demosthenes and Hyperides. It was there that Archias brought the latter, whom he had found in the temple of Ajax at Ægina, and that he was put to death.

Some quails brought by a handsome Vlacho boy, and roasted Vlacho fashion, which is no

fashion at all, completed our princely repast at a spot where we expected to find nothing; and off we were again by a road which lies sometimes in the bed of a torrent, then crosses a bridge and a ravine, ascends by a steep path to two tumuli, descends to another deep ravine, and ascends once more to a fir-clad eminence, from which for the first time the sight of the Gulf of Corinth greets the eye.

The joy of the Ten Thousand at seeing the Pontus Euxinus from the summit of Mount Teches could not have been greater than ours at sighting the blue waters of the Corinthian Gulf. Θάλαττα! Θάλαττα! expressed the fact that we were safe, and we gave a cheer of thoroughly Saxon ring at the meeting of an old friend, the sea.

In a moment more we were facing the Acro-Corinth mount, and relishing already a part of the delight which was in store for us when we should have reached the summit.

It is difficult to render the impression which the sight of this lofty hill, shooting up majestically from a rocky barren valley as one approaches it by the road we had travelled, produces upon the mind, or the feelings with which the first aspect of this fortified mountain inundates the soul.

Memory and imagination vie with one another for supremacy, and it is difficult to say whether the facts of history have then more charms than the ideal world of incidents conjured up by our speculative mood.

In less than half an hour we had reached the entrance, gate of the citadel, a solid block of building apparently mediæval, though, as Sir Thomas Wyse remarks in his *Tour in the Peloponnesus*, the walls nearest the gate are of Hellenic structure, and no doubt the same as noticed by Strabo.

Above the gate rises a peaked hill which commands it, and which, 'fortified by the Villehardouins, and only 1000 yards distant, would, in the hands even of a mediæval foe, effectually obstruct ingress or egress by this the principal entrance.'

The place is entirely deserted, and though Sir Thomas Wyse may twenty years ago have found the fortress guarded by seven men, it is certain that now it is entirely thrown open to everyone, and that no attempt is made to maintain even a watch of a single man—probably owing to the popular belief in Greece that the Acro-Corinth is 'the stronghold of intermittent fever.'

This peculiarity of the Acro-Corinth, remarks Sir Thomas, 'is a manifest refutation of the theory

that elevation above the sea ensures freedom from malaria, there being a poison in the atmosphere engendered by certain plants, such as the *Agnus castus*, or φλόμος (woodblade).

As we proceeded on our way to the summit we were surprised to see remains of buildings of every kind and every style: Turkish mosques, Christian churches, and dwelling-houses—a proof that the inhabitants of Corinth in time of war were wont to take refuge in their citadel.

Somebody has said somewhere, that the position of the Acro-Corinth is in itself so well-nigh impregnable that even in its actual state of dilapidation, if well provisioned, a handful of men could hold it against almost any foe; but the assertion is surely somewhat rash, as the extent of the lines to be defended is such that an organised combined attack of the south-western and eastern sides, where an escalade is not only possible but even easy, would undoubtedly result in the success of one of the attacking parties, even against large forces, much more so against a small garrison.

It is true that the south-western side is protected by another hill, equally rising to a great eminence, and commanding the elevated defile which the division between the two rocks consti-

tutes; but the powerful guns of the present day would soon reduce the batteries of its redoubt, and from hence, as in the days of Mahomed II., batter the walls of the Corinthian Acropolis.

It was from this rock also that, in his rapid campaign of the Morea, the Grand Vizier Ali compelled the stubborn Minotti to surrender a place he had vowed he should defend to the last.

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to the reader if I quote the text of the summons to capitulate which the arrogant Ottoman chiefs, a hundred years ago were wont to address to the garrisons of the places they attacked.

I transcribe the summons as it is given in the interesting memoir I have already alluded to, which has been edited by Mr. Finlay.

On the 28th of June, 1715, Ali Pasha summoned Governor Minotti to surrender in the following terms:—

'Je vous signifie à vous qui êtes dans la forteresse de Corinthe en qualité de Commandant Vénitien, que si vous rendez la forteresse qui appartient *ab antico* à Notre Très Puissant Empereur, les sujets qui se trouvent dedans seront traités de la même manière que nos véritables et fidèles sujets sont traités. . . et si au contraire,

par une opiniâtreté mal entendue, vous vouliez opposer aux armes invincibles de Notre Puissant Empereur, sachez qu'avec l'aide de Dieu, nous envahirons la forteresse ; nous ferons passer au fil de l'épée tous les hommes qui se trouvent dedans, et toutes les femmes seront faites esclaves.'

Who does not remember the *Siege of Corinth?*

'Yield thee, Minotti : quarter take
For thine own, thy daughter's sake.'

And the proud Venitian's answer?

'Never, renegado, never!
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever!'

Then,—

'Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,
With adding ranks and raging boast,
Press onward, with such strength and heat
Their numbers balk their own retreat.
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not.
* * * * *
But the portal wavering grows and weak,
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends, it falls—and all is o'er.
Lost Corinth may resist no more.'

As we proceeded in our ascent we observed the reason why the Corinthians are said to boast that the wells and springs of the Acropolis are

so numerous that they equal in number the days of the year; but we guarded against the fate of the purser of Her Majesty's ship *Portland,* who some years ago is said to have fallen into one of the numerous wells which the overgrown weeds completely cover.

At last we got to the summit, and famed as we knew the sight to be, nothing of what we had heard approached the reality which we beheld.

Facing us rose Geranea, the highest of the Attic mountains, followed westward by the noble range of hills which encircle the Saronic Gulf. At our feet stretched the Isthmus, called the 'gate of Pelops' by Xenophon, the 'bridge of the sea' by Pindar, and the 'home of Poseidon' by all antiquity.

To our left the Sicyonian promontory, and beyond it the lofty point of Parnassus and the camel-like form of Mount Helicon. To our right, and facing us easterly, the highest ridge of Mount Cithæron, followed in succession by Mounts Parnes and Hymettus.

It is said that by certain lights the Acropolis of Athens is distinctly visible, and adds to the charm of the landscape, if possible. We were not able to see so far (fifty miles), but were contented

with the island of Ægina, which was very plainly visible, as well as that of Salamis.

Behind us the range of the Onean mountains, which we had travelled through, crowned in the distance by the peak of Mount Elias, the highest elevation of the Morea, and to the westward by the chain of the Arcadian hills.

But the panorama of all these lofty chains encircling the blue waters of two gulfs, and giving to each the appearance of a Swiss lake, without taking from it the charm that the immensity of the sea possesses, is quite indescribable.

No wonder that 'here once stood the celebrated temple of Aphrodite;' no wonder that 'Aphrodite had one thousand priestesses, specially enjoined to make themselves attractive to strangers.' Love could not choose a better spot to feel how nature adds to the loving tendencies of human nature.

It was long before we could make up our minds to leave a spot so beautiful, a sight so exquisite, a view so unsurpassed; but 'On!' is, alas! a word which all must obey, and our steps were directed down the rock, on the side nearest to the spot hallowed by recollections of St. Paul, to the site of Old Corinth, which may before the great earthquake of 1858 have been a picturesque town,

with its mosques and houses intermingling with cypresses, and with gardens of orange and other fruit-trees, but which now presents the dreariest of modern aspects.

We, of course, made at once for the old temple of Athena Chalinitis,—

'Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay:'

but we found the seven Doric columns, which speak of seven centuries before the Christian era, and have seen the days when Corinth rose and Argos had fallen, when Corinth prospered and Athens was yet to come.

It is curious that in his description of this temple—

'There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands:
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!'

Byron should have been thinking of the ruins at Nemea, and made thus so erroneous a statement.

Here we are told the thousand priestesses of Venus were wont to congregate, 'the fairest of the maids of Corinth,' but in number and in beauty the place has sadly degenerated.

A cavern was shown us as the bath of the

fair Helena, and a stream as the 'fountain of Pirene;' but whether it was that hunger and fatigue were beginning to tell upon our sense of admiration, we were not able to discover in their present state what could in former times have fired the imagination of Pindar and other ancient writers.

We visited the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and then crossed the isthmus to New Corinth, where we parted company with our horses, body-guard, and guides; were shown a Jewishly-disposed innkeeper, whom we had the satisfaction of checking in his attempt to make us suffer for having escaped the brigands; and put up at a private house—three beds in one room—thanks to the kindness of the Eparch, who was good enough to see that, there being no hotel in the place, it was difficult for us to sleep in the open air.

Civilisation dawned upon us next morning in the shape of a bath, which we were able to enjoy in a baker's trough!

Grateful for little, we sallied forth to see nothing, and to remark that Lais has left no descendants; but we were soon driving across the isthmus to Kalamaki, by an exceedingly

pretty road bordered by ravines, dells, and cliffs, which add to the interest one experiences in crossing this little slip of land which unites two Continents.

An hour after we were on our way back to Athens, and the pleasures of the last few days lived already in the realms of memory only.

Mount Athos.

CHAPTER III.

MOUNT ATHOS.

THE Khedive, or Viceroy of Egypt, is jealous of all sovereign rights. The statement is not less true for not being new. His Highness possesses a commercial fleet as well as men of war, but I fear he takes more interest in the latter than in the former, though undoubtedly the latter are less productive.

The *Behera*, on which we embarked (Mr. J. H—— and myself), belongs to the Viceroy, and does the coasting-trade between Constantinople and Syra, touching at Salonique and Syra one way, and Smyrna and Beyrout the other. It is a fine ship, and the deck saloon is simply superb—yellow damask-silk cushions and divans. Being the only first-class passengers, the captain allowed us to instal ourselves altogether in this luxurious

apartment, built, no doubt, in anticipation of the Khedive's presence on board; and had we been in our own yacht we could not have been more comfortable. As to the captain, he spoke English perfectly, and was so attentive to our English wants that he had the steward put in irons because when we asked for a bath he said it was rotten, and this, it appeared, was not the truth.

The day after our departure from Constantinople we touched at Gallipoli and at the Dardanelles, and the next day at Porto Lagos and Cavalla. Here we chartered a big caïque, or mahone, to take us to Mount Athos.

The old Turkish galley in which Barbarossa, Dragut, Pialé, and Kiridj Ali, won all their piratical victories in the southern seas of Europe, was not different, except perhaps in size, from the boat which we were going to confide ourselves and property to.

Creasy, in his *History of the Ottoman Turks*, describes the galley as 'a long boat provided with a main and foremast, which might be raised and struck as required, and which carried large lateen sails, which could only be trusted under sail in light winds and smooth seas, as the want

of keel and deficiency in beam must have made her at all times a bad sea-boat, while her great length must have exposed her to break her back and founder in a rough sea.'*

This corresponds very much to the description which might be given of a mahone now-a-days, one of the swiftest and most uncomfortable crafts that ply on any waters.

I am not aware how many of the galleys of Brutus and Cassius, which were moored off Cavalla (the ancient Neapolis, or, as others assert, Datum), at the struggle at Philippi, where the republic perished and the Roman empire was inaugurated, have been preserved till the present time; but looking at the boat which we had hired, it might have been any age, except for the piece of network around which hung a profusion of glass beads that ornamented our rudder, and gave one the idea of a floating coffin decked out for its last voyage.

Near Cavalla, and at no greater distance than ten miles, lies the old town of Philippi, so celebrated for its gold mines in the times of the Macedonians, for the battle fought there in that of the Romans, and for the interesting fact that

* Creasy's *Ottoman Turks*, 281, i.

St. Paul began his European missionary tour there, and that it was the first place where the Christian faith found a home in Europe.

I am informed that there still are extensive remains, which testify to the extent and prosperity of the Macedonian city, but being pressed for time we were unfortunately unable to visit the place.

At Cavalla itself, however, St. Paul must have first set foot on European shores, since it was the port of Philippi; and this circumstance, coupled with the modern fact that the best tobacco manufactured in Turkey is to be got there, induced us to land. Seen from the sea, the town looks very pretty, fortified and clean. A fine Roman aqueduct also shines in the distance, and by its double tier of arches proclaims at once its Roman origin.

Having secured the services of M. Nicolas Partides to act as our dragoman during the voyage, we returned to the *Behera*, and its captain, with great kindness, allowed our craft to be towed up to the foot of Mount Athos, opposite the monastery of Lavra. The night was squally, and the few twinkling stars only appeared at intervals to light up the summit of that glorious mount, which the ancients considered

to be the highest peak in the world, and the Latins classed with Eryx in Sicily and the Apennines.

> 'Like Eryx or like Athos great he shows,
> Or Father Apennine, when white with snows
> His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
> And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.'*

On the summit of Athos, which for several months in the year is capped with snow, and rises out of a large peninsula jutting into the Ægean Sea to a height of about 6000 feet (Curzon says, 10,000; Acland, 6349; Holland, 5000), stood formerly an altar dedicated to Jupiter, from whence his name of Athoüs, and thence

> 'did pleas'd Saturnia fly
> . . . . . from Athos' lofty steep,
> And sped to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
> To seek the care of Death's half-brother, Sleep.' †

The wind being contrary, and night being advanced, it was impossible to make the pretty little port of Agia Lavra, which is commanded by

* Pope's translation of Virgil, *Æneis*, xii. 701.
'Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Quum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attollens, pater Apenninus, ad auras.'

† Pope's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, xiv. 262.

a Byzantine tower constructed for the purpose of defending its entrance, so we shaped our course to the north-east, and landed next morning at 5 a.m. at the monastery of Vatopedi, the largest and finest in the peninsula.

Before proceeding with our tour, it may be worth while to make a few remarks respecting the peculiar characteristics of Mount Athos and its inhabitants.

Mount Athos, which is better known in the East as the ἅγιον ὄρος, or Holy Mountain, is the culminating point of a chain which rises just above the isthmus, where the canal of Xerxes is said to have been cut between the Gulf of Istillar and the present Gulf of Monte Santo, or Aïneros in Turkish.

According to Leake, this canal would seem not to have been more than 60 feet wide; and, according to M. de Choiseul Gouffier, a traveller quoted by Leake, not more than 1200 'toises,'* or 7674 feet in length.

He maintains that without much labour it might be renewed, and with great advantage, as the uncertain direction of currents around Mount

* The 'toise,' according to old French measurement, was equal to 6·395 feet English.

Athos, and the prevalent gales and high seas in the vicinity of the mountain, render the navigation for sailing-ships exceedingly dangerous; and he justifies Xerxes in cutting this canal, as well from the security which it afforded his ships as from the facility of the work and the advantages of the ground, which seems made expressly to tempt such an undertaking.*

The peak of Athos, which is of white marble, presents the noblest aspect imaginable, and nothing can exceed the wild and picturesque scenery that surrounds it. Dr. Sibthorpe, who visited it in the early part of this century, enthusiastically exclaimed that he had never seen anything more sublime. Though the view from the Acro-Corinth surpasses in magnificence anything we saw at Athos, it is impossible not to subscribe to the above sentiment, so far as it applies to scenery, not to prospect; for, to quote his own words, it is impossible for Romance to select a spot better suited in every way. 'Immense trees of oak, of platanus, and chestnut adorn the ravines and sloping sides of the mountain, whose upper regions are clothed with pines. The laurel, the myrtle, the daphne, and a great

* Leake's *Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. iii. p. 145.

variety of beautiful and fragrant shrubs, wildly luxuriate among the rocks; and groves of oranges, lemons, olive, and fig-trees, surround the convents and the cells of the hermits.' But the Doctor was more fortunate than we were, for he adds: 'The nightingale and other feathered songsters fill the air with their warblings, which continue to be heard to a late hour of the night.'

It was, perhaps, the most curious fact we noted during our journey round the peninsula, that we never heard the sound of a single 'feathered songster.' September may have been rather late for the nightingale, but it was almost painful to ride for a whole day over such beautiful ridges and dales, and to feel that not a bird nor a living creature, save the hermits and lay-brothers of the monasteries, peopled this beautiful land.

No woman is allowed to enter within the limits of the Agionoros, though some two or three, with more boldness than good taste, have broken through the rule. Among these were two English ladies, one of whom should decidedly have known better. The old Turkish Vaivode who lives at Karies, which is the capital of the promontory, and upon which I shall speak

later, is not allowed to have his harem with him.

Some one very happily applied to the Holy Mountain inhabitants Pliny's remark about the Therapeutæ,—

'Gens æterna, in quâ nemo nascitur.'

Not a female of any kind—not a cow, nor a hen, nor a she-cat, nor a mare, nor an ewe; it being a traditional saying among the monks, that no female animal can exist on their holy ground. I can vouch that female fleas live long enough to breed, until their nuisance becomes a positive martyrdom to the traveller, and that the filth in the cells, and the dirty appearance of the monks themselves, must hide other female vermin in a manner obnoxious even to the sanctity of their harbourers.

Some of the oldest towns on record were situated upon this beautiful peninsula—Acrothoon, Olophyxos, Kyssos, Cleonæ, Dium, and Sane—which correspond as nearly as possible to the present monasteries of Agia Lavra, Chilliandari, Zographos, Xeropotamos, Hierissos.

Colonel Leake has taken the trouble, in his admirable *Travels in Greece and in Asia Minor*, to identify all the old towns mentioned in Strabo,

in Pliny, and in Herodotus, with their present names; and to no one, perhaps, is a tribute of gratitude more due, on the part of those, for whom classical recollections have any charm, than to him, whose patience and laborious zeal have been rewarded by the production of works which must remain standards of British perseverance, united with a masterly classical education.

It was said that Acrothoon was built on the top of Mount Athos, but this is impossible; and it must of necessity be the site upon which Lavra now stands. Athos peak is too high and too steep for any settlement to be formed on its summit.

But fables are numerous respecting it, and one of the commonest is that the shadow which the mountain threw in summer actually fell upon the statue of a heifer in the town of Myrinæ, in the island of Lemnos, a distance of eighty-seven miles!*

Acland, in his account of the Plains of Troy, comes to the conclusion that Athos can be seen across Lemnos from Mount Ida; and he is supported in that opinion by Lechevalier and Kostner, a French and a German visitor to the same plains.

* Ἄθως σκιάζει νῶτα Λημνίας βοός.—Sophocles, *Fragm.*

It is uncertain how Mount Athos came to be consecrated to monastic seclusion only, but tradition reports that the spot was selected by Constantine the Great, who, as Dean Stanley remarks, in his *Lectures upon the Eastern Church*, had a remarkable genius for selecting sites.

'To have fixed on this hitherto unoccupied peninsula as the site of institutions so singularly appropriate to the scene, is a trait worthy of the man who selected Byzantium for his capital.'*

It must be remarked, however, that St. Basil, who lived in the fourth century, and whose rules are followed by every monk in the East, makes no mention of its being inhabited by monks in his time, though he mentions Mount Athos in one of his letters.

Popular notions ascribed to the Blessed Virgin herself the evangelising of all the pagan populations of Chalcidice, and to this fact it is due that the whole peninsula is placed under her special patronage.

It was only in the ninth century that the separate monks of Athos grew into communities large enough to form independent monasteries, with special charters, privileges, and endowments.

* *Lectures upon the Eastern Church*, p. 212.

M. Victor Langlois, of whom I mostly borrow what follows, has given a very good account of how these monasteries grew independent, and contrived to attract Imperial favours.

It would seem that until the reign of the Emperor Leo VI. the Philosopher (886–912), the monastery of St. John Colobos, situated near Hierissos, had had under its control all the hermits of Mount Athos; but owing to the dissatisfaction of the latter with the arbitrary injunctions of the parent monastery, and a desire to become independent, a charter of enfranchisement was obtained from Leo VI. (911), by which the monastery of St. John Colobos was deprived of all exercise of authority over the hermits of Mount Athos.

From that moment they felt the necessity of strengthening their numbers and of establishing communities of their own. They built small hermitages, or skytes, and lived two and three together, instead of alone, as before.

The first monastery which after this emancipation of the Athenian hermits obtained an Imperial charter, was that of Xeropotamos. Paul, the son of the Emperor Michael Rhangabe, obtained from the Emperor Romanus Lecapene that the small

monastery, τοῦ χειμάῤῥου, of the torrent, which had been destroyed by pirates, should be reconstructed at the Emperor's expense. This and the Monastery of Lavra, which was founded in 960 at the foot of Athos peak, and on the eastern slope of the mountain, are the oldest monasteries on the peninsula. The monks of Athos are held throughout the East, by those who belong to the Greek creed, in the highest possible veneration; and on certain feasts of Our Lady their monasteries, which almost all claim some miraculous exhibition and boast some special Divine intervention, are the resort of thousands of pilgrims that flock from the north of Russia and from the shores of the Red Sea.

The rule which they follow is considered to be the most perfect, and is that of St. Basil. Their ranks are filled by men belonging to every station of life, and their political constitution, if they can be supposed to have one, is as purely republican as any admirer of Plato can desire. So great is the veneration in which they are held, that, as Finlay remarks in his *History of the Greek Revolution*, when a Western traveller expressed his admiration of the ruins of Sunium to the Greek mariner, he was often astonished to hear his boat-

man exclaim, 'What would you say if you saw the stupendous monasteries on the Holy Mountain?'*

Celebrated in the traditions of the Bulgarians, Wallachians, and Albanians, as well as modern Greeks, Athos holds a far more revered place in the minds of the common people than the celebrated sites of Hellenic history. Hence the natural exclamation of the mariner, despite the total absence of possible analogy between the ruins of an old temple and the grandeur and magnificence of the Athos monasteries.

We certainly were not struck by the piety, nor, indeed, by the learning, of the monks we saw; still less by their cleanliness, of which Curzon speaks; or their industry, which Urquhart vaunts.

The latter has a beautiful page in his book, *Spirit of the East*, which I must transcribe, as a delightfully true and descriptive account of that wonderful mountain:—

'Hither from the wastes of Russia, from the sands of Africa, resort the many-tongued votaries, to worship and admire amidst the most sublime and elevating scenery; to repose on luxuriant

* Finlay, *Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 250.

verdure; to drink from cool and crystal streams; and to carry back to their unbroken plains and arid deserts the fame of the terrestrial beauties and delights of this region, tenanted by holy (?) men; and on which the eyes of angels and of saints look down with favour and with love.

"Amid such scenes arose the palaces of the monks, splendid and imposing, and adorned by the former lords of Constantinople.

'The taste and industry of thousands of monks, inhabiting detached abodes, had converted their cells into romantic grottoes, led vines and creepers over the impending rocks, contrived fountains and bowers, and spread fruit-trees and flowers around; or, ascending the bare sides of the mountain itself, the stranger pilgrim might watch, at respectful distance, for a glimpse among the rocks of the cowl of some more aspiring ascetic—some prouder spirit, which had mistaken its way, and now sought consolation among such wild abodes, in carnal abnegation and in spiritual pride. Here have dwelt and still dwell hundreds of solitary beings; some in isolated but comfortable (?) dwellings; some in huts; some in caverns; choosing their habitations according to their moods, and separating themselves from all com-

munion with the more worldly tenants of the mountain. At certain stated periods they appear at the monasteries on which they depend to receive a supply of food, and to prove that they are still in life. Some of these have been known to pass years without speaking, and some have reduced themselves to eating once a-week. Besides these privations, they subject themselves to discipline of various kinds, performing daily some hundred genuflexions.' *

It is certain, however, that all is not *couleur de rose* in this religious republic, and I was much struck by the conversation of an old monk who resided at the Monastery of Iveron, and who had spent fifty years of his life in the world as a doctor of medicine before retiring to the Holy Mountain to finish his days.

'Our rule is a holy one,' he said; 'our practices are holy also; our religion is an ancient one, and our discipline is severe in principle: but, alas! our rules are not adhered to, because our discipline is not enforced; our religion is not exalted, because our practices are lowered.

'Superstition in many cases has got such a hold over the minds of most of our caloyers (monks),

* Urquhart, *Spirit of the East*, vol. ii. p. 171.

that their devotions have become a matter of pure habit, a daily routine which is meaningless, but a departure from which must bring down the wrath of God.

'The ceremonies of the Church which are so beautiful, are looked upon as so essential, that the primary object for which they are held is forgotten in the importance attached to the means of propitiating that object.

'A number of genuflexions daily, a settled series of stereotyped prayers, and attendance at church at all times of the day, constitute so many swords of Damocles, instead of so many means of elevating the soul towards the Almighty.

'This craven spirit, which daily gains ground among us, is the gnawing worm which those who watch its progress must fear.

'I will not speak,' he added, 'of our morals. They are not what they should be; and as to that peace of mind and quiet which should above all appertain to monastic life, alas! that also is a thing of the past.

'The sale of our lands in Russia, the confiscation of our large properties in Moldavia, the heavy taxes we pay the Turks, and the encroachments upon our Holy Mountain of the Sclave

element; are so many causes why we can no longer lead in our spiritual exile that life of peace we came to seek.'

Walpole, writing at the beginning of this century on the subject of the merits of the Athos establishments, already noticed that they were in a degraded and oppressed state; but admitting their defects, he claimed for them the advantages of preserving the language of Greece from being corrupted or superseded by that of its conquerors, and checking, or rather preventing, the defection of Christians to Mahometanism, not only in European but in Asiatic Turkey.*

This may have been the case in 1817, when he wrote, but a much more dangerous enemy has appeared in the shape of a friend than ever the Turk was to the Greek.

Russia, under the cloak of a common religion, has overrun the old Chalcidice with its monks and its riches, has bought up the lands which an impoverished treasury could no longer maintain, and advised in countries, not under her rule, the confiscation of ecclesiastical property belonging to those of whose support she wished to be assured by their being reduced to poverty.

* Walpole, *Memoirs relating to Turkey*, p. 221.

It is not speaking that which had better be kept back, to give utterance to the only words a traveller can hear from the present monks of Greek origin on Mount Athos.

There is but one cry, one bitter moan, one powerless protest:—

'We are little by little drifting into the power of the rich man. He coaxes and he feeds our wants; but we are caught in his web, and our doom is sealed.

'His monasteries are rich, while ours are poor. His lands increase at our expense; and we feel as if we had pawned to him whatever remains to us, while he knows well that we can never redeem it.'

The two principal feelings that are keenest when travelling through the peninsula of Athos are, a sense of being in a land where civilisation has not penetrated, and things go on as they must have done six hundred years ago; and a conviction that the beginning of the end has sounded; and that a change, which must involve more than a few religious institutions and men, is near at hand.

What that change may result in is a matter of speculation; but the symptoms of decay are too

evident to allow of a doubt that such a change is near.

Athos is too near Salonica not to make it an important acquisition for any power which is ambitious to possess that future great port; and its peculiar fitness as a dépôt for arms, ammunition, and provisions, besides its strategical merits, is unquestionable.

The twenty large monasteries round the base of the great peak are enclosed in walls constructed with all the solidity of fortresses, and several of them have large courts flanked with towers capable of defence, and communications with small harbours where boats can find a shelter; while, as Finlay observes, the rocky nature of the coast, and the prevalent storms round the mountain, render a blockade almost impossible.

It was a lovely morning when our uncomfortable craft, in the hold of which we had endeavoured to court sleep for an hour, cast its anchor in the little creek opposite the great Monastery of Vatopedi, the largest, richest, and finest on the peninsula.

Two or three little mahones, of a similar kind to ours, were the sole occupants of the bay; and though five o'clock had hardly sounded, we

already saw several monks busily engaged on the beach cutting wood and loading the above-named vessels with timber, with an air that indicated that they had already been some time at their work.

When we entered the gates of Vatopedi we were hailed by a peal from all the bells in the place; and the sound was as welcome as the salutation from the Pro-Œgoumenos, or Abbot, was pleasing.

He received us most kindly, and offered us the usual sherbet and coffee, before which, according to Eastern habit, no questions are ever asked, and nothing but the greatest interest in your health, and in that of your immediate relatives, is evinced. He then sent for a monk, who was supposed to speak English and French, but who in reality knew about as much of the one as he did of the other: that is, had a wish to learn both, and could just ask for bread and wine in each.

This monk was placed at our disposal for the whole of our stay on Mount Athos, and accompanied us throughout our trip. We found him a jovial companion, and of especial use in introducing us as 'very important personages' to each of the monasteries which we visited.

The Monastery of Vatopedi is a huge and irregular building, which overlooks the sea, and contains within its battled walls several lofty towers.

Before the Greek insurrection, the walls were grim with the sight of cannon; but since that time the Turks have prohibited these within the holy precincts of those religious retreats.

The Monastery of Vatopedi (*μοναστήριον τοῦ Βατοπεδίου*) bears the title of Imperial, and is dedicated to the Annunciation of Our Lady.

According to tradition, it was built by Constantine the Great in the first instance, was afterwards destroyed by Julian the Apostate, and rebuilt by Theodosius the Great, in thanksgiving for the following miracle. His son Arcadius appears during a storm to have been in danger of losing his life, and on recommending himself to the Mother of God, was carried by the waves to the spot where the monastery now stands.

There he was found asleep by the officers sent to look for him, whence the derivation of Vatopedi.

Εὗρε τὸ παιδὶ ἐν τῇ βάτῳ,

which in modern Greek is pronounced,—

Ēvre toe pathēe en tēe thātoe.

'The child was found among the brambles.'

But these reports are considered apocryphal. The authentic history of Vatopedi dates only from the tenth century, when three inhabitants of Adrianople—Athanasius, Nicolas, and Anthony—built the present monastery at their own expense, at the suggestion of St. Athanasius.

The principal benefactors were subsequently the Emperors Manuel Comnenus and Andronicus Palæologus, and the cell is still shown which boasted the presence of an Imperial monk, the Emperor John Cantacuzenus, who, in 1355, descended from the Byzantine throne to put on the monk's cowl under the name of Joseph.

There is one large church and twenty-six chapels containing some frescoes rather curious than good. The large church is composed of two oval halls opening into each other. They present a somewhat peculiar aspect from the enormous pillars of porphyry that sustain the roof, and the pavements and ornaments of jasper, verd-antique, and variegated marbles, which ornament the interior of both ovals.

Behind the screen are kept the treasures of the church, foremost among them the girdle of the Blessed Virgin, which, on the feast of the Assumption, is exposed in a domed chapel opposite

the principal church, for the benefit of the numberless pilgrims that believe in its miraculous power.

We tried to obtain an authentic account of how this monastery became possessed of this relic, but could get no other reply than that it was decidedly that of Our Lady, inasmuch as it was miraculous.

Curzon was informed that St. Thomas went up to heaven, after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, to pay her a visit, and was there and then presented with this girdle; but he does not tell how so curious a relic came into the possession of the founders of Vatopedi.

The girdle, which we were allowed to examine closely, and which we even held in our hands, appears to have been somewhat long, and of gold interwoven with some other material.

During the plague it was divided into two parts, one of which was sent to Greece and the other to Constantinople, and anyone who had the honour of touching it was at once either cured or preserved from being attacked.

When cholera raged last year somewhat severely in Constantinople, the Asia Minor portion of the girdle was solemnly carried in procession through the streets of Stamboul and Pera,

and General Ignatiew, the Russian Ambassador, went himself to receive it, and walked behind the relic to the Phanar, where the Greek Patriarch resides, and where the relic was deposited.

It is a curious fact, but one which I can vouch for as correct, that cholera cases actually diminished from the very time of the appearance of the girdle in Constantinople; so powerful is prejudice in the popular mind, and so strong is the Greek belief in supernatural interference.

Confidence restored naturally banishes fear; and the reason why pestilential maladies make such rapid progress in the East is due entirely to the inordinate fear which seizes both men and women at the approach of any disease.

A case of fever in a house is sufficient, whatever be its nature, to condemn all approach to it for days. No ties of relationship or friendship are a justification of running a risk of becoming contaminated.

Superstition, therefore, has full liberty to exercise its sway; and the only advantage that can be said to arise from it is that restoration of confidence which, by diminishing fear, enables the craven-spirited Eastern to defy the malady he so dreads.

From the outbreak of cholera in September, 1870, till the first week in December, when the Vatopedi girdle arrived, the registered deaths increased steadily from 16 to 417 a-week, and as equally steadily decreased from that time forward till February, when quarantine on arrivals from Constantinople was taken off.

In the library at Vatopedi we spent but a short time. It was being put into order, and all the learned monk who had charge of this business could show us was a MS. geography of Strabo and Ptolemy, which contained some curiously illuminated charts.

The δικαῖος, or monk in charge of the stores, then took us to see the cellars, where huge marble vessels are the recipients of the oil which the extensive olive-plantations of Vatopedi yield to it yearly.

Here again there is a miraculous recollection. A monk who, in a year of scarcity, had charge of the cellars, being distressed at finding his vessels empty, prayed so earnestly that presently the basins were overflowing with supernatural oil. A picture over the door of the cellar reminds one of the incident, and fills each succeeding cellarer with hope and trust.

Our monk interpreter then took us to see his rooms, and they appeared to be exceedingly comfortable. We asked him the reason why he should be so well off, while others were on a totally different footing.

He explained to us that the monasteries of Athos were divided into two classes. The one, κοινοβιακοὶ, in which all the monks dress and live uniformly, receiving their raiment as well as their food from the house, and are governed by a single ἡγούμενος appointed by the Patriarch, who rules somewhat despotically over them; and the ἰδιόρρυθμοι, wherein all the monks contribute something to the treasury on entering the order, in return for which they receive a cell and a ration of wine, but have to provide everything else for themselves.

Our friend had availed himself of this privilege, and had located himself in as snug a little apartment as comfort could desire, and gave us a γλυκὸ, or sherbet, which the principal Œgoumenos himself could not rival.

After this, breakfast was announced, and we repaired to the abbot's room, where several curious-looking old monks had congregated to do us honour, and, maybe, still more justice to the never-ending meal which was about to begin.

Although our interpreter was only a δόκιμος, or novice, and had no right therefore to sit at the table with those of the μεγα σχημα, or highest rank, still, in consideration of his supposed talent for languages, he was allowed to share the gorgeous repast which was served to us.

The first course consisted of every kind of salt fish and olives, all cold and swimming in oil. The monks would not touch of anything before we had taken some of it ourselves, but then it was a general scramble, in which the longest fingers got the best bits and the table-cloth all the oil.

About noon we expressed ourselves satiated, and on our asking for mules, spoons were brought to us, very prettily carved wooden spoons, which are intended as farewell tokens. The Œgoumenos, followed by his principal officials, accompanied us to the gates of his monastery, where a dozen beggars, all pilgrims, immediately rushed upon us, kissing our hands and coats in an unpleasant way, and then asking of our charity to reward them for what in truth had excited very little charitable feeling within us.

Our mules were waiting, and as we rode off, preceded by two Palikar servants, or Greeks in Albanian dress—that is, with the white kirtle

and braided jacket and leggings—these fired two guns each as a parting salute.

Our road lay through woods belonging to the monastery we had left, and here and there we could catch glimpses of the blue waters of the Ægean sparkling in the rays of a glorious sun through the thickets which skirted us on our left, while to the right we beheld rich plains encircled by trees and interspersed with ravines. Small hermitages reminded one of the holy ground we were treading, and numerous pilgrims on the road showed us that the exquisite Alpine scenery we admired was not Switzerland, but the land of the pious Greek.

We halted several times to drink the pure waters of some dedicated spring, and rest our mules. Our monkish guide indulged in jokes with our dragoman, which the latter interpreted to us in Italian; and by the time we had got them into English and ought to have laughed at their wit, some fresh perspective of unparalleled beauty had come upon us, and called forth our genuine admiration.

We passed the skytes of San Dimitrius, dependent upon Vatopedi, and on the shore to our left we beheld the Monastery of Pantocrator, which

is built on a rock at the bottom of a small bay, and the approach to which by land is through orange and myrtle-groves.

We had no time, unfortunately, to diverge from our course in order to pay it a visit, so we hurried on to the skyte of St. Andrew Newski, which is a Russian convent, where we were again received with a merry peal from all the bells. This I understand is more a Russian than a Greek custom, though it may be questioned whether the Russians did not adopt it from the sound-loving Greeks.

When Mahomet II. took possession of Constantinople in 1453, he prohibited the use of bells in that city, as being annoying to the other populations, but permitted them to be used in the Prince's Islands in the Marmora, at the entrance of the Gulf of Nicomedia, because these were exclusively inhabited by Greeks.*

The monks of Athos go by the name of the 'Lords of the Bell,' as in other Christian parts of the Turkish empire the general mode of calling people to prayers is by striking on a board, which is an ancient custom taken from the Christians of Syria and Arabia.

* See note in Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*, vol. ii. p. 161.

The Œgoumenos, or whatever his Russian title may be, received us with much kindness and cordiality, offered us some excellent refreshments, and showed us over the new church which is being built, and which was consecrated some two years back by one of the sons of the Emperor of Russia.

There is something exceedingly liberal, and at the same time disdainful, in the manner of the old Turk, that makes him indifferent to the interference of foreign potentates in the management of institutions within his territory.

He puts up with it much as a mastiff does with the terrier that playfully gambols in his kennel. He relies on his spirit of fanaticism, and knows well that that spirit once roused, he will make up in strength for the deficiency of numbers and wealth.

After thanking the Abbot for his civility, the bells were rung again, and we could hear the last sound of the monster bell as we entered the curious town of Karies, which is close by and lays claim to be called the capital of Athos.*

* Karies would seem to be derived from καρύα, chestnut-tree, or καρύδια, a hazel-nut or filbert. It may be derived also from κάρα, head.

This extraordinary place, where no woman or child is ever seen, is situated in the centre of the peninsula and on the side of an amphitheatre clothed with the richest verdure, and cultivated in a manner to render it highly picturesque.

The meadows, as Walpole observed, are 'so luxuriant as to be cut three times in a year, owing to the richness of the soil, the complete shelter they enjoy, and the judicious manner in which the water is distributed by irrigation.'

All around the town there is a singular and delightful confusion of ground, broken as it descends to the shore, or rises in the direction of the peak, and covered with orchards of every description of fruit-tree; a little chapel appearing at every interval like a little star seen through a peep in a forest, and towards the south, in the clear sky above, the towering peak of the Holy Mountain seated on its throne of rocks.

Urquhart, in language befitting the title of his book, describes the effects of light, mist, and clouds as they mingled on that majestic summit, though he defies their being susceptible of description:—

'Gauzy vapours, now hanging in mid-air, stretched in parallel lines, in perfect stillness;

sometimes they stood like a column supporting a roof of clouds, and sometimes, like new mountains, they were heaped upon it; sometimes a single mass of cloud, lingering on its gray peak, looked as if it were sheltering itself to leeward from the sea-breeze, like the "meteor standard" of an eastern Andes waving o'er the clime of the sun and the realm of the muse.'

In reality nothing can adequately express the sublimity of the scenery, or paint the variety of rich and simple, luxuriant and wild, prospects that meet one at every step on this favoured land.

Karies is inhabited solely by monks, who sell cloth, shoes, tobacco, coffee, sugar, watches, and wooden rosaries or crosses, to the several monasteries of Athos.

A bazaar or market is held once a-week, and the hermits then repair to it, in order to sell whatever they have been able to manufacture.

In point of fact it amounts to a system of barter on a large scale, for there is a perpetual exchange of shoes for rosaries, and cloth for images, or tobacco for crosses, and snuff for knit stockings or medals.

The day we arrived happened to be one of these bazaar-days, and the animation was conse-

quently greater than usual, though to us such animation as it presented was rather of a nature to produce despondency than any other feeling.

We went at once to the Council House, where the Government of the peninsula resides, and from whence it issues its orders to the monasteries.

The Council, or governing committee, is composed of caloyers, or monks, deputed by each of the twenty monasteries to superintend the civil affairs of the mountain, to take cognizance of all matters relating to the general interests of the whole community, and to assign to each monastery its portion of the taxation due to the Turkish Government from the whole religious body on the mountain.

These deputies are called Archons, and are presided over by Epistatæ. The Epistatæ are five in number, one of whom must always be from one of the five large monasteries, Lavra, Vatopedi, Iviron, Chiliandari, and Dionysius. The head of them all is called Protatos.

We were ushered into a curious long room, with divans on all sides and a big desk in one corner.

Presently the room filled with grave monks, who squatted, Turkish fashion, on the divan, and

saluted us each in turn twice. The President entered, and they all bowed to him. He took his place by our side, and after welcoming us to Athos, he read the letter our Vatopedi guide handed to him from the Abbot of that monastery.

Twice he looked round, as if to identify us with the very remarkable people we were described to be in that letter, and having apparently satisfied himself as to what he was to believe on the subject, he called for coffee and cigarettes.

There was a strange atmosphere in the room, a curious not-to-be-described sort of mouldiness, which made one feel interested and uncomfortable at the same time. It was like being transported back into the middle ages and conversing with one's ancestors, at the same time that one felt unequal to the task.

There are numbers of old prints, representing a Council either at the Vatican, or at Trent, or at Nicæa, of which one was reminded while sitting among these monks; and imagination helping, one might fancy oneself an Arius or a Luther arguing before an assembly of men ready to annihilate one at the first expression of dissent from their religious tenets.

The curiously shaped entrance to this council-

room, too, enhanced the picturesqueness of the situation; and, to crown the whole fabric of our illusions, on coming out we hailed with pleasure the sight of an old Turkish *bostandji*, or tax-collector, smoking leisurely the calumet of peace, and thought he represented civilisation in the middle of barbarism—an oasis in the desert—a Daniel among the Jews. So great had been during the last half-hour the retrograding action of our minds, that we could actually look upon this ignorant and lazy Turkish official as the representative of the nineteenth century, resting calmly among the votaries of the fourteenth, and rejoice in the fact that the only difference between his civilisation and that of the Greek monks amidst whom he lived, was that he had not a black gown, a black high cap, and dirty fingers like them.

After paying our respects to the old Bostandji Bey, the Protos and Epistatæ took us to see the church, which is supposed to be the most ancient on the peninsula, and to have been built by Constantine the Great.

We were shown a miraculous picture, before which no end of candles were being burnt, and which on one occasion called out to the priest who was officiating to finish his mass as soon as he

could, in order to be in time to administer the last sacrament to a monk who was dying.

We then repaired to the ἀγορα, or bazaar, and purchased sundry articles as remembrances of our passage through this curious city; and having mounted our mules, we proceeded on our way to the monastery of Iviron, where we were to spend the night.

We passed by Cutlumusi, a monastery which was founded by the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, quite near Karies, in the midst of corn-fields, vineyards, and olive-plantations, but which was burnt down a few years back.

Nothing but the exterior walls remain; and I could not discover whether the beautifully illuminated copies of the Gospel, of which Walpole spoke, had been burnt or not; nor, indeed, whether its great relic, the foot of St. Anne, had been saved.

Our road descended the hill obliquely, through vineyards, olive and almond groves, to the small bend of the coast, which forms a bay midway between the other two principal monasteries of the eastern shore, Vatopedi and Lavra.

As we turned the last bend in the rich and beautiful valley we had skirted for two hours, we

beheld a huge castellated mansion, which resembled more a fortified town than a single building, nearly square in form, with four or five towers projecting from the walls, and the domed church standing in the centre of the court.

The Monastery of the Georgians, *μοναστήριον τῶν Ιβήρων*, was founded by Theophania, wife of the Emperor Romanus, towards the beginning of the tenth century.

In 980, the Emperor Basil II. gave the monastery to John Tornicus, one of the most illustrious of his generals, who afterwards became a monk at Lavra, and finally settled with his brother-in-law Iwane, and the latter's son, Euthymius, at Iviron.

According to tradition, Tornicus embellished his monastery with the spoils he made in war; and he is said to have left his convent retreat on one occasion to save the empire from the Persians, who had threatened it at the death of Romanus, and to have returned to it when his task was done.

The Princes of Georgia have ever proved munificent patrons of the monastery; and it may be said that no convent on the peninsula is more favoured and protected by Russia, or so rich in relics.

We were welcomed by the Œgoumenos, and by an old monk, Dr. Pappadopopulo, who proved to be the only man we fell in with during our stay on the Holy Mountain who could converse with us in another than the Greek language. He spoke Italian fluently, and his remarks about the state of both religious belief and religious discipline at present were exceedingly interesting. They have already been lightly touched upon in the course of this chapter, which is the reason why they shall not be recorded again in this place.

The day being long, and our strength equal to any amount of fatigue, we set off to the seaside, on the way to the Monastery of Stavronikita, which stands on a rock overhanging the sea, and bears, in common with Iviron, the honour of being a miraculous spot.

A picture of St. Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, floated over, of its own accord, to where the monastery now stands; and in consequence of that event Jeremias, Patriarch of Constantinople, is said to have founded this monastery about the year 1522, and dedicated it to St. Nicholas.

It would seem that the picture was thrown into the sea at the time of the Iconoclastic contest,

but for what good reason it is difficult to tell. In any case it found its way back, and a shell upon the picture is said to prove the veracity of the picture's watery career.

With such an account to cheer us up, we would gladly have reached the convent of the 'Victory of the Holy Cross,' but the lateness of the hour made us retrace our steps, and in a little arbour, where the monks of Iviron occasionally sip their after-dinner cup of Turkish coffee, we were told the legend of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Iviron, which is preserved in the church, and is called Πορταίτισσα, or the Virgin at the Gate.

At the time of the Iconoclasts this image appears to have crossed the seas, and have landed at the spot on the Holy Mountain which lies opposite where the monastery of Iviron now stands, and have thus miraculously escaped the fury of the image-destroyers.

This sect of Iconoclasts first showed signs of existence in or about the year 485, under the Emperor Zeno, and was specially in vogue during the eighth century, when Leo the Isaurian caused it to be approved by a Council held at Constantinople in 730. But it died away shortly

after; and while the good monks were telling us of this image, it was difficult to reconcile the date of the foundation of Iviron, in the year 980, with that of the disappearance of the sect from the fury of which the image fled.

To have been floating for upwards of a century was no obstacle, however, in the eyes of men who were bent upon looking at the event of a pious image landing on their shore as a miraculous advent.

Dinner was shortly afterwards announced, and a gorgeous meal it turned out to be. I should not like to calumniate a holy monk of the Orthodox Church, but both my companion and myself were much struck with the excessive jollity of our caloyer guide; who, after proposing no end of toasts in 'draughts of rosy wine' to ourselves and our belongings, ended with much good taste by drinking to the health of those charming beings whose light foot and syren voices their Holy Mountain could never see nor hear.

It was late before our carousal ended, and early in the morning when the sound of the rattle, calling the monks to prayer, woke us out of our happy dreams.

Before breakfast we visited the church, which

contains many decorations of rich marbles, and a great number of fresco-paintings on the walls, descriptive of various Scriptural legends, but which remind one strongly of About's witty remark on beholding the lions at the entrance of the once famous 'golden Mycenæ':—

'Ils ressemblent fort à ceux que je dessinais jadis sur mon cahier de brouillons.'*

Curzon remarks, in his introductory chapter, that 'inferior as the stiff frescoes in the churches and refectories of the Byzantine period are to the admirable productions of the Italian schools, many of them succeed, however, in conveying to the mind of the spectator feelings of devotion and religious awe, and a kind of grandeur which seems to be beyond the scope of modern artists, though their productions are superior in every other respect.'

It requires a good deal of extreme good-will, or perhaps an appreciation of beauty and grandeur arising out of disproportionate nature that is not given to everyone, to subscribe to this expression of sentiment, when it has been given to one to examine these frescoes closely and in detail.

* 'They much resemble those which I was wont to draw upon my copy-books.'—E. About, *Grèce Contemporaine*, p. 23.

In most cases it requires good-will of no common kind to allow to the figures represented the names of animals or men to which they lay a claim. In others, it is impossible to say, without looking at the explanation beneath, what the subject is intended to represent.

Panselinos, who is reckoned the Fra Angelico of Byzantine art, if not its Raphael, has never been able to render the purity of expression, the holiness of look, which mark the works of the Fiesole master, or the saintly character of Raphael's earlier paintings.

In the church there are, besides a number of gorgeous pictures before the screen, presented by the Russian Government, many church ornaments of great value and antiquity which claim attention.

Just above the porch is the library, which we visited, and which *is* being put into order. One might say was, were it not for the fact that the monks have already been twenty years at work, and may be as many more.

We were shown several manuscripts, apparently very old, and decidedly handsome specimens of Georgian writing. But, unfortunately for us, we neither of us could do more

than look at them, which it appeared to us was all the more the pity, as, by the anxious looks of the many caloyers who surrounded us, it was clear that they hailed the presence of strangers among them as the long-looked-for opportunity to discover both the value and meaning of their literary treasures.

Presently the bells rang, and we were conducted to the gates by our friend the Doctor and some other monks.

Our mules were ready, and we started on our journey to the largest monastery on the mountain, St. Lavra.

Nothing, indeed, can exceed the beauty of this ride. We coasted the sea the whole time, being sometimes almost on a level with the shore, at others some 500 feet above, winding our way through woods, and vineyards, and olive plantations, and every now and then catching glimpses of Athos' splendid peak!

We met with every kind of tree and plant; from the common plane to the Judas-tree, and the silver fir to the ordinary pine.

Had either of us been botanists, what a field for enjoyment! Being merely admirers of nature, we could not tire in our expressions of joy at the

varied and magnificent prospects that opened themselves to our view at each step we took.

It would seem as if the mountain sent forth from its bowels a proportionate degree of life as the trees and flowers that decorate its ridges approach nearer to its culminating point, and encouraged them into developing all their magnificent foliage and colours in defiance of the elements, that would fain destroy the peace they enjoy, as they beat furiously against the mountain's flanks.

We passed close to a farm belonging to Iviron, which was once a convent under the name of Mylo Potamos, and the ruins of which are exceedingly romantic.

A little further, and through an escape in the wood, we perceived on the right the Monastery of Philotheon, which is said to have been built in the tenth century, and to have been enriched and enlarged by a Georgian Prince in 1492; but, for some reason of his own, our guide maintained that it was not worth a visit, and for no reason in particular we sided with him; so we went on until the monastery of Caracala was similarly distinguishable among the trees, at about a mile from us on the right.

An ancient Gothic castle in appearance, it

resembles all the other monasteries of Athos in fact. It is surrounded by a high wall, and the roofs and domes which surmount it indicate the cells, church, and chapels that it contains.

It is not certain who was the founder of this monastery. Some assert that it was the Emperor Caracalla, but on what ground is more than we were able to discover; unless, indeed, it is to prove how ancient are some of the Athonian institutions, for Caracalla died in 217, just 694 years before the establishment of an independent community on the Holy Mountain by virtue of Leo's Bull.

Curzon attributes its foundation to a Roman of the name of Caracallos, and though he disclaims any knowledge of who he was or when he lived, he gives a plausible reason for the appellation of Roman attached to the name of Caracallos, inasmuch as Roman may, after all, mean Greek.

Greece is called Roumeli to this day, and the Constantinopolitans called themselves Romans in the old time, as in Persia and Koordistan the Sultan is called Roomi Padishah—the Roman Emperor.

Roumelie in Turkish now signifies Europe, as the towers on the Bosphorus can show. Those on

the European side are styled Roumelie Hissar, and on the Asiatic side Anadoli Hissar.

Be this as it may, I rather incline personally to the supposition suggested in a note at the foot of p. 20 of M. Langlois' account of Athos, that Caracalla is in reality derived from the Turkish *Cara*, which means 'black,' and *Cäla*, which signifies 'castle, fortress.'

Its special benefactor, however, was a rascal of the name of Peter, swordsman to another Peter, Waywode of Moldavia, who, like most rascals, feathered his nest at his master's expense; but who, unlike the rest of his type, escaped being strangled for his dishonesty, on the promise made by him on the gibbet that he would erect the monastery out of his ill-gotten wealth.

From thence to Lavra we had a ride of a couple of hours through the same lovely scenery that had characterised our journey hitherto. We halted for some time at a little chapel, inside of which was a spring of deliciously fresh water. A solitary hermit guards the spot, and blessed us as he offered to quench our thirst from the waters of this sacred spring.

Having discussed a loaf and a chicken which the Iviron Œgoumenos had had packed for us on

our route, without informing us of the fact—a delicate attention for which we were most grateful —we 'backshished' the holy monk, who was by no means backward in accepting our small offering, and resumed our journey.

How curious it is that religion and money should be so dependent upon one another! Or perhaps it would be better to say, that outward religion and specie should be so closely allied.

The one keeps up the other in a way that makes the other wholly impossible without the one, and charitable offerings very often clothe that which in more profane language might be called worldly gain.

But this is irrelevant to the subject, and if introduced at all is only because we thought, as we were going along the saintly roads of the Holy Mountain, that the pious hermits and monks that we met were never averse to a charitable donation which enhanced their spiritual fervour by swelling their pockets, while all the while they had bidden adieu by vows to the earthly wealth which most of them had never possessed.

Presently two peaks came in sight. The arid and lofty rock of Samothraki on our left, the verdant and magnificent peak of Athos on our right.

We got into a ravine, and across a ruined stone bridge. One more ascent, and one last ridge to clear, then a plain covered with yellow amaryllis all in flower, and we found ourselves before the Byzantine porch of Agia Lavra, the largest of the monasteries of Athos.

Agia Lavra means 'the holy cells,' and not St. Laura, as some would think. The name Lavra is common to all the primitive monasteries of Syria and of Palestine, which were originally composed of a perfect labyrinth of cells, all cut in the rock, and which on that account were called Λαῦραι, or labyrinths.

The Monastery of Lavra was originally built by St. Athanasius in the beginning of the second half of the tenth century, and subsequently enlarged by the Emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Tzimisces.

Three iron gates lead one into the interior of the irregular quadrangle which the building forms, and opposite the church we were met by the Œgoumenos and his staff, who had been made aware of the presence of strangers by the peal from all the convent bells that hailed our entrance into this very remarkable place.

This was the first of the monasteries on the

κοινοβιαζοι (pronounced Kinoviaki) system which we visited.

All the monks dress and live uniformly, and feed together.

The refectory at Lavra is in the form of a cross, and contains twenty-four marble tables, with a great vase of bronze and marble, into which a perpetual stream of water flows. It is about 100 feet in length and 80 in breadth.

The tables have a semicircular shape, and the walls are grotesquely ornamented with would-be religious frescoes.

Two large courts contain two churches, and many small courts contain small chapels.

In the principal church, before which is a porch all decorated with hideous devils, and by no means prepossessing angels, variously occupied in settling the moral accounts of the mortals that come up for judgment, we were shown many frescoes by the famous Panselinos, and a very bad daub by St. Luke—a little worse than the famous Madonna by the same, which was brought over to Italy from Constantinople in 1160, and which is now in the Dotti Chapel on the Monte della Guardia, near Bologna.

We were shown two magnificently framed

pictures of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, which were presented by the Emperor Andronicus Palæologus, and some splendidly bound missals, one of which had been sold for an enormous sum at a time when the monastery was in want of money, but had been restored to the convent since as a gift.

Among other curiosities and relics we beheld the hand of St. John Chrysostom, and a triptych of pure gold presented by the Emperor Nicephorus, one of the most superb things I ever saw. It is covered with diamonds and precious stones, and contains a piece of the Holy Cross.

We next visited the library, which appeared to be in very much better order than any we had yet seen, and contained some very valuable illuminated manuscripts.

I would pass over the dinner-hour, were it not that it will ever remain on my mind as the most horrible meal I ever was made to sit at.

It happened to be a fast day, which, coupled with the fact that the monks never take meat, and know not therefore where to procure any for visitors, made us prepare for a meagre fare, though not for what actually was served.

Grace had hardly been said when a smell—the very thought of which sickens me at the present

hour—pervaded the room, and as Mr. Tennyson has expressed it, each of us (I mean my companion and myself),

'Nipt his slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger,'

like Lynette at the approach of Sir Gareth.

The dish was brought in—garlic cut up finely, and mixed up with oil and olives and shreds of cheese.

Very probably the same kind of guest-dish that Curzon was made to relish, on the plea of its being 'a dish for an emperor.'

Maybe it is for one so exalted, but certainly not for anybody lower in the social scale.

I was made, however, to fill my plate, but nature proved stronger than will; and feeling every instant more faint at the smell, I alleged illness as an excuse for not touching that which I was sure must be a most nutritious and savoury mess.

This was not enough. Another dish was brought, which looked uncommonly like centipedes broiled in the sun, but the toughness of which was so great that it was impossible to get one's teeth through them.

Are they the same as the *Cancer fluviatilis* of which Belon speaks — the river-crab, which is

better raw than cooked? 'Les caloires les mangent cruds, et nous asseurent qu'ils estoyent meilleurs que cuicts.'*

Water-melons, and, happily, excellent grapes, washed down by detestable raki, a bad sort of *Kümmel,* constituted that never-to-be-forgotten meal.

Next morning early we mounted our mules and coasted the turning ridge of Athos, over the summit of which the grey clouds were still lazily lingering. Our way lay this time through a rocky path of white marble, with somewhat unshaded plains on our left, and thick pine-woods on our right.

A clean, neat skyte soon came into sight: a dependence of Lavra, inhabited solely by Russian monks, with well-laid-out gardens and well-cultivated fields around it.

Half-an-hour more brought us to the extreme point of the promontory, just below the Chapel of the Transfiguration, which is immediately on the summit of the white-marbled peak, and from whence we could scan the two seas, the Gulf of Monte Santo and the broad Archipelago.

It was a glorious sight. The sun was beginning to dart its eastern rays upon the tranquil waters below; and while the long and narrow

* Quoted by Walpole, *Memoirs*, p. 203.

ledges of rock, which we were traversing unconscious of danger, enabled us to gaze upon the precipices below with no other feeling than that of wonderment at the magnificence of those perpendicular rocks supporting the gorgeous mountain above, which the impotent waves had beaten into their terrific appearance, we could not but enjoy to the utmost the successive transitions from the terrible to the beautiful which it was our good fortune to experience.

Silence reigned over all, and was only broken at times by those ever same notes of admiration which nature forces out against our will, and which, trite as their expression is, contain the true ring of genuine pleasure.

After rounding Cape St. George, at a height of some 3000 feet above the sea, we began our descent, leaving the skyte of St. Anna to our left, and rugged paths and snow behind, to alight upon one of the most striking among the many remarkable views we had already seen.

Having come down some two thousand feet or more, we got into a winding narrow gorge, and suddenly came in sight of the romantic Monastery of St. Paul.

To describe its grand aspect, its wonderful

position, or the magnificence of the scenery above, below, and around it, is wholly impossible. Indeed, the same remark may apply generally to the whole peninsula. Its varied beauty defies description, and baffles any attempt of the kind.

Perhaps the approach to Agio Pavlo is the most remarkable feature about that monastery, which was under British protection until the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece, and where we were entertained with many eulogiums on the late Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Dalling, who had spent some days among the caloyers.

There is no special architecture about the place, but a mixture of all styles. This monastery, like the others, is built on the quadrangle principle, with domes and towers in the centre and at the corners, and wooden galleries supported by beams rising out of the stone walls before the windows of the cells.

From one of these there is a double cable, which runs down to a well and brings up the bucket full which the monks send to it empty: an ingenious contrivance, which saves their going down five hundred steps for water, and amuses the stranger, for whose benefit the machine is always made to act.

The Œgoumenos received us with all the hospitality which he was able to show; for the convent is very poor, and his lamentations on that score were very great.

He showed us over the church, where nothing worth any particular notice is to be seen, except, indeed, the most extraordinary relic that has been preserved unto our Christian world.

Upon a table in the centre of the church, after lighting two candles, which were placed at either end, the officiating monk, who had put on a stole for the occasion, reverently deposited a magnificent casket set with jewels, containing no less a treasure than the gold, the incense, and the myrrh which were offered to our Lord by the Magi kings!

The gold had been shaped into a filigree cross, somewhat like those of Maltese workmanship.

'*C'est un peu fort!*' a Frenchman would have exclaimed. 'It's rather too much,' we remarked; whereupon our Vatopedi guide ingenuously observed, 'They say it is all right. I don't know, nor does anybody else. Let us believe it, then.'

So much for Greek orthodox faith. The Œgoumenos took us to the library, where we saw more European books than at any of the others;

and round the cells, one of which he pointed out as having been that of St. Paul the Hermit himself.

St. Paul was a Servian, and originally a eunuch, son of the Emperor Maurice, who came to Athos in the fourteenth century and became a monk.

The monastery itself was rebuilt by John Constantine Bassarabas, Waiwode of Wallachia, about the year 1700.

It originally was a dependency of Xeropotamos; but was afterwards ceded to Gerasimo, Lord of Symendra in Servia.

When under British protection, the monks transacted all their business through the British consulate at Salonica, near which town they still have a farm, the existence of which is a positive boon to those travellers who, coming from Athos, undertake to ride to Salonica, as we afterwards found.

We now bade adieu to our muleteers, and entrusted our lives and property to four stalwart and bony monks, who engaged to row us to the Monastery of Xeropotamos, and a lively little excursion it turned out.

There was something novel in the fact that, turn wherever we might, we could not escape the

presence of monks; but, like the cavalry at Balaklava, onward went our small brigade, though there were monks to the right of us and monks to the left of us, instead of cannon.

We were all very merry, and sang songs, some of which I remember were very pretty, though not quite those which became the dignity of holy cenobites.

Our Vatopedi friar sang more lustily than the rest, and proved altogether that religious asceticism and joviality were not incompatible with one another.

As we rowed on we came before St. Dionisio, built upon a rock just above the sea that washes its foundations, and which had more the appearance of a pleasure habitation than an austere retreat for monks.

Dionisius was brother to Theodosius, Archbishop of Trebisond; and, in 1385 he prevailed on the Emperor Alexis Comnenus to found this monastery, of which he was the first Abbot.

Among the relics of the monastery is a head of St. John the Baptist.

Is it the one he had before he was decapitated, or that after?

There are no less than thirteen saints bearing

the name of John; but, curiously enough, the heads of St. John that are shown in the West and in the East are invariably ascribed to St. John the Baptist.

If the faithful are to believe in relics belonging really to those holy personages whom they venerate on account of their exemplary life in this world, surely some more intelligent means should be adopted to prevent the multiplication of the same relic, by guaranteeing the genuine one against reproduction in the same form.

The Eastern saints of the name of John are St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. John Chrysostom, St. John Calybite, a hermit; St. John the Almoner, Patriarch of Alexandria; St. John Damascenus, Prior of the Monastery of Saba; St. John of Palestine, Author of *The Climax, or Road to Heaven.*

In the West there are St. John of Matha, a Spaniard, founder of the Order of Mathurin Friars; St. John Columbus, of Sienna, founder of the Gesuati; St. John of God, a Portuguese, founder of the Charity Brethren; St. John of the Cross, a Spaniard, founder of the barefooted friars; St. John Gualbert, a Frenchman, founder of an order of Benedictine monks; St. John Nepomucene, the

patron Saint of Bohemia; and, finally, twenty-three Popes, many of whom are revered by the Church as martyrs and saints, all of the name of John.

It will thus be seen that there are plenty of heads to choose from, without always selecting that of the most illustrious among them.

Close to Dionisio is its sister-convent of St. Gregory, similarly situated on a rock and surrounded by fig-trees, the reputation of which has not diminished since earlier travellers have sung their praises.

As we passed close to the shore, under the shade which some overhanging willows threw upon the calm waters over which we were riding, we halted to admire the scenery and give our boatmen rest.

St. Gregory was founded by St. Gregory the Younger, under the reign of John Palæologus, and was restored by Alexander Bongdan, Waiwode of Wallachia, in 1497.

We were so comfortable in our boat, and enjoyed the picturesque appearance of the little monastery and its fig-trees so much, that we never landed, but proceeded to the foot of the precipitous rock, on the lofty summit of which rises like a citadel the ancient monastery of St. Simon

the Anchorite. Its position is indeed wonderful; the main building rises boldly to a tremendous height over a craggy precipice, and is connected with the side of the mountain by an aqueduct resting on two rows of eleven arches, one above the other, with one grand arch beneath these, leading into the winding court of the monastery itself.

We landed and ran up the winding path that has been hewn through the rocks, and is covered in on either side by evergreen shrubs to the foot of the tower of the castellated monastery.

We were fully forty minutes on the ascent, hurriedly as we proceeded, before we reached this imposing building, and felt as if we had reached a prison when we entered the spiral tunnel that led us into the main building.

The monks were at church, so we had leisure to look about, and a more impressive view than that which we obtained from the outer balconies or galleries cannot well be conceived.

As Walpole says, 'the spectator looking down feels as if he were suspended over a gloomy abyss: and the craggy rocks beneath his feet add to the solemnity of the scene.'

Athos looks menacing overhead, and the forests

on the sides of the mountain look gloomy and ominous.

Walpole remarked that the planet Venus, when he was at this monastery, shone with an extraordinary brilliancy of light, and that in general the moon and stars seemed to have a peculiar splendour.

The origin of the foundation of Simopetra is due to a similar effect produced upon St. Simon the Hermit, who had observed a star of extreme beauty shining for several nights on the summit of the rock where the monastery is now perched.

Comparing it to the star that guided the Magi kings to Bethlehem, he resolved to build a church, which he dedicated to the Nativity of Christ; and having prayed for and obtained the recovery of the daughter of John Ungles, King of Servia, he received from this prince the funds necessary for the construction of the church.

John Ungles became later a monk himself, and died in the monastery which he had built.

The church is very small, very curious, very low-roofed, and not rich.

The monks did not appear as pleased to see us as we had been made to expect they would be, by all the attention of which we had hitherto been

the object on the part of their brethren, but they gave us the usual sherbet, coffee, and prints, and reconducted us to the gates with a peal from all their bells: so that, after all, our imagination may have been at fault, and not their hospitality.

If Vatopedi is the richest and Lavra the most interesting of the monasteries of Athos, Simopetra is certainly the most imposing; and trying though the ascent to and descent from it may be, no traveller should shun the fatigues of a visit to its old walls.

The hour was getting late, and we had still four miles to row, so we set to our work in earnest style, and when we reached the gates of Xeropotamos it was only just in time to escape sleeping out of doors, as we understood from our friar guide that after certain hours of night no admission could ever be obtained into a monastery.

Most of the monks had retired to rest, but we were most kindly received by the two or three who had not yet finished their evening prayers, among whom we found one who, having lived in Corfu some thirty years ago for the space of six months, could just utter a few words of English. He proved to be a very jolly old fellow. No other expression could adequately render his ruddy,

good-humoured face, his desire to please, and his efforts at being entertaining.

The cook was awakened from his slumbers to prepare dinner for us, and nowhere had we better wine or better food.

Our bedrooms contained real beds and clean bed-clothing. In fact, we had evidently alighted at the mansion of the rich.

Our old Corfiot and new friend dined again with us, but showed signs of weariness about the eyelids, so he did not finish the meal, but left us in the full possession of our appetites and the savoury messes which were put before us by a cook who must have been a Greek out of a French mother under Italian protection. There was a little of all styles in his *cuisine*.

Xeropotamos, or the Monastery of the Dried River, ξηρὸς ποταμος, is the oldest on the peninsula, and the first that obtained a charter of independence.

It is said to have been founded in the time of the Empress Pulcheria, sister of Arcadius, and to have been restored in 920 by Romanus Lecapene. It was again restored in 1320 by Andronicus II., and in 1600 by a Waiwode of Wallachia.

Selim II. is said to have rebuilt the monastery at his own expense after a fire which had burnt it to the ground. If so, the monks of that day must have been less bigoted than they are now, to have solicited the aid of the Turkish Padishah, and they must have had more faith in the liberal sentiments of the drunkard Sultan than history warranted in the case of him who planned the battle of Lepanto.

Yet Hammer mentions it, and he is a great authority in Turkish history.

The position of Xeropotamos is pleasing, but not comparable with that of those monasteries we had visited. It has a little harbour from whence the ground rises gradually, and is covered with every kind of shrubs and thickets.

The next morning early we assisted at mass, performed in a rather pretty but comparatively new church.

The ceremony was neither impressive nor devotional, and the singing was more productive of torture than any sounds I have yet heard. Still it was interesting, and made us feel as contented as travellers generally are when they have not omitted any single point in their projected plans.

We had coffee in the Corfiot's cell, which he insisted on preparing himself for us, and subsequently paid our respects to the Œgoumenos, a remarkably handsome and dignified old man, with the manners of a king and the gentleness of a woman.

He presented us with his likeness, and expressed his regret that we could afford so little of our time at his monastery, and then engaged in conversation on political subjects.

With sundry exceptions, which showed that his knowledge of England extended no further than the general garbled notions respecting our country entertained by most of his compatriots, he was really well up in the topics of the day.

He reiterated those fears which we had so often heard expressed respecting Russian encroachments, and added that in his mind the movement was, historically speaking, very natural.

In the same way that nations rise on the ruins of others, so, he said, communities that die are replaced by others.

The primitive monasteries of Athos had been inhabited by Moldavians. They were succeeded by Iberians. The Greeks then came, and now the Russians will succeed.

He would have said much more, but it was plain he did not like to speak too much before interpreters, who might have altered the sense of his words, and subordinate monks, who, through ignorance, might have repeated them wrongly.

The treasures of the church are not as great as might have been expected in so rich a monastery.

After breakfast we mounted the mules that had been got ready for us, and went down to the Monastery of Russikon, which is close to the beach, and resembles a little town.

Upwards of two thousand monks inhabit its never-ending cloisters and cells. They are for the most part Russian, but a great number are Greek.

The original monastery was founded by Servian monks in the reign of Alexis Comnenus; at a place called Xilourgon, near by, and was called St. Pantalemon; but in the last century some monks erected buildings nearer the shore, under the appellation of Russikon, and rejoiced in the Imperial patronage of Catherine I. of Russia, these buildings, however, fell in, and in 1812 Prince Callimaki erected the present houses, a little further inland.

There is an animation and an activity pervading the whole convent, which contrast strangely with the quiet and lethargic state of the other monasteries.

After visiting the church below and the Russian chapel above, and admiring the airy, cleanly appearance of the latter, as distinguished from the dirt and stuffiness of the former, we embarked from the little pier in a mahone which we had chartered to take us across the gulf of the Hagion Oros.

We bade good-bye to our jolly companion, who seemed quite distressed at having to return to his Vatopedi solitude, and were not on the whole, strange as it may sound, sorry to leave a land where man is so inferior to the nature that surrounds him.

Châteaubriand said, I think, in the *Génie du Christianisme*, that there are souls so pure and so holy that they throw out a perfume of holiness when you approach them, which raises one above oneself, and makes one wish to be holy for the sake of holiness only.

There is not in the orthodox religion that vital spark which gives life unto the soul, and lifts it above the superstitions of ignorance to that

faith which commits all to God, and creates a piety which prayer strengthens and asceticism purifies. One looks in vain for that stolid faith which puts doubt aside, in consideration of the peace of mind which it affords, and makes men devote their entire energies to the straightforward worship of Him they acknowledge in humble praise. Nor, indeed, is the man to be found who, doubting in his heart the efficacy of the superstitious practices which he is made to follow under the rules of the Order he has entered, dares openly apply to his doubts the light of his own reason, and acknowledge to himself that his faith is shaken, and that belief in the virtues of an image or a specific is no adequate substitute for that faith which he fain would call his own, but which has escaped him.

Superstition and habit seem to be the watchwords of the Athonian monks, and little respect can either state inspire.

Hence the kind of depressing feeling which comes over one during a sojourn among them, and the relief one experiences at leaving them, notwithstanding all their genuine hospitality to strangers, and their kindness to all comers.

There is an essence in truth which never re-

quires to be expressed. It is felt, and what is not real is equally soon discovered intuitively.

We may differ in belief and in opinions, but we must respect both the one and the other if wholly opposed to our own, when they carry with them that essence of genuineness which is so eloquent, though so silent.

Our trip to Athos was at an end, but our journey from Russikon to Salonica, where we hoped to catch a return steamer to Constantinople, was a long and tiring one.

It would, perhaps, have been better for us to have gone on to Xenoph, Dochiar, and Zographos, which we perceived from the sea, to Chilliantari, thence back to Cavalla, but the fates decided otherwise, and instead of six hours across the Gulf to St. Nicola, we took twelve hours, the wind failing us completely.

At one in the morning we started afresh, amid pretty scenery and along the Gulf of Cassandria, and breakfasted under a huge plane-tree near a place called Calas Marias. Towards 2 p.m. we were so fatigued that we halted at a village called Protinoxorio, where, in a loft, we slept for two hours, surrounded by chickens and hens,

and every kind of other animal less conspicuous, but who made their presence even more noticeable.

We started again at 4 p.m, and this time never halted until we reached, at 11 p.m., the farm-house Metochion, belonging to the Athos Monastery of St. Paul, where we were able to take some few hours' rest.

The two good monks who have charge of this farm deprived themselves of their own bedding to give them to us, and were it not that they had equally bequeathed to us the horrible insects that usually find their way into these things, we would have felt in paradise.

Twenty hours' riding on a pack-saddle, or walking under a broiling Eastern sun and along the sandy shores of the Gulf of Cassandria, with nothing to eat but water-melons and black bread, would make many exclaim that '*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*;' yet we were fully repaid in the beauties of scenery which we came across; in the glorious sunrise which we beheld as we issued early in the morning from the thick wood of firs, behind which Athos peeped, on to the Toronaic Gulf, or Gulf of Cassandria (the spot where stood the ancient Potidæa), and in watching

the beautiful sunset in the waters of the Thermaic Gulf, or Gulf of Salonica.

A ride of six hours brought us to the Roman gates of the ancient Therma, which is situated upon the declivity of a hill, and is surrounded by a wall nearly a mile in length, running to the sea-shore, and defended by three great towers. It possesses an Acropolis, which the Turks call Yedi Kule, like the Seven Towers at Constantinople.

There are two ancient arches which mark the limits of the old Roman town, and many curious old Christian churches of Byzantine architecture, which have now been turned into mosques.

The Church of the Twelve Apostles is said to be one of the finest specimens of Byzantine ecclesiastical architecture in existence.

As a town, Salonica is a dirty Turkish hole, but of its importance, especially in the future, none can speak so well as those who are at present working for its improvement.

When the railway is constructed which is to connect Adrianople and Vienna, there is little chance of Brindisi or Trieste being able to vie with it in commercial importance.

But this is not a question which can be discussed in this chapter, and I must needs beg the reader to return with me to Constantinople, as I did with my companion on reaching Salonica.

Trip to Cyzicus.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIP TO CYZICUS.

July 1*st*, 1872.

THERE is a Turkish proverb which says that the world is but an inn, wherein to think of establishing oneself is a mistake.

'Moussafir hanédir bou dari dunyà
Bou hané itschre ikamet fikri bidgeà.'

Being of a restless temperament I quite agree with the sentiment, and nearly abandoned a long-contemplated trip to the ruins of the once famous city of the Dolions, a people that were coeval with the Pelasgians in Greece, if not a colony from that race, when from my room on the morning of my departure I contemplated the beautiful waters of the Bosphorus freshened by a northerly breeze, which I could watch as it came down the Black Sea in a straight line to our

village of Therapia, and made one feel all the luxury of coolness in a southern clime.

Therapia and Bouyukdere are always at feud as to the superiority of the one over the other as a residence. The above remark is conclusive in favour of the former, for while Bouyukdere presents more the aspect of a town than of a village, and is so sheltered from the Black Sea winds as to enjoy a milder climate, though only three miles off, yet the freshness of Therapia in the hottest days of summer is so conducive to health and inward enjoyment of life, by its invigorating effect, that I think its superiority unquestionable for one in ordinary good health.

Again, Therapia has the advantage of the sea-air that comes to it direct from the Black Sea, which faces it, while Bouyukdere gives one the idea of a town on a lake, with no air but that which comes down from the hills around into the great sheet of water below, and hence ascends in misty vapours for man's consumption.

'*Que voulez-vous de plus?*' What more do you wish? said one who guessed my thoughts, and wanted to check my impulse.

'Nothing,' I replied, and left him. An hour after two friends and I were on board an Azizié

steamer, bound for Panormo, or Panderma as it is now called.

Azizié comes from *Aziz*, 'Holy.' Our steamer was not quite that, since, besides a few devout Mussulmans, who at sunset made a mosque of the deck and prayed earnestly in the direction of Mecca, we were several Christians on board, none of whom felt inclined to exhibit himself in public; but our boilers were full of holes, and our departure from Constantinople was delayed three hours on the not over-reassuring ground that the leaks must be stopped before proceeding to sea.

It would have been easy, with the large fleet of boats which the Azizié Company possesses, to give us another vessel; but it would seem that the Christians who have now purchased this once Turkish Company have no more respect for the lives of the passengers than the Turks whom they reprove.

I strongly suspect, for my part, that the several Galata bankers who have taken this Company in hand have one single object in view—that of wresting from foreign bottoms the monopoly of the coasting-trade, in competition against which the former Turkish Company broke down.

In this endeavour, if they honestly go to work,

they deserve the praise of all true Phil-Ottomans; for what strikes most the sojourner in Turkey is the apparent inability of the Turks, whether Mahometans or Rayahs, to do anything for themselves, and hence to reap those advantages which accrue to the foreigner who profits by this state of things.

The Turks, as Turks, are too lazy to take the initiative of anything; but the most intelligent among them feel keenly the drawbacks of such a position, and though helpless themselves, they are quite ready with the money they possess to push on any work likely to prove remunerative, if they feel confident that the money which they thus lend will not go out of the country to swell the pockets of the foreigners they hate.

They are, besides, kept back by the peculiar constitution of their religious law, which gives the Sultan arbitrary power over the life and property of every Mussulman, and does not check that power whatever be the motives which bring it into play.

The Christian Rayahs, though subjects of the Padishah, are backed by the Christian world against the arbitrary enforcement of any such rule as that which cows the initiative of the Turks, and

hence are more powerful in the promotion of works, and more independent in carrying them out.

Of this feeling of independence and influence the Rayahs now appear to be growing more conscious, and its result is evident in the greater obstacles which are daily opposed to foreign enterprise, and the increased favour with which works undertaken by residents in Turkey are viewed by the Ottoman authorities.

The Chirket Hairié Company, for instance, whose boats ply between the villages that stud both shores of the Bosphorus, has become so eminently Turkish, from the number of its shares which are held by Turks, that no foreign plans for a railway to connect these villages can find favour, owing to the competition which such a railway would, it is said, create with the above Company. No competition would, however, be thought of, were the enterprise to be proposed by Christian or other direct subjects of the Porte, as is exemplified by the Tramway Company, which has so successfully begun, and is likely to go on prospering, to the possible detriment of its steamboat rival. The secret lies in the fact that the principal shareholders in the one are likewise so in the latter, and the main

secret of hostility to foreign plans is the not sufficiently considered close alliance which now exists between the Turkish and Christian subjects of the Porte, as mutual guarantees of each other's interests.

The Turks place their money at high interest in Greek and Armenian houses; but they feel that the system of mere speculation, which characterises the Galata market, cannot long continue to secure those houses from ruin; and they naturally begin to feel that a greater security for their investments than the cleverness of the Directors of such firms is to be found in useful public works, which, while they yield a variable but a certain interest, present a positive guarantee in the stock employed. Hence the feverish demand for railways, tramways, tunnels, bridges, and canals.

But while they feel the want of foreign capital to give a body to such enterprise, they like the lion's share to be reserved for themselves, and the work itself to be undertaken by men who are their compatriots, if not their co-religionists; and they find, or deem they find, in this precaution, a security against the money they invest being taken out of the country.

But I have tarried too long on this subject; yet it deserves a thought, because it is a new phasis in the relations of Turks and Rayahs, which grows as times grow, and which is yet too young to call for any more lengthy notice.

We steamed away at a steady but very slow rate till sunset, having noticed, or fancied we had noticed, to the left below Mudania, the yellow mouth of the little river Rhyndacus, the swelling of whose waters saved the town of Cyzicus from the second Gothic invasion,* and on the banks of which Lucullus beat Mithridates in the year 73 before Christ.

At 8 p.m. we cast anchor in the bay of Panderma, which looked picturesque from the water, as many Greek and Turkish towns do, but dirty and uninteresting from the land. Some one describes the place in Murray as 'occupying a lovely situation,' and being 'enclosed on all sides by mountains.' The mountains are hills, to begin with; and the 'lovely situation' is no doubt intended for, as it is applicable to, Aydinjik, from which one obtains a truly beautiful view of the whole promontory of the Kapou Dagh, and the

* Gibbon, i. 399.

bay that lies at the foot of Cyzicus, on the other side of the isthmus.

My friends and myself were hospitably entertained at the house of a Greek, M. Michalopoulo, who has the rank of British Consular Agent, and displays the British flag on the Queen's birthday, or whenever an Englishman pays him a visit, in proof of his loyalty. Our agent speaks several languages, but does not understand English. Maybe that is the reason why he was chosen. It has this advantage, that he can neither read the prosy blue books that are occasionally sent out for the information of those who have procured them, nor trouble the Foreign Office with much that is unnecessary.

These unpaid Consular Agents in the Levant are not required to pledge their loyalty and devotion to one sovereign only.

There lately died at Adrianople a Consular Agent who acted in that capacity for no less than seven countries; and there is a good story about him, that on the Feast of Bairam, when it is usual to pay complimentary visits to Turkish officials, he was wont to pay his visits in seven different uniforms, according to the countries in whose name he was paying them, and to cause

the flag of the country to be hoisted at his house during the time he was bedecked in the 'modified Consular uniform,' as some agent once called the dress, without defining it more clearly, which gave him authority as an official of that particular country.

Consular Agents likewise, not being paid, are not required to incur much expense in the way of representation.

Thus on one occasion, when Mehemet Ali was visiting Mitylene in the capacity of Capitan Pasha, or High Admiral of the Turkish fleet, a servant of the Austrian Consulate was announced as the bearer of a message from his master.

'The Consul of His Apostolic Majesty would like to pay his respects to your Highness,' said the servant. 'Is your Highness disposed to receive him?'

'Certainly,' replied the Admiral.

Half an hour after, the Consul made his appearance in uniform.

'But am I mistaken, or are you not the person that came to me half an hour ago?' asked the astonished Pasha.

'Yes, your Highness; but I was then the servant of my present Consular self.'

The story is not too good not to be true; it is a 'true bill,' and, as Boileau observes,—

'Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.'*

Panderma is an active commercial town, inhabited by Turks, Greeks, and Armenians in equal numbers, and is a kind of export harbour for the silk cocoons of the Brussa district.

It cannot have been more in olden times than a suburb of the famous Cyzicus, and it boasts nothing that calls for even a passing notice. Our host's kindness, and his pretty daughter, can alone bring a pleasant recollection of the place to our memory.

On the following morning we were up at daybreak, and our horses were at the door. It cannot be too strongly recommended to those who travel in the East to bring their own saddles with them. The amount of suffering which is spared by this precaution justifies any extra annoyance which having heavy luggage to carry may occasion.

We made first for Aydinjik, and before reaching that pretty village stopped on the hill that crowns it to look down upon the plain of the Kodja-Chai.

* Boileau, *Art Poëtique.*

A river bearing that name runs in the middle of the valley, and throws itself into the sea at Karabogha, the ancient Priapos. That river is supposed to be the Granicus; and bearing that name in mind, and recalling its historical importance, it was long before we could make up our minds to proceed on our onward course.

The position for a battle is admirable, judging at least by no other light than the advantage which an immense plain, surrounded by hills on the one side, by mountains on the other, must offer to the disposition of troops for a general engagement, protected by their reserves in observation behind them on a higher level.

The depth of the river, which 'many of Alexander's officers dreaded,' did not appear so very great, nor did the banks seem 'rough and uneven,' as Plutarch describes them. But allowing for exaggerations, it is true that they are 'slippery and muddy,' and it was easy to picture to oneself Alexander 'throwing himself into the stream with thirteen troop of horse, and holding on notwithstanding the rapidity of the river, which often bore him down or covered him with its waves, swimming boldly in the face of his enemy's arrows,' though it is difficult to understand how

on landing he was not killed in the 'hand-to-hand engagement in which he had to encounter so many enemies;' and especially in his combat with the 'two officers of great distinction,' who pierced the one his cuirass with a javelin, and the other his helmet with an axe.

This great and first victory of Alexander over the Persians—'the Barbarians,' as he called them in the inscription on the trophies which he sent the Athenians—was won on the very field which became afterwards, some sixteen centuries later, a portion of the Sultan-Œni province which Ala-eddin, Sultan of Koniah, gave to Ertoghrul, the father of Othman, the founder of the Ottoman race.

Alexander's victory was the first assertion of Western superiority. Othman's successful help to Alaeddin marks the limit of European invasion into Asiatic land.

From Aydinjik, which is a remarkably pretty place, and very Turkish in character, we wound our way to the sea-shore, and, crossing the sandy isthmus, arrived at the foot of the once famous and wealthy town of Cyzicus.

Here it was, on the shore which we were traversing, that Solyman, the son of Orchan and

grandson of Othman, saw 'the crescent of the moon rise before him as the emblem of his race, uniting the continents of Europe and of Asia with a chain of silver light. Temples and palaces floated up out of the great deep, and mysterious voices blended with the sound of the sea, exciting in his heart a yearning for predestined enterprise, and a sense of supernatural summons.'*

Whether he really dreamt thus or not is unimportant; but it must be allowed that no place is better suited for a reverie than the shores which bathe the old ruins of Cyzicus. If the position of a man dreaming has anything to do with the bent of his thoughts, I cannot exactly say that the young brother of the first Amurath was well placed to dream of the conquest of Constantinople.

With Cyzicus behind him, towered by the Bears' Hill Mount, and the laurel-decked hills which hide the Granicus from view on the opposite side of the bay, it would seem that the silver crescent which he saw must have united Broussa on the one side and Gallipoli on the other.

This supposition is borne out to a certain extent by the fact that shortly after this vision Solyman 'embarked at night in a Genoese bark

* Von Hammer, quoted by Creasy, *Ottoman Turks*, i. 31.

on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont'—probably at Lampsaki—and 'surprised the castle of Tzympe on the opposite coast,' the modern Gallipoli. But it must be remembered that, between this first setting foot of the Ottoman soldiery on European shores and the conquest of the great city of Constantinople, there elapsed a period of no less than 127 years; that is, from 1326 to 1453.

Be this, however, as it may, the following passages from Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks* will show that no dream could ever hope for even a tardy realisation, so complete in all its particulars, as that obtained for the vision of the first Solyman of Asia Minor by the great Solyman I., his descendant, who brought the Turkish Empire to the acme of its power, and its limits to an extent which it never again can acquire; or indeed any country will ever boast in our days, and, let us hope, in our children's days.

'The Turkish dominions in his time comprised all the most celebrated cities of Biblical and classical history, except Rome, Syracuse, and Persepolis.

'The sites of Carthage, Memphis, Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon, and Palmyra, were Ottoman ground; and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem,

Damascus, Smyrna, Nice, Prusa, Athens, Philippi, and Adrianople, besides many of later but scarcely inferior celebrity, such as Algiers, Cairo, Mecca, Medina, Bassorah, Baghdad, and Belgrade, obeyed the Sultan of Constantinople. The Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Tanias, the Borysthenes, the Danube, the Hebrus, and the Ilyssus, rolled their waters "within the shadow of the Horsetails."

'The eastern recess of the Mediterranean, the Propontis, the Palus Mœotis, the Euxine, and the Red Sea, were Turkish lakes. The Ottoman Crescent touched the Atlas and the Caucasus; it was supreme over Athos, Sinai, Ararat, Mount Carmel, Mount Taurus, Ida, Olympus, Pelion, Hæmus, the Carpathian and the Acroceraunian heights. An empire of more than forty thousand square miles, embracing many of the richest and most beautiful regions of the world, had been acquired by the descendants of Ertoghrul in three centuries from the time when their forefather wandered a homeless adventurer at the head of less than five hundred fighting men.'*

While thinking of these and other less interesting subjects, such as the heat, our bad saddles,

* Creasy, *Ottoman Turks*, i. 317.

our worse horses, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, the invariable companions of all travellers, we reached the village of Erdek, or, as it is better known by the Christian population of those parts, Artaki.

It is a mere village, but contains some few remains of antiquity, probably brought there from the wreck of its more splendid neighbours; of which, by the way, it can never have been, like Panormo, but a suburb.

In the mythical times it must have been the spot where the Argonauts landed on leaving the Dardanelles; and it would seem natural, for, unacquainted with the new sea upon which they were travelling, they must have been careful to follow the coast, and have equally naturally stopped at the first inhabited spot they came to.

The story, as it is told by Apollonius Rhodius, is that they came to an island with a lofty hill, called the Bears' Hill, inhabited by giants with six arms. Cyzicus, King of the Dollonians, received them most hospitably, and they slew the giants who opposed their departure. Being, however, driven back in the night by stress of weather, they were taken for enemies by the Dollonians, who attacked them, and lost their king in the encounter. The Argonauts, when they found

out their error at daylight, tore their hair, shed many tears, and buried Cyzicus with solemn magnificence; after which they left for Mysia, where they left behind them Hercules and Polyphemus, who built the town of Kio, the present village of Gemlek in Mudania Bay, on the road to Broussa.

There is much discussion as to whether the present peninsula of the Capou Dagh was always a peninsula, or was an island as asserted by Strabo. That the isthmus began to form itself at an early date is evident by the fact that it is mentioned by Apollonius Rhodius, who wrote some time about the year 200 B.C.

It might help the arguments in favour of its being an island to remember that the natural object of explorers is to survey the coasts of the seas they wish to visit, and establish landmarks in their progress onwards.

Besides this natural desire to survey, the fear of the open sea in early times is borne out by the following passage taken from Mr. Swayne's charming rendering of Herodotus, in the excellent collection of ancient classics for English readers, which is now being edited in Edinburgh by the Rev. W. L. Collins.

Speaking in his introductory chapter of the difficulties which must have attended the travels of Herodotus, and the marvel of his being able to perform a tour 'covering an area of something like 1700 miles square,' he adds:—'A voyage itself was such a perilous matter, that a Greek seaman never, if he could help it, lost sight of the land in the daytime, or remained on board his ship during the night; and at a later date the philosopher Aristotle distinctly admits that even his "ideal" brave man may, without prejudice to his character, fear the being drowned at sea.' If this was true in the fifth century before the Christian era, when Herodotus lived and Greek civilisation reigned supreme over Asia, what must it have been in the mythical age, which historians put down to about the year 1800 B.C.?

The Argonauts built temples, as much for the sake of landmarks as for the propitiation of the gods, of whom they were all more or less the descendants; and Strabo mentions a temple to Dindymene, the mother of the god, which was erected by them on the height called Dindymon, which is at the back of Cyzicus.

Now the Ἄρκτων ὄρος, or Bears' Hill, is on the Artaki side of the present peninsula, while the

Dindymon heights are on the Panderma side of the isthmus.

It would seem, therefore, natural to suppose that they proceeded in a straight line along the Asia Minor coast, and did not retrace their steps so as to go round the peninsula.

Had they done so, it is probable that they would have made for the island of Marmara, the shores of which are clearly visible from Artaki, and which they might easily mistake for a new continent in their ignorance of the land and water they were visiting for the first time.

Pliny attributes the junction of the island with the mainland to Alexander, but there is no mention in Plutarch's life of that conqueror of the two bridges which Strabo supposes him to have thrown across.

As we entered Erdek we saw two mounted Cossacks, and somewhat marvelled at the sight. It would seem that they came from, and were returning to, the village of Ulubal, which was colonised by a party of them some 120 years ago. They appeared much pleased at being addressed in their native tongue by a Russian secretary who was one of our party, but the latter told us that the Russian spoken by these people was no longer

of pure native ring. This is not to be wondered at when, added to settlement in a foreign country, and the necessities arising out of it, there is a similarity of sound in the language of the native with that of the adopted land.

At Artaki we halted for a couple of hours, at the house of his Holiness Joachim, formerly Greek Patriarch of Constantinople.

Unlike the Pope of Rome, these Patriarchs, though heads of the Greek Church, are elected for five years only, and are chosen by the clergy in common with the laity. They can resign if they choose, and can be re-elected if they please; and their pleasure tallies with their electors' will.

Patriarch Joachim is an old and intelligent man, who has selected a secluded spot on the ridge of the Capou Dagh, from whence he can enjoy all the delight there is in looking down upon a pretty view. He has not an ascetic countenance; nor is he, as he himself told us, as old as he looks. One wonders therefore at his retiring so soon from public life into the seclusion of a monastic existence.

As we entered, several women were busily engaged pressing fruit and boiling the juice, for the purpose of making what is known throughout

the East as 'gliko,' γλικω; which, meaning 'delight,' is only so for those who care for jams and jellies and syrups.

His Holiness received us most kindly, and caused an excellent breakfast to be prepared for us, apologising for being able to offer us no more than ten dishes.

Conversation through an interpreter is always a difficult and unsatisfactory matter, but it is a positive inconvenience when the interpreter's knowledge of the only language one knows in common with himself is restricted to the usual compliments and inquiries after each other's health. This was our case in the present instance, and the information we got out of this dignitary of the Greek Church was limited to that obtained through the acquaintance possessed by our own dragoman with the Italian language, in which alone we could converse with him. Thus: the Patriarch held forth for at least five minutes upon the remains which he maintained had been found in the small islet which faces the mole at Artaki; and not having understood all he had said, I asked the dragoman to tell me. 'Ach!' said he, shrugging his shoulders, 'he says there is nothing except old rubbish; but (this confidentially to us) he

knows little about it.' 'I don't want your opinion,' said I; 'tell me what His Holiness says.' 'Well,' he replied, 'he says all sorts of things, but I cannot express them.' That was pleasant! But the poor fellow spoke the truth, and we were the victims of it.

After no end of salamaleks and thanks, we took our departure in a broiling sun for Cyzicus, one of the oldest cities of the world, and arrived there within an hour of our departure from Artaki.

Of the importance of Cyzicus and of its wealth there do not appear to have been many signs until the last century before the Christian era, when its fine defence against Mithridates brought it into renown.

Cyzicus appears to have shared in almost every instance the state of Miletus, of which it is reckoned a settlement by Strabo. It is not mentioned in the *Iliad*, which is surprising, as the generation that made war for the abduction of a woman, and was on that account so severely criticised by the Persians, who argued that 'to carry off women was manifestly the deed of unjust men, but to make a serious matter of their abduction was the part of simpletons, since they

hardly could have been carried off without their own consent,'* was only the second generation in succession to the heroes of the Argonautic expedition, who were the slayers of Cyzicus.

The town and country around belonged at one time to the Athenians, but revolted; to no great purpose, however, as after the battle of Cynossema Athens once more ruled over her unwalled limits and discontented people.

The fact mentioned by Thucydides that Cyzicus had no fortifications at the time of the close of the Peloponnesian war, is a proof that it was not then a very considerable city.

At the peace of Antalcidas, 387 B.C., Cyzicus shared the fate of all the Asiatic cities that passed into the hands of Artaxerxes Memnon, the Persian conqueror of the degenerate Lacedæmonians, and appears only to have obtained its independence after the time of Alexander; who is supposed to have built the wall that surrounded it, and is likewise said to have built the towers that protected the bridges which he threw over the sea at the point where the isthmus now stands.

This independence, however, had to be won.

* Herodotus, chap. i. G. Swayne.

Plutarch* gives a graphic account how Mithridates had planted his troops in ten different posts about the city, and with his vessels had blocked up the frith which parts it from the Continent, so that it was invested on all sides. The Cyzicenians were prepared to combat the greatest difficulties, and to suffer the last extremities in the Roman cause; but they knew not where Lucullus was, and were much concerned that they could get no account of him. Though his camp was visible enough, the enemy had the art to impose upon them. Pointing to the Romans, who were posted on the heights, 'Do you see that army?' said they; 'those are the Armenians and Medes whom Tigranes has sent as a reinforcement to Mithridates.' Surrounded with such an immense number of enemies, as they thought, and having no hope of relief but from the arrival of Lucullus, they were in the utmost consternation.

There is something ludicrous in the idea that an enemy is able to persuade the besieged inhabitants of a city that the men who crown his own positions are his allies, and not those whom the besieged expect. The credulity of the

* Plutarch, *Lucullus*, 314. Translation of John Langhorne.

Cyzicenians reminds one of that of the inhabitants of Mechlin in Belgium, who, not many years ago, caused all the pumps of the town to be brought out on the Place Publique, and played upon the tower of the fine old church of St. Rombaud, because they thought it was on fire. It was soon discovered that it was only the moon that had lightened up the old cathedral; but one man had taken it for a fire, and had persuaded the whole town that it was so.

By the assistance of bladders, a certain Demonax was able to swim into the town of Cyzicus and inform them that Lucullus had arrived. He was not believed, but a boy, who had made his escape from among the enemy, arrived at the same time; and, continues Plutarch, 'upon their asking him where Lucullus was, he laughed, thinking them only in jest; but when he saw they were in earnest, he pointed with his finger to the Roman camp. This sufficiently revived their drooping spirits.'

Encouraged both by this piece of news and by various heavenly tokens, such as a black heifer swimming into the town, where she was wanted for a sacrifice to Proserpine on her feast, and Minerva's apparition to 'many at Ilium in

their sleep, all covered with sweat, and with part of her veil rent, having just come from assisting the people of Cyzicus,' it was impossible not to gain the day. The valour of the inhabitants was aided by the famine which broke out among the troops of Mithridates, and which Lucullus had foreseen when he promised his troops that 'in a few days he would gain them a victory which should not cost one drop of blood.'

'Cyzicus was rewarded by being made a *libera civitas*,' but a hundred years later it was deprived of its privilege of a free city 'for not paying due religious respect to the memory of Augustus, and for ill-treating some Roman citizens.' But it continued to flourish under the Empire, 'received the title of Metropolis in the time of Caracalla, and became a bishop's see under the later empire.'*

It withstood two invasions of the Goths, but on the third Gothic fleet making its appearance the landing of these barbarians 'was attended with the ruin of that ancient and noble city.'

* Tacitus and Dion Cassius, quoted by George Long in Smith's *Classical Dictionary of Geography*.

Speaking of the second invasion of the Goths, which came to an untimely end owing to the swelling of the little river Rhyndacus, Gibbon says: 'When the city of Cyzicus withstood the utmost efforts of Mithridates it was distinguished by wise laws, a naval power of 200 galleys and three arsenals—of arms, of military engines, and of corn. It was still the seat of wealth and luxury, but of its ancient strength nothing remained except the situation in a little island of the Propontis, connected with the continent of Asia only by two bridges.'*

In later days it shared the celebrity of its neighbour Demoticon, where some of the earlier Othman sultans liked to dwell. One of them, Sultan Bajazet II., 'laying aside the emblems of sovereignty with the calm indifference of a philosopher, asked his successor the favour of being allowed to return there, where he had been born, and wished to die,† so great was the attraction of Cyzicus.

Of the city nothing is left now except the remains of the amphitheatre, which was built in what must have been the high part of the town—

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, i. 399.

† Creasy's *Ottoman Turks*, i. 201.

'*la ville haute*'—in former times, and which, by its dimensions, must have been a superb structure. A high tower at the entrance is said to have formed part of a palace, but all that remains to the imagination is to guess how magnificent was its position and how fine the prospects from it. In the middle of the amphitheatre there runs a little stream, which led Hamilton, in his *Archæological Researches,* to suppose that the place had been a naumachia; but a look at the elevated position on which the amphitheatre stands, creates a doubt as to the possibility of filling it with water, the more especially as the ground inside is of a rapidly descending character, which would have caused, at the sea-side entrance of the building, a depth of water such as to endanger the safety of the town on the lower level or in the plain.

We saw one single Greek inscription, probably the same that Hamilton mentions, but no fragments of marble whatever, nor even of porphyry.

The substructures in the lower town are curious, and so are those remains of the outer wall which here and there still come out in graceful relief from among the shrubs and vines, which literally cover the whole extensive site of

this ancient city. The theatre is still visible, and must have been very large; but it might have been anything else, for nothing remains in the interior to justify the belief (which, I suppose, is founded on tradition) that it was a theatre.

The gates facing the isthmus would lead one to believe that the two bridges spoken of as having been thrown over the present isthmus by Alexander did really exist, and one of them bears the name of Balkiz, which in Turkish means 'bridge.'

There are no remains of any temple, although ancient writers have praised their splendour; nor is it possible to find any remarkable site which might be suspected of having once been that of a famous monument, for the whole place has the appearance of an immense shrubbery overgrown with orchards. We had with us an Armenian, who told us that he had some time back been excavating with an Englishman of the name of Wilson, or Wilkinson, but that they had found nothing. Perhaps it is because a French party, who were there in 1866, had dug up all that was to be dug up; for I find in a book on Asia Minor by M. Georges Perret, that he and his friends spent several days in excavating the ruins of Cyzicus.

Without attempting the slightest description of the place as it was and as it is, so as to help the archæologist in a useful research; without even gratifying his reader by a nomenclature of those inscriptions which he found; he merely says, with characteristic French levity,—'A deux heures je rejoins mes compagnons sous un beau platane . . . Je me mets travailler dans l'amphithéâtre, pour dégager des inscriptions qui ont été enfoncées dans la maçonnerie Romaine, un ouvrier que j'ai ramené d'Erdek, et à mesure qu'il *les* en retire je les déchiffre et les copie sous de fréquentes ondées.' *

Elsewhere he adds,—'Pendant que nous dejeunons fort gaiement parmi les ruines de l'amphithéâtre, mes bateliers Turcs m'y découvrent des inscriptions.'

This easy mode of finding inscriptions at every step tallies little with the fact of the scarcity of old remains, which he mentions at the onset of his visit to these ruins, when with a greater sense of truth, inasmuch as vanity is not then called into play, he says,—'There remains not one of those imposing ruins, not one of those noble fragments,

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage en Asie Mineure*, par Georges Perrot, 106.

† Ibid. 97.

which restore one's illusion of the whole, and allow the imagination to seize at a glance, as by a rapid hallucination, the impression of its ancient splendour. Not one column erect either in the plain or on the heights.'*

It would, it seems to me, cost little to buy the land, and bring to light treasures of immense value, which must be buried beneath the heap of rubbish, over which herbs of all kinds have grown; nor would the labour spent upon an attempt to restore the ancient delineations of this city be fruitless. The great interest to the archæologist and the man of letters, as well as to the lovers of art, must be an inducement to any one who, with a thousand pounds to spare (for it would not cost more), can equally devote his time and patience in the cause of the resurrection of a town which Strabo calls one of the wealthiest of antiquity.

Would that this short delineation of its history, unsatisfactory though it is, might be so fortunate as to bring out at some not remote period a desire on the part of some one to write a complete and full account of the doings on that small but once famous territory; and give an impulse to those who, like Mr. Wood at Ephesus,

* Ibid. p. 93.

and others of his persevering stamp, are anxious to bring out of their earthly tombs the living monuments of a civilisation that surpassed ours in all but our desire to surpass it.

We left Cyzicus by the gate which is close to the theatre, and crossed the sandy isthmus. Our trip was over, and our eleven hours' ride was pleasantly closed, as it should be, by a fair repast at the hospitable Consul's house.

At 9, two guns from the ship in port were fired. Passengers had been embarked since seven. 600 sheep had likewise been shipped. Only three men were wanting. We got on board, and the captain gave orders for weighing the anchor. He had most delicately acknowledged our presence by a salute 'à la Palikar,' that is, by firing two shots.

A cheer for the good old land of the East! These little acknowledgments are seldom found elsewhere.

Brousse.

CHAPTER V.

BROUSSA.

WHAT a charming month is May! and how beautiful is the dawn of a morning in that month at Constantinople!

As the vapours of night are dispelled by the incipient rays of an ever-glorious sun they ascend into the mist above the minarets of Stamboul, to be wafted across the Marmora by a gentle northerly breeze; and as they slowly rise they disclose to view the pretty yalis and kiosques on either side of the Bosphorus, the numerous craft that crowd the Golden Horn, the palace of the Sultan at Dolma Bagtché, the mosques of Scutari, and the amphitheatre-built houses of Pera.

All these become detached one by one as the dew evaporates, and to the gazer on it is a long-debated question whether Turner, after all, was not right, when he found the poetry of painting in the mystery of mist.

It was very early on one of these May mornings that the steamer left for Moudania, and all recollections of the discomfort there is in early rising were drowned in the enjoyment of present beauties.

What a charming place Constantinople would be, were it a little less, or a great deal more, civilised!

It is just too much European to be pleasant, and not enough so to make it perfection.

The beauties of nature which it boasts are so real, and of such a character, that no other place in the world can, I believe, compete with it as a whole. The climate, notwithstanding many assertions to the contrary, and excepting during the autumn evenings, is all that can be desired, though perhaps the proximity of two seas creates a current of winds which may not altogether be advantageous to people of a consumptive disposition. But even for these, with proper attention, Constantinople would, I think, be a pleasant residence, as the air is so deliciously pure that it quickens the blood and enlivens the mind, while it keeps back anxiety and causes one to smile at existence.

As some one forcibly put it to me once, 'You

could almost lose your dearest friends and rejoice at their departure.' But society renders the place impossible for strangers. When I say 'society,' I mean the absence of it; and when I speak of 'absence of society,' I allude to the peculiar characteristics which constitute society, and of which there is not a shadow apparent in the Turkish capital.

Constituted as they still are, the Turks must be put out of the question; for, with the exception of heavy dinner-parties, where each devours as much as he can, and then smokes until it is time to be off, there are no other means of meeting.

And, indeed, when Turks and Europeans do meet in this wise, there is little conversation possible beyond a more or less genuine inquiry into each other's health, past and present, and questions as to how Constantinople pleases; which are invariably met by an affirmative reply.

The principal men in the State sometimes venture upon politics, but that is a ground upon which I cannot enter; nor did the '*gros bonnets*'—'great guns'—of the place ever invite me to a discussion upon the decreased influence of England, the fear of Russia, the fallen prestige of the Catholic protecting Power, and the necessity to

encourage the Bulgarian schism, as a means of checking Russian influence through the channel of Orthodoxy.

As to the Christian population, it consists of Greeks who do not much care for each other, the old Phanariot families having little regard for the newly-made *soi-disant* Greek millionaires, and the Sciotes showing considerable contempt for those who are not of their own proud origin. Then, again, the Greeks of Marseilles like to think themselves the kings of finance, and look down upon the Greeks of Smyrna; while the Greeks of Odessa sneer somewhat at all the others. The result shows that a kindred feeling between them is at a discount; and beyond a few formal visits, parties are generally made up of relatives who belong to the several classes I have pointed to.

Next come the Armenians. These may be divided into Armeno-Catholics, who deplore the loss of Monsignor Hassoun, and have no other talk; the Armeno-Catholic Schismatics, who, from resisting the latinizing tendencies of Monsignor Hassoun, have something more to say, as they naturally have more to explain; and finally, the Gregorian Armenians, who have nothing whatever to say.

Then the Levantines, or Perotes, who in their own mind constitute the aristocracy of the place, and are composed of the descendants of French, Italian, and German settlers.

Most of them boast a common origin. Their ancestors appear to have made a little profit out of their knowledge of the Turkish language, and to have settled in the country with a view of making a little more out of the ignorance by the Turks of any other language than their own.

Judging from facts within one's own sphere of observation, I think a 'dragoman' might aptly be described now-a-days as a man who, confidentially employed by a third party, justly appreciates the advantages of his position, and thoroughly understands the principle of charity beginning at home.

If, then, the Perotes will not receive the Armenians, and the latter will not see those of their own origin who differ with them in religious tendency; if, besides, the Greeks are divided as they are; what becomes of society, since the elements of it cannot amalgamate?

Add to this the unwillingness of the husbands to dress in evening garb after a fatiguing day's work in the Galata counting-houses, and the total

absence of curiosity in regard to the scientific or literary progress of the age, and it will be seen that there is no reason why, there being no court, there should be any society.

Apparently nobody reads. A library of a hundred volumes is a huge one. There are no concerts except when some benighted being gives one at his own expense, and then everybody talks or yawns; or when some good-natured diplomatist wishes to encourage an artist, and it is thought the fashionable thing to be present.

'What a charming concert! there were so many people and such pretty dresses!'

Nobody draws: at least I suppose so, from the fact that there are only three masters, who are still looking out for pupils in a million of inhabitants.

Sculpture has never been attempted, because it would be a crime to imitate Phidias, or possibly to surpass him.

The play is little favoured, though there is but one theatre; and the reason given is that the opera was burnt, and that people who went to the opera no longer go to the play (*sic*).

In fact, the thousand and one amusements which are born of the desire for recreation of

an intellectual people are wholly wanting in Constantinople. Of course there are two or three exceptions to confirm the rule, but it would be too long, and may be indiscreet, to dilate on this subject and its causes. I end as I began,—Were Constantinople two hundred years backward, instead of a hundred, it would certainly be the most charming of all places in the world. Sedan-chairs, however, and galoches, do not go well with dresses from Worth, and no roads, with spring-carriages from Peter's.

Happily the steamers do go with the century, and except that my little Moudania craft was very dirty, I had nothing to reproach it with as we glided along swiftly, encouraged by

'The frolic wind that breathes the spring.'

We passed the promontory by Bosbouroun, the ancient Posidonium, where Mount Argauthonis ends, and very shortly after landed at Moudania, which, according to Strabo, was first called Myrlea, and after its destruction by Philip of Macedon was rebuilt by Prusias under the name of Apamea, out of compliment to his wife. The site of Apamea, however, or at least of its fortress, must have been on the heights above the

present Moudania, for there are still ruins of the walls to be traced there.

If the well-known game of paper-hunt can be said to have a remote origin, and its admirers cared to give it a mythological beginning, I submit that the legend of Hylas is worth their consideration

He was one of the Argonauts, and when the ship Argo, on leaving Cyzicus, anchored in the Astacenian Gulf, the youth Hylas, who was beloved by Hercules, was sent to fetch water at the foot of the Arganthonium Mount. He was seen by the nymphs of the spring into which he dipped his urn, and was at once captured by them. It is to be supposed that he was not overcome by their charms, for he called for help so lustily that Polyphemus and Hercules both started in quest of him, and began that hunt through the mountain which was subsequently commemorated in the Oreibasia festivities, during which the inhabitants of Prusias were wont to run about the mountain, calling everywhere for Hylas, just as if they had come out to look for him.

It is often difficult to believe that a ruined Turkish village, with its broken-down mud cottages and its wooden 'bakal' shops, its absence

of relics of the past, and its sugar-loaf white-painted mosque, has ever been the site of an historical city boasting a flourishing trade, monuments, and a certain celebrity. Yet such is the case with almost every one of the villages that stud the shores of the Turkish dominions in Asia; some of them, indeed, claiming a far more remote antiquity than any city of which the west of Europe is proud. The reason is that a site, once found to be good, has never been altered, and that the judicious selections of the ancients have never been improved. Changes have naturally taken place with time. The sea has in parts encroached upon the land, while in others she has restored to land that of which she no longer had any need; hence the rise and fall in the prosperity of those towns that were dependent upon her favours. Moudania has not escaped the rule. We read of its having been a famous city even in the time of Philip of Macedon, who took possession of it apparently after a siege of some duration, which would suppose fortifications on a large scale, but of which, it must be allowed, the Romans, who took possession of it again in the time of Julius Cæsar, took care there should be left but the scantiest

remains. It may be, also, that they were not totally destroyed before the Turks took possession of Moudania, about the year 1320. This latter siege is somewhat remarkable, as marking the limit of the conquests of the first Turkish Sultan, and as having been commanded by the Dervish Hadji Begtash, who afterwards became the patron saint of the Janissaries. Hammer, the German historian, sets down the taking of Moudania by Osman as having been accomplished in the year 1351;* while Creasy, in his reliable *History of the Ottoman Turks*, gives the year 1328 as that of the death of Osman. It does not very much matter to the general reader in what year such a place as Moudania may have been taken by Osman, but it shows how some historians, upon whose profound reading the general public rely for the information with which they are to store their minds, are apt to go so far as to make their heroes take a place in this world twenty-five years after they have left it for another.

Mr. Macfarlane is the only person I know who could find enough to say upon the village of Moudania to fill six pages of close print, as

* *Umblick auf einer Reise nach Brussa*, von J. V. Hammer, p. 2. Pesth, 1818.

evinced in his book on *Turkey and its Destiny;* but not having been so fortunate as to meet with friends in that God-forsaken spot, I must beg to be excused if I hurry on to Broussa. The road thence is really very pretty, and the view of Broussa in the distance, situated on the brow of the great Olympus, which rises proudly from the extensive plain that lies at its feet, is one of the many magnificent sights that gratify a traveller's curiosity when journeying in Asia Minor.

The striking feature of Eastern scenery is the magnitude and expanse of nature's beauties. While in the West the mountains and valleys are circumscribed by limits which civilisation has, no doubt, contrived to make one feel to be more apparent than real; in the East (perhaps on account of the absence of that same civilisation), the mind does not conceive any limits behind the gorgeous mountains and widely extended plains that rise or lie before one.

The next feeling which incites one to view with interest all things Turkish is—odd though it may sound to European ears—the loftiness of the Turkish character. Their very fanaticism has something great about it. It is not raised

unnecessarily, nor is it expended in the pursuit of any trivial or mean object. Unlike the fanaticism of some British sects, which betrays itself in the abuse of half that is holy and good, for the sake of maintaining the sacred character of the other half, Turkish fanatics condemn, *a priori*, all that is not Turkish; but are tolerant, as no Christian nation can be tolerant, when the privileges and sacred rites of their own faith are neither endangered nor interfered with.

But I am digressing, though I may be somewhat excused if I talk of fanaticism when in sight of the stronghold of Mahomedanism in Asia, the birth-place of Turkish power, and the resting-place of its early Sultans. There is an Eastern look about Broussa that is quite delicious when coming from Constantinople, and there is an old look about it which is quite novel to him who has just left the same.

After enjoying the sight a little while upon the heights above Moudania, I proceeded on my journey onwards through olive and mulberry groves, through vines and plantations of all kinds; and after a ride of about sixteen miles I arrived opposite a huge plane-tree, under the shade of which Turks and Christians were sipping

the 'coffee of delight,' or smoking the 'pipe of peace,' or otherwise indulging in 'kief' (indolent repose): better rendered by the '*dolce far niente*' of the Italians, or best understood by a perusal of Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters*. It was rather a pretty sight, and as I had galloped somewhat fast, I arrived at this tree with the courier bearing the letters for such officials as were then honouring Broussa with their presence for the benefit of their health. Everybody was on the look-out for news, and as this was the fashionable resort, most of the letters contained in the courier's bag were disposed of on the spot, without the necessity of their previously going to a post-office. Among those who were under the plane-tree I recognised several Constantinople friends, and alighted in response to their beckoning. They informed me that every day at that hour the Broussa bathers and water-drinkers were wont to meet there, to watch the arrival of passengers *viâ* Moudania.

I shortly afterwards entered Broussa, and made my way to the hospitable house of Mrs. S——, the amiable and gracious owner of the 'Soghanli Tcheflick,' or 'Onion Farm.'

According to Pliny, Broussa was built by

Hannibal; according to Strabo, it was founded by Prusias, a king of Bithynia, at whose court Hannibal resided.

This would not bring the foundation of Broussa to an earlier period than 190 B.C. Its inhabitants appear to have been well governed and well conducted, for they obtained the freedom of their city when, after the defeat of Mithridates by Lucullus at Cyzicus, it fell under the power of the Romans, whom Triarius led to victory. Several of the Byzantine Emperors benefited by its waters; and it is on record that in the year 797 Constantine came to Broussa, with his wife Theodora, and got cured of a malady, with the nature of which, however, we are not acquainted. In the following century, the power of the Emperors of Constantinople was shaken in Asia Minor by the incursions of the several nomad tribes and barbarian hordes that came from Persia and the South. In 941 A.D. Seifed Devled, of the Hamadan family—that is, of the famous princes that reigned at Ecbatana—took possession of Broussa after a siege of one year's duration; but it was soon retaken by the Greeks, who strengthened its walls.

Andronicus Comnenus ruined the place, but after the taking of Constantinople by the Count

of Flanders, Theodorus Lascaris, who was a despot of Roumania, aided by the Sultan of Iconium, took possession of it, under the pretext of wishing to preserve the towns of Asia for his brother-in-law, Alexis Comnenus, and finally became its sole possessor by virtue of a treaty of peace, which he signed in 1214 A.D., with Henry II. Emperor of Constantinople. Pococke, in his description of Asia Minor, mentions that he saw on part of the remains of the wall, which is built after the ancient manner, and which he takes to have been that which surrounded the castle, or site of the ancient city of Broussa, an inscription which mentions that 'Theodorus Lascaris built one of the towers of the wall.'*

The Greeks remained masters of Broussa until the year 1326 A.D., when it was taken by Orchan, the son of Osman.

At the outset of the fifteenth century, one of the greatest conquerors, perhaps the greatest, that this earth has seen, appeared before the walls of Broussa.

This was no other than Timour, or Tamerlane, who had just struck a blow at Turkish power in

* Pococke's *Description of the East*, vol. iii. p. 119. London, 1745

the plains of Angora, and beaten the mighty Bajazet, whom he had made a prisoner. At Broussa Tamerlane found such a quantity of treasure that, according to tradition, ducats, precious stones, and pearls were weighed by the oka.* This extraordinary man died three years after in China, at the age of seventy-one, having shed more blood and caused more misery during his thirty-six years' reign than any other human being that has ever been born upon the earth.

'His career as a conqueror is unparalleled in history; for neither Cyrus, nor Alexander, nor Cæsar, nor Attila, nor Zenghis Khan, nor Charlemagne, nor Napoleon, ever won by the sword so large a portion of the globe, or ruled over so many myriads of subjugated fellow-creatures.'

In 1490 the town was burnt down, but shortly after it was rebuilt under Selim I., and subsequently visited by Solyman the Great, who, as a thanksgiving for a cure of the gout which he owed to the waters of Broussa, caused the Yeni Kaplidja source to be covered over by a cupola. This was done by his Grand Vizier, Rustem Pasha, who also bore the expense. This bath constitutes one of the present objects of admiration.

* An oka is a Turkish measure, about 2·8286 lbs.

The waters of Broussa have, I believe, lost a great deal of their power, and hence of their value; but they are so abundant, and still so useful, that a word on their nature may be acceptable.

On the eastern side of Mount Olympus, at the foot of an elevation called Mount Kalabak, and flowing in a direction from east to west, the seven sources spring which feed the twenty public and private baths in Broussa.

Two of these would probably form part of the category under which the Gastein, Tœplitz, Ems, and Vichy waters are classified; that is, the acidulated alkaline springs. Three contain sulphurated alkaline matter, and their character corresponds to that of the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, Barèges, and Baden.

The peculiar characteristic of these three springs, the temperature of which is much too high to render their water useful for bathing purposes, is, that there are a number of cold-water springs adjacent to them, while nothing of the kind exists near the two other thermal sources, the natural heat of which scarcely exceeds the temperature of an ordinary bath.

Monsieur Bernard, who was a professor of medicine at the Galata Seraï in 1842, published

at that time a very interesting work upon the properties of the Broussa waters, and the manner in which they should be used by invalids. Everybody knows the mode of taking a Turkish bath,—first there comes the djamekian, or dressing-room, which is about two feet above the level of the entrance-hall, and is provided with beds, whereon the bather reposes on coming out of the bath. The djamekian opens into the sooukloock, which is an apartment that serves as an intermediary between it and the hamman, or bath proper; here, at measured distances against the wall, are placed those fountains of hot water which flow into round or square basins in various parts of the bath-room.

In two of the Broussa baths there is a fourth apartment, called the boughoulouk, or sudatorium, which has been nicknamed 'Hell,' and which, considering the heat therein, fully deserves that appellation.

The principal springs are, 1st, the Tchekirghè, which feeds the handsome bath of Eski-Kaplidja, built by Sultan Murad I. in the fourteenth century; 2nd, the Kara Moustapha, reputed to be one of the most efficacious; 3rd, the Buyuk Kukurtlu, or big sulphurous bath, which supplies the very ancient but inelegant bath-house that bears its

name; 4th, the Bademli Baghtschè (almond-garden) which supplies the magnificent bath of Yeni Kaplidja.

The town of Broussa itself is most pleasantly situated on the foot of Mount Olympus, looking over the plain.

The city and suburbs are about six miles in circumference: there are about 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 10,000 only are either Christians or Jews. The castle is on the highest part of the town, and is walled round; the rocky cliffs below it being almost perpendicular, and beautifully adorned by the trees that grow on them. The rest of the town and suburbs is built upon heights on each side of the castle, but chiefly to the east, there being a very small part of the city on the plain to the north. The town is divided from the eastern suburb by a deep channel, or vale, over which there are several bridges. The vale is planted with mulberry-trees, which make the situation of the houses built on it very delightful. A small stream runs through it, which swells to a torrent after rain.

Orchan and his children are buried in an old church in the castle, which is paved with mosaic work, and near it there is a sepulchre

covered with a cupola, where they say Sultan Osman is buried.

Excepting the sacred edifices the town is built of wood, which is all the more to be regretted since the presence of fire in one locality endangers the whole city, and may jeopardise the principal commerce of the place, which consists in the export of manufactured silks. The silkworms, I am credibly informed, that are reared in the Broussa district, yield the finest silk that is produced in the Ottoman dominions, and fetch the highest prices in the silk-markets of both the East and the West. Amongst the mosques and tombs, of which it is said there are more than 365, six deserve a special mention.

1. 'Olou-Djami,' the 'Great Mosque,' which is surmounted by twenty cupolas, and is attributed to the three Sultans—Murad I., Bajazet I., and Mahomet I., who in succession worked at its completion. Nineteen of the cupolas are so arranged as to leave a space in the centre for the twentieth cupola, under which, in the middle of the church, there is a beautiful fountain.

2. The Mosque of Sultan Orchan, which is the most ancient of all the mosques at Broussa,

and forms part as it were of the castle. Before the great fire Orchan's drum and his immense rosary were hung up in this mosque; and near by, among other interesting tombs, there is that of the mother of Orchan, the daughter of the great Sheikh Edebali, who was so beautiful that she had been called the 'Moon of Beauty.'

3. The Mosque of the Sultan Murad, in the village of Tschekirghe, which is said to have been designed by a Christian. There is a tradition that the falcon on the roof is the one which was petrified on hearing his master the Sultan's voice for the last time.

4. The Mosque of Bayazid, which by its poverty and its melancholy aspect reminds one of the downfall of its founder, Bajazet, who was taken prisoner by Tamerlane.

5. Yaschil Djami, the most perfect and the most beautiful of all the mosques in the East: its architecture is Saracenic; and the magnificent green porcelain of Persia, which ornaments the walls, has claimed for it the title of 'the Green Mosque.' Mahomed I. was its founder: and near by is his tomb. The walls in the interior of the mausoleum are likewise bedecked with these green tiles, which have wrongly been styled Persian

porcelain, inasmuch as they came from a manufacture near Nicæa, which had been founded by Genoese emigrants in the fourteenth century.

6. The Mosque of Sultan Mourad, in a chapel of which repose the remains of a Servian princess, wife of the Sultan Mourad, who alone, among the four Christian princesses that married Ottoman princes, remained faithful to her religion in the midst of the harem.

There are a great number of tombs belonging to saints much in honour with the Turks. These saints are designated by three appellations, according to the category to which they belonged. There are the '*Baba*' or '*Dede*' (father), the '*Abdas*,' 'mad,' and '*Sultans*.'

The principal Baba buried at Broussa is *Gheikli-Baba* ('the father of deers'), a dervish who spent his life in the forests in the company of wild deer, which he tamed. He accompanied Sultan Orchan in his battles, and the latter built him the mausoleum in which he is buried.

The principal madman is Abdul Murad, a dervish from Khorassan, who was present at the first taking of Broussa by the Turks. His tomb lies at the foot of Olympus, in a monastery, from which there is a splendid view over the plain beneath.

The finest 'durbeh', or mausoleum, is that of Emir Sultan, who on one occasion, while at Mecca, was honoured by a supernatural visit. A voice, coming from the sanctuary of the *Kaaba*, declared in presence of all the Sherifs and Saids who questioned his direct descent from the Prophet, as well as his holiness, that 'he was the first of the Emirs and of the Saints.' On his return from Mecca with his disciples he was guided by a lamp that shone in the air until he reached Broussa, where it went out, which circumstance made him fix upon Broussa as his residence. A message from him to Tamerlane is said to have saved the town from total destruction.

There is no doubt that, could more accommodation be found in Broussa than there at present exists, and were better means of communication established with Moudania and Ghemlek, either by laying down a line of railway or even a tramway, the material prosperity of the former capital of the Turkish empire would be considerably increased; and it is a sign of the laziness of the Turkish people that they do not benefit by the innumerable riches with which nature has endowed their soil. It is also a sign of the desire on the part of the Christians not to develope the Turkish

resources, except when they are materially to profit by them themselves, that they should allow mineral waters to be within their reach, or at their door, without ever turning them to account.

As a watering-place, perhaps no other could vie with Broussa on the whole. The excellency and variety of its waters, the perfection of its delicious climate, the innumerable drives and walks to places of interest, either historically speaking or in point of natural beauty, all combine to make it a delightful residence. The curse of watering-places generally is the monotony of the existence one is condemned to lead; but where there is space there is no check to liberty, and hence no possibility of feeling confined within too narrow limits.

Amongst the excursions, the most interesting is naturally the ascent of Olympus, which can be performed in less than twelve hours up to the summit, which is about 7500 feet high; but May is not a propitious month for such a task, as it is almost impossible to obtain a day when the skies are clear enough to allow of one's enjoying the extensive view its summit commands over the Marmora, its islands, its gulfs, and its promontories, on the one side; over the Dardanelles and the countries around it on the other; over the

lakes to the east, and the mountains of Bosaghan to the west.

The day was very fine, and indeed in England might have been styled a hot July morning, when I started with a guide for Olympus. When we had reached an elevation of about 2500 feet above the level of the sea, we came upon a green plateau studded with violets. My Turkish guide advised me to dismount, and, letting our mules graze wherever they liked, he prepared a pleasant breakfast upon this scented lawn.

I would fain expatiate upon the charms of this little repast, enjoyed deliciously in the open air, with Broussa at my feet and violets at my side, and no thought of the world besides the pleasurable sensation of being away from it; but for the apprehension that my remarks, after all, must be trite, inasmuch as they cannot have been different from those which each traveller must make who inhales the blessings of increased independence as he soars higher above the sphere wherein his lot has cast him.

If there be an emotion which engenders delight when scanning the wide expanse of an ocean, there is an equally satisfactory feeling when looking down upon earth from a high

elevation. I naturally presume that there is no fear of danger. If there be not any fear, it is almost impossible to ignore the silent language which nature holds with the less material portion of ourselves.

The immensity of the seas would seem to call forth our nobler aims and blind our eyes to the obstacles that meet us in our path through life, by raising our energy to the height of our ambition; but its horizontal character, that is, its apparent level with our earth, does not proscribe the thought of man.

Altitude, however, which at a given height must likewise be immensity, or what might be styled perpendicular immensity, has a greater advantage in the fact that, while it no less elevates our souls and invigorates our frames, it frees us from the trammels of the petty world we live in.

It is true that, in proportion to our being elated as we soar higher and higher, we become dejected as we near our mother Earth in our descent, while we experience a greater strength as we retire from the contemplation of the ocean's waves; from which it might be deduced, as an Oriental once remarked, that it is better to follow the straight and horizontal path that leads to eternity, and forms the third side

of the triangle of life, than to go up one side of it and have to come down the other, which not only lengthens the journey, but renders it more arduous.

When my repast was at an end we proceeded on our ascent, through magnificent pine and fir woods. Presently the scenery assumed a savage aspect, and torrents could be heard in the distance as they came rushing down the steep sides of the rocky mountain. The little pathway became more rugged, and progress more difficult. The atmosphere was fresher, and the vegetation more scarce. Half-an-hour more and the scenery was no longer Eastern but Alpine in character, savage and desolate, but grand withal. When a height of upwards of five thousand feet had been reached the little pathway had disappeared, and I followed my guide through dense thickets and thorns until we reached the second plateau. Here we entered a beautiful plain, at the end of which, some quarter of a mile from the spot where we emerged, rose solemnly and magnificently the noble snow-capped peak of the proud Mysian mount. The sight was truly sublime, and great was my despair when, hoping to enjoy the view over the Prusian plains, where so many armies, Persian,

Greek, Roman, Frank, and Turk, had met and fought in days of yore, I found myself enveloped in clouds that hid from my eyes the only sights I had come to see.

After drinking some of the waters of the pretty lake near which we halted, and nearly losing my mule, who, having strayed too far into the lake, had seemingly taken up a permanent position there, I reluctantly gave up the project I had entertained of ascending to the summit of the Kershish Dagh, or Monk Peak.

It would seem that in the times of the Byzantine Emperors a monastery was built on the summit of Olympus, just as another had been built on the peak of Athos, and that remains of this convent can still be traced when the 'snow-capped Olympus' is not 'snow-capped,' as Byron wrote. Hammer remarks that these monks lived there, far from the world, in order that they might be nearer to heaven; 'not quite like the greatest spirits on high, but certainly like the highest mountain.'* I suppose he meant, desolate as the dreary mountain peaks.

Turkish guides, I should warn those who may

* 'Wenn nicht wie die höchsten Geister, doch wie die höchsten Berge.'—*Umblick auf einer Reise nach Brusa*, von Hammer, p. 83. Pesth, 1818.

attempt the ascent, are not very prone to encourage the desire. Whether from superstition or fear, or both, they dread any but the beaten track, and unless compelled by very authoritative language, they may become as obstinate in their refusal to go on as the mules they ride, with whom they seem to be on a footing of mutual understanding.

I have merely sketched an outline of those mosques and tombs which should be visited while at Broussa, as the guide-books afford a more detailed account of the things to see than enters within my purpose; but if I might be allowed to dwell awhile on the subject of the Green Mosque without tiring the reader, I would fain do so for his sake, as it is by far the handsomest mosque I have seen in Turkey; and, indeed, it is considered to rival the mosques of Egypt, which are reckoned to be finer than any of those on purely Turkish territory. It is said to unite in itself the beauty of Saracenic art, as evinced in the Cordovan masterpiece, and of Mongolian workmanship, as shown in the mosques at Agra and Delhi.

Before the entrance there is an elevated terrace of white marble, and the outside walls are covered with marble slabs of various hue. The great door

at the entrance is a masterpiece of sculpture in itself, and bears the name of the founder, Mohammed I., styled the 'Tchelebi;' *Anglicè*, 'young gentleman,' or 'young lord.' But the principal feature of the mosque is the adornment of the walls in the interior with green tiles.

The 'mirab,' or what would correspond to the high altar in Christian churches, in Eastern mosques represents the niche wherein the Coran is laid, it is covered with red marble slabs, which are framed on both sides by green tiles, representing a falling curtain looped on either side, and discovering at the foot a handsome bouquet of flowers in mosaic.

Upon the walls texts of the Coran in white enamel break here and there the supposed monotony of the beautiful green porcelain designs, and to the profusion of the latter, with which the dome and minaret were covered, this mosque owed its name of 'Yeshil Djami,' or the Green Mosque.

It was on my return from this beautiful structure one day that I visited the bazaar, which is certainly more picturesque than that of Constantinople, but not to be compared with it in the richness of its wares.

Mr. Macfarlane has written a very exhaustive book upon Turkey, which contains some valuable notes about Broussa and its neighbourhood, but to the ordinary reader it is so exhaustive that a feeling of satiety is created before even a fair reading of his book is attempted. Much the same remark can be made with regard to Mr. White's three volumes upon Constantinople. But if a reference to what one has seen is wanted, there are, perhaps, no two books more to be commended; though the patience bestowed by Mr. White in acquiring information upon the minutest details of Turkish life deserves, perhaps, more praise than the retail conversations with every one he met with which Mr. Macfarlane favours his readers.

If I mention these two books, it is simply because I think they are useful to preserve in the traveller's memory the several incidents in his Eastern journeys which he fain would not forget.

Of course, he who visits Broussa, be he ill or not, must submit to take a sulphur-bath, and certain as he is not to meet with any of Hadji Baba's adventures in the hamam, he should be careful to see that the water be clean before he enters it; for cleanliness in Turkey appears to

mean ablution only, while such ablution, if the water be not renewed, may prove fatal to clean bodies.

If the Yeni Kaplidja, or new bath, is selected, it may interest those who see the following inscription on its walls,—

'Ghurur etme libass fachrile omre hadshandür'
Bu kabe dchismi gör bunda herkeos dja megan dür,'—

to know that it means, 'Be not shy of taking off your clothes, for what is life if not a place where each must drop the robe of flesh?'

In *Gulistan* there is another idea respecting life which may be worth recording,—'Send provisions to be placed in your tomb for another life. No one will take you any after you are dead. Send them, therefore, beforehand. Life is like a snow-ball which is exposed to the rays of a July sun; little remains, and of that little its possessor is negligent.'*

Such inscriptions constitute, perhaps, one of the greatest attractions of Eastern land. They are to be seen everywhere; on fountains, on mosques, on baths, in houses, courtyards, and stables. There is no place where they are not

* *Gulistan*, a Persian poem. Author's preface.

deemed likely to bring comfort and consolation, and it is greatly conducive to enjoyment to travel with one who can read and interpret them.

Turkish cemeteries are full of them, and some, indeed, are very curious. In the 'Grand Champ des Morts' at Constantinople, I was shown a tomb wherein a man had been buried who had been killed by the falling of a house, and the inscription was as follows:—

'I was walking leisurely when, good Lord! what evils befell me! I was reduced to ashes, and beneath this stone you will find them: be not indifferent to the sight.'

Curiously enough, I found the same epitaph mentioned in a very whimsical book called *Méditations Bosphoriques* by a certain M. Timoni, which was published at Constantinople in the year 1844.

The book is very scarce, and the print is so bad, that the author apologises for its being one of the first productions of Constantinopolitan printing. It is at best a medley of unconnected facts, ideas, and remarks, the result of a disordered brain; but so many of the facts and remarks are worth retaining, that it is a pity the work should be out of print. M. Timoni mentions another

epitaph, which is concise and short enough:—'To-day is my turn, to-morrow it will be yours;' and quotes some author who had seen an admiral's tomb, whereon the gallant sailor informed the passers-by 'that he had turned his helm towards eternity, as the wind of death had dismasted his ship, and sunk it in the sea of the grace of God.'

I am told that at Rodosto there is a tomb of a Hakim, or doctor, whereon it is written that 'he had gone to render an account to those he had helped out of this world of the moneys which they had bequeathed to him, but had left a son to continue his flourishing business.' Wherever this may be, it does not equal the bitter sarcasm contained in the following short French epitaph:—

'Ci-gît par qui tant d'autres gisent.'

After a careful and pleasant survey of the place one has come to see, nothing remains but to leave it, which I accordingly did by way of Ghemlek, a truly lovely spot, where the waters of the Ascanian lake join those of the Marmora; where olive-groves and mulberry-trees vie with each other in the use to which they can be put; and where sat the nymphs in olden times who

captured Hylas, the lovely youth to whom André Chenier has devoted some of his happiest lines :—

> 'Leurs mains vont caressant sur sa joue enfantine,
> De la jeunesse en fleur la première étamine :'

a proof, it seems to me, that these nymphs were bold and flirtive—two qualities that find admirers even in the present day.

From fable to reality, from nymphs to stokers, there is but the small bridge that separates a steamer from the shore. When I had crossed it I had left poetry behind, and carried away with me a parcel of pleasant recollections.

Nicomedia and Nicæa.

CHAPTER VI.

NICOMEDIA AND NICÆA.

'Illas ducit amor trans Gargara, transque sonantem
Ascanium.'—*Georgics*, iii. 269.

GARGARA, meaning that part of the country which lies at the foot of Mount Ida, is not exactly the place which I now intend to take the reader to, but Ascanium is that lake where Nicæa was built, and to which enthusiasm led Mr. C. and myself, on one of those lovely mornings when Constàntinople is decked with additional beauty by the rays of a sun which rivals the sun of Austerlitz, whatever Napoleon may have thought that to be.

The great wooden bridge across the Golden Horn, which connects the dingy but busy European quarter of Galata with the more sedate Stamboul, was already alive with its many-coloured and many-nàtioned passers to and fro, though the

hour was still early; and the numerous street-traders, *qualemjee* (pen-vendors), *simitjee* (biscuit-sellers), *checkerjee* (sugar-mongers), and *sepedjee* (basket-menders), had taken up their braying position for the day.

Hamals in their grey loose jackets, with white sleeves, grey gaiters, and red belts, were carrying their loads (I saw one with a carriage on his back, and another with a piano); Croats, in their long white robes, fastened round the waist with a broad belt, out of which ornamented pistol or dagger-handles appeared, were trying to look civilised; and Turks of all ages and both sexes were endeavouring to hide, under an important air and dignified mien, the futility of their several occupations.

Armenians, with black eyes and beards; Greeks, with sprightly, cunning countenances; Perotes, with would-be aristocratic airs; foreigners, with concerned looks; and Jews of the old Spanish type, were all jumbled together on that Eastern London Bridge.

Steamers without end were smoking alongside the bridge, and little gilt carriages were moving with difficulty along its old worn-out planks.

That bridge is, perhaps, the most interesting

spot in all Constantinople; so unique is its aspect, so wonderful the extraordinary mixture of races and men that pass and repass it during the day.

It is the general landing-place for all the villages on the Bosphorus, for Scutari and its neighbouring islands, and for the villages beyond the Turkish portion of Constantinople that are watered by the Marmora.

After some difficulty we contrived to get on board the right steamer, and to start at 2.30, though it was then 8.30 a.m.

I am told that it is as difficult to get the Turks to change their hateful way of counting the hour by the time when the sun sets, as it is to make the Greeks and Eastern Christians generally reckon their year as we do ours, according to the Roman Calendar.

The result is to the uninitiated a most hopeless puzzle. One o'clock in the morning, Turkish time, sometimes means six o'clock; at others, nine o'clock, Frank time; and Feast-days like Christmas, New Year, and Easter, sometimes occur two and even three times in the year.

We settled ourselves on deck, and each took out a book, but that is about all we did with the book for the remainder of the day.

To look at the passengers and at the scenery, at speaking nature and natural beauties, proved a greater temptation than reading.

To steam out of Constantinople harbour is at once a striking and dangerous performance, for the place is encumbered with ships of all sizes and nations, that swing in all directions, owing to the innumerable currents and back-currents, that are themselves for ever shifting with the changes of the wind.

Many a collision takes place in consequence, and, like the Carthaginian sailors of old, whom Horace mentions,—

'Navita Bosporum Pœnus perhorrescit,'

the sailors of the present day dread the navigation of the Bosphorus Straits fully to the same degree.

The only exceptions to the rule are those men who navigate the boats of the Chirket Company. They possess a skill which might be envied by the captains of the Thames river-steamers, and shoot in and out like so many stars, availing themselves of the currents with a dexterity which is astonishing, and keeping clear of the innumerable small craft that stud those waters in a manner which is quite extraordinary.

We stopped at Kadikieui, which is the old Chalcedon, the city of the blind—'*cæcorum oppidum*'—so called because, according to Strabo, when the Megarians founded Byzantium, seventeen years after the foundation of Chalcedon, they were encouraged by the Oracle to build their town opposite to the blind; thereby giving it to be understood that the Chalcedonians must have been blind to the superior position of Byzantium when it was optional for them to select it as the site for their city in preference to the one they elected.

Kadikieui is a thickly populated suburb of Scutari, and its position renders it a favourite resort of the Armenians in the summer-time; but fashion has not yet extended to its pleasant shores that favour which it seems to keep exclusively for the villages on the Bosphorus.

We passed the lighthouse of Fanaraki, a dangerous little promontory, and made for Maltepe, a village opposite the island of Prinkipo, where there can be no other attraction than that of looking at other people's happiness across the channel that separates the mainland from the gayest and prettiest of the Prince's Isles.

We now fairly entered the Gulf of Ismid, or

Nicomedia; and pretty though the scenery decidedly is, it cannot be said to be particularly attractive until midway down the gulf, when the mountains on the right assume a steep and grand appearance, and their ridges are decked with beautiful woods.

At the foot of one of these ridges lies the little so-called town of Kara Musal, the old Astacus, or Olbia.

Neptune, who seems to have had an eye for the picturesque and a liking for nymphs, courted the nymph Olbia, who gave birth to Astacus, the first ruler of Kara Musal; but his reign was a short one, for he was taken prisoner by a king of Bithynia, and, soon after, the inhabitants of his city were transferred to Nicomedia.

The other places of interest which we passed were Cartal, the first resting-place of pilgrims bound from Constantinople to Mecca; Pandik, the ancient Pantichium; Daridja, where remains can be seen of an old Byzantine fort erected by Mahomet II. in 1423; Gebse, the old Lybissa, where Hannibal is buried.

Leake disputes this assertion, on the ground that it requires twelve hours to perform a voyage of thirty-six Roman miles, and that Malsúm, a

village which is only an hour from Gebse, must have been the spot of the once famous Lybissa.

Against such an authority it is somewhat presumptuous to hold a contrary opinion; but might not the ruins of the great fort which lie at the foot of Gebse indicate that the ancient Lybissa was once protected by it; or at least that its fort, which stood opposite Daridja, was connected with it by a powerful stronghold?

The German historian Von Hammer holds this opinion, and relates a curious legend respecting these ruins, which it would seem are haunted.

The old fort is called Eski Hissar in Turkish, and within its ruined walls ghosts of all kinds were wont to assemble at night, and indulge in every kind of demonstrative grief. The ghost of Hannibal alone would not join their clamorous number, and from horror escaped at last from the tumulus which concealed his remains on the hill above.

Dil, which we next passed, is a sandy promontory, which advances in the direction of the Asiatic side, where another long tongue of land meets it halfway across the gulf. A ferry conveys passengers across from the Gebse tongue to the Ersek tongue; 'Dil,' in Turkish, meaning 'tongue.'

Ersek has a legend too.

In the reign of Orchan, a pious Dervish—maybe Sheikh Elias, the same who is buried at Gebse—expressed a desire to be ferried across to the European shore, and accordingly hailed the boatman. The latter, however, foreseeing that a Dervish, if ferried across, must be taken for nothing, turned a deaf ear to the pious man's appeal; whereupon the Dervish sat down on some sand which he collected around him, and presently the sand moved on in the direction of the European shore, leaving a track behind it to connect it with the Asiatic side, from which it had started.

Seeing this, the boatman got alarmed; and fearing for his interests if the sand actually reached both sides of the gulf, entreated with many supplications to be allowed to carry the holy man in his boat. The Dervish at last consented, but not till he had travelled one thousand feet on the sand he had collected. And such is the origin of the tongue of land which projects from Ersek to the middle of the gulf.

The next place of interest is a well-built village on a height called Tauchandschil, where

the women are said to be very pretty, and some mineral waters exceedingly beneficial. Our steamer passed on, however, and calling at Karamusal, of which I have already spoken, passed the pretty spot of Herakis, where on one occasion Husni Pasha, then Minister of Police, and now an exile in Rhodes, gave a picnic, to which I had been invited.

Herakis is said to be the ancient Ankyron, the pleasure-seat of Constantine the Great, who died there on his return from a war against the Persians, and must not be mistaken for Ancyra, which is the old name of Angora.

Surrounded by wooded hills, there is a clear rivulet that comes down from the heights and waters the valley, where under the shade of some lofty sycamores the picnic was spread, and Turkish dishes were served.

It was typical of Oriental life that, although our party consisted of many Greek and European ladies, no attention was paid to them before the Pasha had been cared for, and no tent but one had been erected to allow of their enjoying the afternoon siesta which is common throughout the East.

The old Turk reposed in his tent while we

visited the great silk-manufactory for which Herakis is now famous, and while we hunted the woods in search of violets and nuts.

The silk-manufactory of Herakis is an Imperial institution, and its products never find their way except to Imperial palaces, or as the gift of sultans to favoured subjects. The men and women, who numbered nearly three hundred, had not been paid for six months, nor was any prospect held out to them of any settlement of their long-earned wages.

It is wonderful how Turks will work on without pay, and feel confident that the promise of their Padishah is sufficient to enable them to live. But it is still more remarkable that sooner or later they do get paid, though it is questionable how far driblets contribute to make life supportable; and it is an argument in favour of Islam, that faith and a pipe can support a nation's courage. Maybe they produce a certain blindness to existing evils, of which, if the people appreciated the full force, they could never endure the misery in which they grovel.

To judge of Turkey by the light of European ideas, is to become aware of a state of wretchedness of which Europe has not the faintest concep-

tion; but it is not the means of arriving at any knowledge of the remedies to be applied.

To judge of the Turks by a previous study of their peculiar religion, is the only way of obtaining a correct insight into the special means they have at their disposal for battling against the evils of their constitution; and this is so true, that wherever a Turk is found who has been much in contact with Europeans, there alone a discontented spirit exists, inasmuch as the feeling has arisen which makes him understand that something is wanted, while his early habits oppose all amendment by refusing to give him that powerful lever—energy, which alone can raise him above his wants.

An old Turk once said to me that he saw no use in roads; because, once created, they would only facilitate the advance of cannon, while their absence created a difficulty to an invading army.

The reasoning, incongruous as it sounds to our ears, came from a man who was by no means unenlightened, but was typical of that laziness of mind and body which is satisfied with one objection, and cares not to appreciate the advantages which lie beyond the obstacle it apprehends.

To arrive at the promised land, Turkey must pass its evil hour, must cross its Red Sea; and signs are not wanting that the tide of European revolution is fast setting in. When it shall have receded there is no telling what it may have carried with it, nor what it may have left; but good though its effects will no doubt be in the Christian point of view, it is doubtful how far it will have contributed to the increased happiness of the Sultan's diminished subjects.

An hour later, and we found ourselves alongside the tumble-down wooden pier of Ismid, the once proud capital of Bithynia, the famed city of Nicomedia, and the residence of emperors, but now . . . . !

Nicomedia was built in the year 264 B.C. by Nicomedes I., King of Bithynia, who murdered his brothers, and called the Gauls to his help in his wars with Antiochus, King of Syria. They settled in his dominions near Angora, and were never conquered until the Romans finally became masters of the whole of Asia Minor, in the year 25 of our era.

These Gauls appear to have had a language of their own, which can be traced so far down as the fourth century A.C.; but it is supposed that, as it

was much intermingled with Greek, it finally was absorbed in that language.

It would be curious to know whether, among the numerous nomad tribes that overrun the vast lands that lie between Lake Van and the shores of the Marmora, any trace of old Gaelic can be found in the dialects now spoken by them.

Nicomedia soon became an important city, but did not enjoy its celebrity as an opulent capital until the Romans became possessed of it.

In his letters to the Emperor Trajan, Pliny, who was Pro-consul of Bithynia, and resided at Nicomedia, describes the monuments for which that city was famous, and asks for the Imperial approval of works of utility which were to raise the importance of the town commercially.

His greatest idea in this latter sense was the proposal of uniting the lake of Sabandja, which is half a day's journey from Nicomedia, with the gulf of that name by means of a canal, and to cause the waters of this lake to join those of the river Sakaria (Sangaris), which throws itself into the Black Sea.

The Sakaria is only one geographical mile away from the eastern extremity of the lake,

while its southern extremity lies only two geographical miles distant from Nicomedia.

Baron Tott relates how, in a year of scarcity, when the tempests of the Black Sea had stranded on the shores near the entrance to the Bosphorus the hopes of the people in the grain-laden ships from the Crimea, the Sultan Mustapha III. endeavoured to put this project of a canal into practice, and how forced labour was imposed, and large sums were raised for the purpose.

When the works had fairly begun, corn began to arrive at Constantinople in great quantity from all parts, and the provisions against a similar time of distress were abandoned in the enjoyment of temporary relief.*

Diocletian's ambition was to rival the majesty of Rome, and 'he employed his leisure and the wealth of the East in the embellishment of Nicomedia,' which, 'by the taste of the monarch and at the expense of the people, acquired, in the space of a few years, a degree of magnificence which might appear to have required the labour of ages, and became inferior only to Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, in extent or populousness.'†

* Baron Tott, *Mémoires*, i. 97.

† Gibbon, quoting Lactantius, i. p. 287. London: Murray, 1870.

At Nicomedia it was that those secret councils were held between Diocletian and Galerius which resulted in the publication of the general edict commanding the persecution of the Christians, on the 23rd February, A.D. 303.

Gibbon has described how the edict had scarcely been exhibited to the public view in the most conspicuous place of Nicomedia, 'before it was torn down by the hands of a Christian, who expressed at the same time, by the bitterest invectives, his contempt as well as his abhorrence for such impious and tyrannical governors.'

He was roasted by a slow fire, and his executioners, 'zealous to revenge the personal insult which had been offered to the Emperor, exhausted every refinement of cruelty without being able to subdue his patience, or to alter the steady and insulting smile which, in his dying agonies, he still preserved in his countenance.'

It is strange that there should be doubts respecting his name. Gibbon says that neither Eusebius nor his favourite author, Lactantius, condescends to give it, though his memory is celebrated by the Greeks under the name of John.

This persecution of the Christians, which

Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, i. p. 420. 1870.

began by so noble a trait of courage on the part of its first victim, is known as the tenth and most cruel of the persecutions to which the early followers of Christianity were subjected.

In the year 370 the Emperor Valens, who was an Arian, caused a ship containing eighty bishops, who belonged to the Orthodox party, to be set on fire in the harbour of Nicomedia, and to drift down the gulf in the direction of the modern Gebse, until it was burnt to the water's edge, and the ashes of the martyrs were cooled in the waters of the gulf.

Constantine the Great often resided in the town, and his successors on the Byzantine throne of the Comnenus race divided their residence between Nicomedia and its rival Nicæa, after the siege of Constantinople by the Franks, at the time of the first Crusade, when they took Antioch and Jerusalem.

So did the Turkish Sultans before the siege of their present capital in the fifteenth century; and, lastly, here died one of the greatest heroes of whom history has preserved the memory.

Beaten at Zama by those whose power he at one time jeopardised in the very heart of their own country, Hannibal had sought a refuge at

the court of King Antiochus in Syria, and afterwards at that of King Prusias, who reigned over Bithynia; but, betrayed by one of the legates whom Prusias had sent on a mission to Rome, he was soon tracked to the house which Prusias had given him, and where he lived with no other society than that of a boy.

One day the boy informed the old warrior that all the issues, which he had caused to be made, so that escape might be easy in case of attack, were blocked by more soldiers than usual.

Hannibal, finding that there was no longer any hope of escape, took the poison which he always carried with him, and died at the age of 70, in the year 183 B.C.

Just 183 steps from the landing-place stands the best house of the modern Ismid. It belongs to a Greek of the name of Stratigopoulo, whose father was a British Vice-Consul in days when we had such an agent there; and who, being a protected British subject, shows plainly that he intends his house to be likewise protected, by ornamenting its outward appearance with the royal arms of Great Britain.

* 'Plures præter consuetudinem armatos apparere.'—*Cor. Nepos*, V. Hannibalis.

Anything more civil than our friend with the long name, anything cleaner than his protected mansion, or anything more benevolent than his family, we could not have believed possible. He insisted on the honour of entertaining us during our stay, which he had previously ascertained was not to be of long duration; but he little knew that, though grateful to him for his offer, we would have resented any disposition on his part to assert the principle that a British-protected house in the Levant is not *ipso facto* a house of rest for British travellers without distinction.

Before dinner he took us to see the town, from the top of which there is a very fine view over the gulf and the plain that leads to Angora, as also upon the mountains which hide the Ascanian lake from sight.

The mosque where we rested is a wooden building, which was erected by Sultan Abdul-Medjid on the spot where, according to Mr. Macfarlane, formerly stood the Mosque of Orchan, the Great Turkish conqueror; and before it is a Greek church, which had been erected on the site of an old Grecian temple.*

This is very possible, for it is almost a rule with-

* *Turkey and its Destiny*, by Macfarlane, vol. ii. p. 256.

out exception, that wherever the spirit of Christianity levelled a Pagan temple to the ground, a Christian church arose upon the ruins of it, and a mosque succeeded the fall of Christian worship by Moslem hands.

But it is not on the above-named terrace that the celebrated Mosque of Orchan was erected.

The Greek church which he converted into a mosque stands in the market-place, and there it was that the edict of persecution was probably first published in the reign of Diocletian.

There are numerous remains here and there of walls which must have surrounded the base of the Acropolis, on the summit of the town; but one wonders at what has become of the several public buildings—such as thermæ, basilicæ, temples, schools, gymnasia, senate-house, and aqueduct —of which Pliny wrote to Trajan, and which Justinian restored.

Pococke has collected a list of remains at Nicomedia, but it is small and unsatisfactory at best, though there does not exist a better account of them.

We walked down to the Christian cemetery, where we saw a fine tomb, erected to the memory of a Hungarian patriot who died at Nicomedia in

1705, having filled the world with the fame of his deeds in the cause of his country's independence :—

'Hic requiescit ab heroicis laboribus Celsissimus Dominus Emericus Thökely de Kaesmark Hungariæ ac Transylvaniæ
Princeps, vir a rebus pro asserenda patria libertate fortiter
Gestis tota Europa celebris,' &c.

We then proceeded to look at the works for the railway, which is being made between Ismid and Scutari, and which the Turks take a great interest in, as they look upon it as their own creation without the help of foreigners.

The line has been farmed out in parts, each portion of it having to be completed by a certain period, when the line will either be prolonged to Angora, or allowed to die a natural death; a fate that generally attends works of public utility in Turkey.

Good roads are made, but they are soon rendered useless by nobody seeing to their being kept in repair.

Bridges are constructed, and then bodily transported, like the Galata iron bridge quite lately, to another spot, where they can be of no advantage.

Ships of war are built so as to rival those of other nations, but when once in the Bosphorus they never again go out of it; thus rendering them useless for the purpose for which they were ordered.

Canals are altogether neglected, and the resources of Asia Minor, which are inexhaustible, are entirely wasted for want of them, of roads, and of railways.

After dinner, which was quite a Greek meal, and the after-dinner cigarettes and coffee, we called upon Hassan Bey, the Governor of Nicomedia, a very civil Turk, with an unnaturally intelligent look.

We met at his house the Caimakam of Kara Musal, who had intended to spend a day or two longer in Ismid, but to show us civility he offered to accompany us the following morning to his village, where he would press the inhabitants for horses to take us to Nicæa.

When a Turk has taken the measure of a man he is always civil and polite; that is, if he be high in position, for if the Turk be an inferior he is always sure to be extra civil in the presence of his superiors,—toadyism being the particular characteristic of the nation, as foreigners pretend it is equally that of Englishmen.

The next morning we visited the bazaar, which is not interesting in any way, and started for Kara Musal in the company of our new friend; who, on arrival, invited us to his official pig-sty, for the hole in which this eminent functionary of the Porte transacted his business did not deserve another appellation.

Coffee and cigarettes having been offered to us, we began bargaining in the presence of the Caimakam himself as to the price for which the several horse-dealers that had been sent for would let us have their animals, to take ourselves, servants, and baggage, to Nicæa and back.

Presently the row was deafening, every man in the room offering an opinion at the same time, and gesticulating to his heart's content or displeasure.

The Caimakam alone held his tongue, and seemed to rejoice at our determination not to be robbed, while, it must be confessed, his august judicial presence never checked the rapacious impudence of the rascals let loose upon us.

When we had finally settled a price, the old Turk quietly remarked that what we had consented to give was just double of what he should have given.

Presently an *iskemle*, or small table, was brought in, whereon a *bouyuk sahan*, or big copper dish, was placed. The Bey invited us to sit round the table, to dip our fingers into the dish, and to begin breakfast.

Our meal consisted solely of vegetables, and we discussed in succession artichokes in oil, called *enginar*, egg-plants, or 'aubergines,' yclept in Turkish, *patlidjan*, and the famed *dolmas*, or vegetable marrow, curled up with some sort of stuffing in them.

Shortly after this nasty but curious meal we got upon our steeds, and, preceded by a *zaptieh*, or policeman, started for the pretty village of Kizdervent, or the 'Pass of the Girls,' which we reached in five hours, after crossing and recrossing some dozen times a small river which wound round very prettily, and in certain places fell in cascades down the rocks that it met in its course.

It may be interesting to note that this little river was fatal to many of the followers of Peter the Hermit at the time of the First Crusade, when they proceeded, with the help of the Emperor Alexius, to lay siege to Nicæa, which was then in the possession of Kiridj Arslan, and failed through

the ambuscades which the latter had stationed in the passes of the Draco.

Leake identifies the above river with the Draco mentioned by Procopius, who describes it as a winding and impetuous river.*

Finding that it was too late to go on to Nicæa that same evening, we made up our minds to stop for the night at this village, and handed to the Greek Pappas, who, with the rest of the villagers, had gathered around us, the letter which enjoined all those who saw us to show us that hospitality due to our exalted rank.

It was quite an amusing sight. Our small caravan of seven horses was surrounded by astonished eyes and gaping mouths, awaiting the reading of the letter handed to the Pappas.

This reverend gentleman turned the epistle a dozen times over before he opened it; put on his spectacles, and then breaking the seal, proceeded to read its contents out loud for the benefit of all assembled, just as if it were an Episcopal mandate or an Imperial firman.

The result, however, of the reading was soon apparent. Our horses were taken hold of, we were requested to dismount, coffee was brought to

* Leake's *Asia Minor*, p. 10.

us, and the learned Pappas offered us hospitality in his own house; which we accepted of course, and proceeded to it without delay.

The loft into which we were shown was as dark as the Blackhole of Calcutta must have been, and, with the exception of mattresses all round the room, was wholly unfurnished. In our attempt to get up to it, we nearly trod upon a dozen hectic fowls, that had found their way to the first floor, which was used as a granary.

Having ordered some dinner, however, and being well satisfied with our shelter, humble and dirty though it was, we proceeded on a reconnoitring expedition, but found nothing except a dozen very pretty faces, that never even condescended to look at us, strangers though we were.

Kizdervent lies upon the so-called great caravan road from Constantinople to Broussa, Kutaya, and Koniah, and as such must in its time have witnessed the passage of many armies; but it is difficult to make out how the kind of pathway, which in parts cannot even be traced, was ever denominated a road.

It is very prettily situated on the brow of one of the hills that hide the Ascanius lake from view, and the air is perfumed with the scent of

the dwarf daphnes, the violet, the hyacinth, and the anemone. We looked about in vain for the wild hoopoe, that beautiful bird which Fellows gives an account of in his book on Asia Minor, and of which he saw so many.

This bird 'perches on the trees, glides among the branches as silently as the woodpecker, is extremely bold, and its flight is similar to that of the blackbird.'*

For my part I am not much of either a botanist or an ornithologist, but I am quite sure that a preparatory study in both sciences, so far as applies to the particular country one is about to visit, enhances immensely the delights to be derived from such voyages. Nothing makes this remark more pertinent than an appeal to a friend as to the name of a particular bird or a new flower, and his inability to satisfy one's curiosity. Though the ignorance of the man who asks is equal to that of him who is asked, the effects are different, unless the parts are immediately reversed. If not, then the blot of ignorance attaches not to him who asked, because he did not know, but to the one who did not reply on the same ground.

'Have you seen the hoopoe?' said I.

* *Asia Minor*, by Charles Fellows, p. 109. 1839.

'I don't know the bird,' replied my friend. 'Have you found the *Arbutus unedo?*' he added.

'What's that?' I asked.

'The strawberry tree.'

I formed a great opinion of my companion's botanical knowledge, but despised his ornithological notions. On comparison we found that neither of us knew more than the other in either branch of science, but my query about the hoopoe had greatly impressed him for a time, and would have impressed me personally fully as much had I not been completely dumbfounded by his vexatious *unedo*.

Unable to see anything but a dirty, dingy little Greek chapel, we returned to our mud cottage, there to partake of a very fair pilaf, several hard-boiled eggs, and such flesh as could be got off the hectic chickens that were killed for our benefit.

After dinner the old Pappas tried to palm off upon us some old coins, at the moderate interest of about 700 per cent, but his efforts proved only moderately successful.

Presently the dim light of two tallow-candles grew fainter, and moving accordingly from the mattress at one end of the room, whereon we had

sat for dinner, to the mattress at the other end, whereon we were to rest, we required little time to settle down for the night.

Hard eggs are very good indeed as morning food, when travelling on horseback. The jolting that attends such travelling helps their digestion, but they are fatal to sleep if this is courted an hour after dinner.

We spent—or at least I spent—a sleepless night, feeling very much as if I had swallowed the whole of the new heavy models of artillery in use, but got up all right at early dawn of the following day, when we resumed our steeds and proceeded on our journey, the wily Pappas adding his quota to our party.

The valley we travelled in was fine, though not so beautiful as we had been led to expect; but at the end of an hour we came to a plateau, from which we caught our first glimpse of the blue waters of the lake of Ascanius.

An hour more and we had reached the shores of that lake, along which we travelled for a couple of hours longer; then came a shower of rain, and the old battered walls of the once celebrated Nicæa received us within their enclosure.

No gate opened for us, but a breach in the

walls let us in; and, altogether, nothing can adequately render the feelings with which we visited this fallen city, around the walls of which so many recollections hover.

The flamingoes on the way, and the storks on every house-top, were so clamorous in their call for fine weather, that we took cheer and did not mind the rain.

The afternoon turned out exquisite, and the dreariness of the old Christian city dropped like its fortunes into oblivion. We of course made at once for the Caimakam, who received us kindly; but as he could not put us up, and a Greek for whom we had a letter refused to take us in, we made the best of our misfortune by discussing more hard eggs and trusting to Providence.

A certain Dr. Fabiano, one of those amiable beings who scent a foreigner even before he goes to cover, came up to us, and proffered his services as a cicerone. We accepted, and presently his friend, a Bulgarian merchant, of the name of Radowitch, came and placed his house at our disposal, with the mill and machinery, and all it contained.

Being the richest man in the place he could

afford to give us the luxury of decent food, good mattresses, and good tobacco.

Rejoiced over this good fortune, we set out on our reconnoitring expedition, and endeavoured in vain to find that spot within the town from which, in olden times, the four gates of Nicæa were visible.

The earliest information we possess respecting Nicæa is the mention of it in Strabo :—

'Nicæa, capital of Bithynia, is situated on the lake Ascanius, in the middle of a vast and fertile plain, which is not very healthy in summer. It was originally founded by Antigone, the son of Philip, who called it Antigonia; and subsequently by Lysimachus, who called it Nicæa after his wife, the daughter of Antipater. The town itself, which is of a square form, is sixteen stadia in extent, is built on a level plain, and its streets are cut in right angles, so that from a stone placed in the gymnasium its four gates can be seen.'*

Many travellers have since visited the place, but the accounts of it are neither very full nor very satisfactory, considering the importance of the city in the political times of Imperial Rome

* Strabo, lib. xii. cap. 3.

and the great religious struggles of the early Church.

Not different from the towns built by Alexander and his successors, Alexandria, Antioch, Damascus, and Palmyra, the old Nicæa was built 'upon an oblong space enclosed by ancient walls of rectangular form, and constructed on the same model of a complete square, intersected by four straight streets, adorned with a colonnade on each side.'*

Such is still the form of the present walls, which, although they enclose a larger space than the first Greek city, yet are evidently as early as the time of the Roman Empire: little later, if at all, than the reign of Constantine.†

Its history can be summed up in a few words. Long did the city claim the honour which Strabo concedes to it of being the capital of Bithynia, and many were the disputes between the Nicæans and the Nicomedians on that ground. An earthquake set the matter at rest, 368 A.D.; and when Valens restored the shattered walls and ruined buildings of the once proud Nicæa, she rose from her ruins only to become a bulwark in the future against the inroads of Mahomedanism, and to

* Dean Stanley, *Eastern Church*, p. 81.

† Ibid. p. 82.

witness before her final fall the blood of Christians shed before her Christian walls.

Her efforts against the Saracens are recorded on the tower which looks to the north, in an inscription which has been copied by Hammer, from which that portion of the walls would seem to have been erected as a trophy in memory of the many Saracens that died beneath it.

Not till the year 1078 could the Turks obtain possession of it, and ten years had not elapsed before the *élite* of Western chivalry obliged the Turk to abandon his long-coveted conquest.

On the 14th May, 1097, the siege of Nicæa began. Kilridj Arslan, or Soliman, as he is differently styled, deposited his family and treasure in Nicæa, while with 50,000 horse he retired to the adjoining mountains, so as to harass the enemy.

"The lofty and solid walls of Nice were covered by a deep ditch, and flanked by 370 towers, and on the verge of Christendom the Moslems were trained in arms and inflamed by religion."*

'Numbers of boats were transported on sledges from the sea to the lake. They were filled with the most dexterous archers. Nicæa was invested

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. iii. p. 442.

by water and by land,'* and on the 20th June the banner of Alexius floated from the towers of the captured city; before which, according to Gibbon,† there fought a greater number within the lines of a single camp than ever the hosts of Darius or Xerxes brought together.

This siege was the first event of the First Crusade. The Chaplain of Baldwin of Flanders enumerates nineteen nations, of different names and languages, as having taken part in it; and it is to the honour of our country that not only English, Scotch, and Irish, but even Welshmen, are recorded in the number.

William of Malmesbury, quoted by Gibbon, mentions Stephen, Earl of Albemarle and Holdernesse, as one of the chiefs of that crusade.

Three hundred years later, Theodore Lascaris made Nicæa the capital of Western Asia, but Orchan soon destroyed this new creation of a weakened prince, and the incorporation of the city with the Turkish dominions in Asia Minor was the signal for the destruction of all its treasures, and the end of its existence as an independent state.

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. iii. p. 442.

† Ibid. p. 441.

Iznik, which is a derivation of εἰς Νικαιαν, in the same way that Stamboul is a derivation of εἰς τὴν πόλιν ('in the town'), the π preceded by an ν being always pronounced like a β in modern Greek, is a truly miserable relic of a city which to Christians throughout the world must ever be interesting.

No other place has fought so long for the Christian cause. When that cause was lost, it was the first to witness foreign enthusiasm in the re-establishment of Christianity, and to the creed which Christians accept throughout the world its name remains attached even unto this day.

As Dean Stanley remarks, 'In the midst of this wretched village of Iznik, surrounded by a few ruined mosques, on whose summits stand the never-failing storks of the deserted cities of the East, remains a solitary Christian church, dedicated to the Repose of the Virgin. Within the church is a rude picture commemorating the one event which amidst all the vicissitudes of Nicæa has secured for it an immortal name.'* That event is the Council from which the creed was born that, to use his own words, is 'still the

* Dean Stanley, *Eastern Church*, p. 83.

one bond of faith throughout the Eastern Church,' and 'is still recited in its original tongue by the peasants of Greece;' while 'in Russia the great bell of the Kremlin tower sounds during the whole time that its words are chanted,' and, 'it is repeated aloud in the presence of the assembled people by the Czar at his coronation.'*

One curious point which the Dean of Westminster very justly dwells upon in his most interesting lectures on the first Council of Nicæa, is the difficulty which the Fathers found in agreeing, not upon the supremacy of the Bible or the authority of its several books, not upon the power of the Pope or of the Church, nor the Sacraments, nor Original Sin, nor Predestination, nor Justification, but that doctrine 'which ecclesiastical history teaches us to be the most vital, the most comprehensive, and the most fruitful, namely, the doctrine of the Incarnation.' That doctrine was the one 'which exclusively engaged the attention of the Fathers of Nicæa,'† and any doubts upon the question were set at rest by the Nicene Creed.

Dean Stanley adds that, while this Creed is

* Dean Stanley, *Eastern Church*, p. 59.

† Ibid. p. 183.

professed in the East, and recited now-a-days just as it was in the Council of Nicæa when, in the month of June, 325 A.D., it was sanctioned by Constantine and the three hundred and eighteen Bishops who subscribed to it, changes and modifications have been introduced both into its language and spirit during its transit from the East to the West. The Creed of Pius V. in the Church of Rome has consecrated the introduction of the word *Filioque* in the doctrine respecting the Procession of the Holy Spirit, but it must be noticed that the addition of the words, which became necessary in the Western Church as a protest against the heresy of the Arian Visigoths, was objected to in the Eastern Church, on the sole ground that there was no similar cause for a protest, and, consequently, no occasion to alter the sacred words of the Nicene Creed.

The Confessions of Augsburg, London, Westminster, and Geneva, in the Protestant Churches, however, have so modified the Nicene Creed that it would be difficult for an Orthodox Greek to recognise in the Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Congregational Dissenters' Confessions of Faith, or indeed in that of the Church of England, those

beloved words that are 'worked in pearls on the robes of the highest dignitaries of Moscow.'

Was not Dean Stanley, with all his erudition and intimate acquaintance with the Orthodox Greek theology, one of those who, with Bishop Harris of Gibraltar, and Bishop Lycurgus of Syra, gave in to the, if I might so call it, sanguine absurdity of uniting the two Churches of England and of Greece?

It is reported, as the old saying of an illiterate woman, that 'the wisestest men often say and do the foolishtest things.'

The saying, for being ungrammatical, is not the less true, and a dignitary of the Church of England, holding the position that Dean Stanley occupies, condescending to aid in an object which he must know to be quite impracticable if worked at all on theological grounds, cannot obtain that popularity which a genuine desire to reconcile two opposite Churches ought to ensure for him.

Perhaps, being witness at the marriage of a refractory monk was an act which, in the Dean's mind, would also enhance his reputation as a champion of the Established Church.

Out of both acts one fact comes prominently forward, and that is, on the part of an enlightened theologian, an all-absorbing desire to show by

every means in his power how great is his hatred of the Bishop of Rome.

In his parishioners the feeling is excusable; nay more, almost natural. In a man of his standing it is paltry. Hatred of Rome is the only ground on which a semblance of reconciliation with the East can be worked, for in point of doctrine—such, at least, as characterises the *bonâ fide* Established Church of England—there exists between them precisely the same wide difference as between the latter and Rome. Indeed, could it be possible to make the Patriarch of Constantinople Pope of the West as he is of the East, or *vice versâ*, there would be found no difficulty whatever in reconciling the creeds and religious belief of the two Churches that have been separated since the year 1053, but which have a guarantee of their uniting again some day in the belief which they both entertain in the daily renewed mystery of the Incarnation.

It was impossible in the modern village of Iznik to discover traces of the old town, but towards the centre of the present village there is a mosque, the entrance to which is supported by three or four Corinthian columns, which we were told was the seat of the old Council.

Dean Stanley mentions two seats: the first being 'a large building shaped like a basilica, with an apse at one end, planted in the centre of the town, and thus commanding down each of the four streets a view of the four gates, and therefore called "Mesomphalos," the "Navel" of the city.

The second and principal meeting he holds to have been in the Imperial Palace, which is now no more, but the site of which is marked 'by a few broken columns, at the south-west angle of the walls, close by the shores of the lake.'†

Hammer, the German historian, denies both one and the other assertion.

He places the seat of the Council in the now ruined Mosque of Orchan, which so far agrees with the statement of Dean Stanley that its position is south-westerly, though more than a quarter of a mile from the lake.

It is also to be remarked that a mosque was almost invariably built upon the remains of a Christian temple, and that in the ruins of the

* Gregory the Presbyter, quoted by Dean Stanley, Lect. iii. p. 97.

† Dean Stanley, *Eastern Church*, p. 120.

Orchan mosque there are traces still visible of its having been no exception to the rule, though it is possible that an Imperial Palace may have had a religious aspect.

To the east, however, near the gate of Leflke, there stands a fine mosque, Yeni Djami, the dome of which rests upon columns of porphyry and of granite, which is said to have been erected upon the site of the noblest Christian structure in Nicæa; and close to it, within the grounds that must have belonged to it at one time, stands the finest Byzantine ruin in the place.

I have not seen it mentioned by any traveller, and yet so handsome an edifice calls for notice. It must have been a refectory, but, judging by its lofty proportions and the beauty of its construction, it is difficult to conceive that the church, of which this was but an adjacent building, was not the spot selected in the first instance by the Fathers.

It is quite painful to see how full the place is of fragments of Greek temples, and churches, and monuments; every bath or mosque, or even house, concealing some marble slab, that peeps out here and there as if to protest against the use to which it has been put.

By far the most interesting ruins, indeed the only ones that justify a visit to Nicæa, beyond the historical interest that attaches to the place, are the walls, which are still in very tolerable preservation.

They remind one of the walls of Constantinople, and are coeval with them, but they preserve the character of the different races that have worked at their erection.

What remained after the earthquake was utilised by the Romans, who rebuilt the walls, and later by the Latins, who finished them. Anxious, however, not to waste the materials which were at hand, they inserted columns and other architectural fragments, which are but too clearly visible among the Roman tiles and large square stones.

Fellows observed in three square towers and their connecting walls what we also saw during our visit, that these must have been built out of the ruins of a magnificent temple near by; for 'the stones, which are of white marble, were so well squared that, although put together (probably by the Romans) without cement, the joints are generally too close to admit the blade of a knife between them: each stone being also grooved

along the edge, as if a line of metal had concealed the joint.'*

He also remarked, which we did not, 'immense stones cut to fit into each other, without the attention which was paid in later ages to the horizontal courses, and which would rank as Cyclopean.'†

Some parts are entirely Roman, others of the more degenerate period; and there are besides, here and there, remains of an inner wall, attempted by the clumsy hands of Turkish workmen.

Over the Stamboul gate we saw two huge carved stone masks, representing Comedy and Tragedy, and in a ditch near the Yenisheer gate a colossal head of Medusa. An inscription on the Leflke gate defied our powers of reading, and the remains of extensive baths near the south portion of the town greatly attracted our attention.

Only the furnaces that heated the baths remain, and a water-conduit close by shows that these furnaces can have been built but for the purpose of heating the baths.

* Fellows' *Asia Minor*, p. 111.

† Ibid. p. 112.

Early next day we took leave of our kind host, and left Nicæa by the same hole in the wall that had received us the day before.

The walls are said to cover a circumference of '14,800 feet, to have a height of 30 or 40 feet, and a thickness of from 15 to 20 feet.'*

As to the circumference I cannot say, but I presume the 30 or 40 feet in height refers to the existing towers, for the connecting walls are certainly not higher than 20 feet now; and it is one of the curious aspects of Nicæa, that it seems to be surrounded by walls so small that one cannot see what protection they could have afforded.

We took a different road back to Kara Musal from the one we had come by, and halted for breakfast in the bed of a torrent, a lovely spot, where, seated on two huge blocks of stone, we discussed our hard eggs, with the waters rushing at our feet. Our men stood under the shade of the trees that overhung the river, and our mules grazed near by. The lizards, frightened at our approach, escaped madly in every direction, and the wood violets scented the air deliciously.

Towards midday we reached the summit of

* Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.*

a mountain called Bouloujik-dagh, whence we obtained a view, to enjoy which alone the voyage from Constantinople thither would not be too much.

On our left was stretched in all its beauty the Lake of Nicæa, the waters of which were protected by hilly slopes, over which towered the snow-capped peak of Olympus.

On our right we beheld the Gulf of Ismid, or Nicomedia, with its calm blue waters and lovely shores, before us the Marmora studded with islands, and we could see in the far distance the white glistening minarets of Stamboul.

The sight was invigorating in the extreme, and altogether the ride from Nicæa to Kara Musal over this mountain is infinitely finer than that through the more beaten track of Kizdervent.

We reached Kara Musal at five o'clock, having been nine hours on the road, but never having regretted one inch of the way.

Our kind friend the Caimakam invited us to remain with him and to sleep at his house. He treated us with true Turkish hospitality, and though we slept on the floor, no mattress I ever lay on proved so delightful a couch as that which the old Turk provided on this occasion.

Early next morning we engaged a bazaar caïque to take us to Prinkipo, where on the following day we were able to take a return steamer to Constantinople.

Few trips are easier to perform from Constantinople, and certainly very few can so well repay in interest the trouble taken in accomplishing them.

The Bosphorus.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOSPHORUS.

'Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore.
Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone;
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'Twas as if, darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

* * * * * *

Glanced many a light caïque along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
No thought had man or maid of rest or home.'

BYRON, *Childe Harold*, Canto II. lxxx. i.

HOW perfectly descriptive of the Bosphorus are the above lines, and how wonderful is the genius of the poet that can in such few words convey at once a true sense of the feeling one experiences at the sight of this matchless

strait, of the life one leads upon its lovely shores, and of the delight which the heavens seem to take in seeing their brightest colours reflected in waters that are so beautiful.

Perhaps no place in the world presents so endless a succession of various pictures worthy of the artist's pencil as the shores of the Bosphorus, where there is a combination of sublimity and loveliness, a softness of colouring and a grandeur of nature, which are not met with elsewhere. Though not an absolute admirer of cupolas and minarets, still it is undeniable that they contribute an indescribable charm and splendour to the landscapes in the southern portion of the Bosphorus. But it is the innumerable little craft that ply on those waters that most attract attention and call for admiration.

'Nothing more picturesque can be seen in the way of marine architecture than the high-prowed and high-sterned *checkdemes* and *sakoleves* that glide down the Bosphorus, lighting its blue waters with their snowy and oddly-fashioned sails.' Or again, 'the Constantinople wherries or caïques, which are unique of their kind, long and very narrow, tapering to a point at each end, decked at the stem and stern, standing con-

siderably above the water, fleet as the wind, and graceful as a swan, some painted black, but all ornamented with gilt carvings.' These caïques are said to be very ancient; and there is a smaller kind, called *kurlandjuk*, or 'swallow,' which is known to have been used on the Bosphorus for many a century.

As an American writer has expressed it, 'Nothing can be conceived more luxurious than to recline, with one or two congenial friends, on ample cushions in the bottom of one of these boats, and to glide on the shores of the Bosphorus on a pleasant morning, when the water is like glass, and the palaces, the terraces, gardens, the kiosks, the old castles, and the majestic groves of cypress, are reflected on its tranquil bosom, while the ships swing idly at their moorings, and perhaps from the distance, as from an enchanted shore, the notes of music are borne on the stilly air. But, as Horace wrote it,—

> 'Navita Bosporum
> Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultra
> Cæca timet aliunde fata;'

and beneath those tranquil waters there is a perfect warfare of contrary currents, which constitutes an incessant danger to navigation.

I saw it mentioned a short time back in the papers, that the officers of H. M. S. *Shearwater*, whilst surveying the Marmara and its neighbouring waters, discovered, beneath the great currents that flow from the Black Sea to the Marmara, the presence of an under-current which runs in precisely the contrary direction.

The discovery is not at all new; and for the benefit of those who may be interested in the question I quote the passage in Tournefort's *Voyage to the Levant* which refers to the subject.* It is a little lengthy, but I make no apology for transcribing it, as I think it should be better known.

'Without entering into M. de Marsilly's system of currents, which he describes at full length, and which, by the way, is singularly in accordance with the notions entertained now-a-days by the native boatmen, and which he maintains is precisely the same as that expounded by Polybius in the time of Scipio and Lelius, it may be as well to say that, according to him, the great upper-current from the Black Sea separates at the Seraglio point, one part (though the least consider-

* Tournefort, *Voyage into the Levant*. Mr. Senex's edition, printed in London for Midwinter, &c. MDCCXLI. vol. ii. p. 350.

able) flowing into the port of Byzantium, and forming that celebrated port which the ancients admired by the name of the Golden Horn, on account of the riches it brought to that powerful city; and the rest discharging itself into the Sea of Marmara, between the Seraglio and Chalcedon.'

But, he adds, 'It is hard to account for another hidden current, which we shall henceforth call the under-current, because it is observable only in the great canal beneath the great current, which we may call the upper-current, which flows quite from the Castles to the Sea of Marmara. We are, therefore, to take notice that the waters which possess the surface of this canal to a certain depth, run from the Castles to the Seraglio. This is incontestable; but it is also certain that beneath these waters there is one part of the water of the same canal which moves in a contrary direction, that is to say, goes back up towards the Castles.

'Procopius of Cesarea, who lived in the sixth century, informs us that the fishermen took notice that their nets, instead of sinking perpendicularly to the bottom of the canal, were dragged from the north towards the south when they came to a certain depth; while the other part of the same nets, which descended beyond that

depth to the bottom of the canal, were bent in a contrary way. There is also great likelihood that this observation is still more ancient, for the Bosphorus has at all times been very famous for fishing. The canal is called "fishy" in the inscription which Mandrocles caused to be set under the picture wherein he had represented the bridge over which Darius marched with his army when he went to fight the Scythians.'

Procopius predicted that the Euxine Sea would some day become a morass, because the mud and sludge which the rivers carried into it must eventually form a bar capable of choking up the mouth of it; and it may be that to this double current the Turks are indebted for the continuance of their trade with the Black Sea ports.

There are few people in Constantinople who would credit the fact that, notwithstanding the rapid currents of the Bosphorus, its waters were once frozen over ; and so completely in fact, that carts were driven over the ice from Constantinople to Scutari, The fact is mentioned by Zomaras, and the time given is the reign of Constantine Copronymus, about 750. Three hundred years before, in 401, the Black Sea itself was frozen for

twenty days, 'and when the weather broke, such mountains of ice passed Constantinople as frightened the inhabitants.'

It must be allowed that the weather has much moderated since the Turks have succeeded to Christian rulers; for a winter that presents no greater inconvenience than mud, rain, and a stinging cold easterly wind, for eight days only, cannot be called very severe. With Constantinople, however, I have not at the present moment to occupy myself; and it is well that it is so, for I can bestow more praise upon the Bosphorus, on the shores of which there are spring and summer for ten months in the year, autumn for six weeks, and winter only for two.

Besides the natural beauties which abound in this favoured spot, it is not possible to contemplate the shores of two powerful continents separated by this short strait, which has no more than sixteen miles in its longest course from the Cyanean rocks to the harbour of Byzantium, and one mile and a half in its greatest width, without wondering at the part which this channel has played in the history of the world, with whose existence it may be said to coincide. Con-

trary to so many channels which have resulted from the volcanic action of subterranean craters, dividing lands which owned a common stratum, and furrowing their bases for the outlet of impatient currents, we have no record of any such disruption; and considering the near presence of the two immense lakes, which are called in Turkish the Black and White Seas, we may safely assume that, in the admirable conformation of our earth, this little watery link was deemed necessary from the very beginning by an All-provident Creator.

Here it is that civilisation, born in the East, sought a bridge into the West; here did agriculture leave a traditional monument of its progress; here did the first navigators land when in search of those commercial prizes they were the first to seek out of their own lands; here did the North rush down in pious anger on its way to deliver the tomb of Him who was born in that East which barely knows Him now.

If we look back, therefore, to the events which have rendered this Strait famous in history, we find that, whether it be in the times before the Christian era, when fighting was held to be the greatest proof of intelligence, and a successful

battle the truest test of genius; or after the birth of Christ, when battling for Christianity was deemed to be the noblest proof of devotion to religion; or after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, when Mahomed II. inaugurated in Christian Europe that reign of the Crescent which has been able to maintain itself up to the present time, there is hardly an epoch in the world's chronicles when the shores in question have not been visited by armies and fleets intended to give both Continents a taste of the blessings of each. There is an epoch even beyond these times, when the Bosphorus was already celebrated. That epoch begins at that remote period in the history of the world when the imagination of man deified all things that did not appear comprehensible to his limited understanding. I may be excused if I take the reader so far back, but my best reason for doing so lies in the fact that the very first village on the Asiatic shore, as he enters the Bosphorus, reminds him of the mythological origin of the name of the Strait he is about to visit.

> ἔσται δὲ θνητοῖς εἰσαεὶ λόγος μέγας
> τῆς σῆς πορείας, Βόσπορος δ' ἐπωνύμος
> κεκλήσεται.—Æschylus, *Prometheus*, 735.

Okuz Liman, or the 'Harbour of the Ox,' is

reported to be the spot where the goddess Io crossed the Bosphorus on the back of an ox.

It is very clear that the legend of Io travelling all over the world, pursued by the jealousy of Juno, the Goddess of Nature, because she was loved by Jupiter, the Supreme Ruler, and crossing the strait which separates the ancient from the then new world, indicates the progress of agriculture, which is gradually developed by the help of a painful and long experience. In other words, the name Bosphorus implies the passage of agricultural knowledge from the East to the West.

Opposite Okuz Liman, on the European side, is the palace of Dolma Baghtché, belonging to the Sultan, which in former times was called Jasonion, after Jason, who is reported to have anchored before it, and set foot on shore at that spot.

Jason was then on his way to Colchis, in quest of the Golden Fleece. This legend is in reality but the history of the first naval expedition on record; and the object for which it was undertaken is clearly typical of the enterprising commercial spirit of those who took part in it.

Thus, at the very outset of the Strait there is on either side of it a monument, in so far as a legend can be called by that name, of the first progress of civilisation. Should the reader by chance have been to Constantinople, or intend to go there, he might, perhaps, be interested to know the course which is said to have been followed by the Argonauts on their passage through the Bosphorus. It is amusing, at best, to find traditional traces of their expedition three thousand years after it is said to have taken place.

From Dolma Baghtché they are said to have gone to Klidion, where they met an ancient mariner, whom they compelled to become their pilot.

This Klidion is no other than the point which juts out at Ortakieui, and is now called Defterdar Bournou.

When they reached the creek called Stenia they were challenged by Amycus, King of the Bebryces, who lived on the opposite shore, and apparently on the summit of the hill which is now known as the Giant's Mountain, from whence there is a delightful walk down to the valley of Beicos.

The Argonauts were successful in their con-

test with this king, but attributed their victory to a vision which Pollux had of a friendly Genius, in the shape of a ram with eagle's wings, who promised him victory. To this ram they erected a sanctuary, worshipping him as a saviour spirit of heavenly face—Σωτηριον. Hence the derivation of the name Stenia.

They then proceeded to Teli Tabia, just below the towers of Europe, Roumélie Kawack, where Jason offered sacrifices to the twelve great gods, and built an altar to mother Earth, Rhea, in order to propitiate the divinities before trusting himself and his companions to the unknown and treacherous deep. They proceeded a little further to Bouyouk Liman, from whence they apparently sent a boat to explore the Cyanean rocks, with a view, probably, of coasting the Euxine all along its European shores; but the boat they sent returned with the loss of its rudder, and the Argonauts decided upon casting anchor on the Asiatic coast at Αγκυραιον, the modern Koum Bournou, or Anchor Point.

On their return with Medea they stopped at Anadoli, Feher or Fanaraki, where there is even now a tower called Medea's tower; thence, in grateful joy, they sped to the temple of the twelve

great gods, which had been built by the Argive Phrygus, on the wild shore—the present village of Anadoli Kawack—and offered up rich gifts and sacrifices. Just a little higher, at the spot where the Genoese towers now stand, Jason built another and a nobler temple to Jupiter, the 'Leader,' the 'Deliverer,' and 'Sender of Fair Winds.' Encouraged by their experience, they now no longer feared crossing the Bosphorus from one shore to the other, and they made for Therapia, where Medea disembarked and spread her poisonous drugs upon the shore. It was always known afterwards as Φαρμακεια. Having re-embarked, they again landed at a place called Hestia, between Kurutchesme and Arnaout Kieui, where Medea planted a laurel-tree, and then the Argonauts left the Bosphorus for ever.

The best description of Constantinople as it was, is given by Dionysius Byzantius, and after him Gillius, a Frenchman, who wrote in Latin; they mention several temples, but as the Greeks and Turks have destroyed almost all remains of antiquity, it is difficult to find any trace of these monuments: still it might be interesting to point out with their new names the places which they occupied, and in this endeavour I beg to be

excused if I lay myself open to an occasional reproach on the score of correctness.

If, then, we take Constantinople in the early times of the Byzantine Empire, we find that Galata was then called Sycena, from which a chain or cable extended to the Acropolis on the other side of the Golden Horn; the name Sycas is supposed to be derived from the Greek word *Sikei*, 'fig-trees,' which grew there in great abundance. Galata is said to come from the Greek word *Galatas*, or Gauls, who inhabited that spot. From Galata we come to Tophane, which there is every reason to believe was the ancient Metopon. Between Galata and this place stood the temples of Venus the Peaceful, Diana, and Amphiaraus; the two first-mentioned temples became afterwards the churches of St. Clair and St. Photini; and it may be that the mosques now in that neighbourhood occupy the same sites. From Tophane we come to Fundúkli, the ancient name of which was Aiantium, from Ajax of Telamon; but which was subsequently called Ægiropolis. At Cabatash, the ancient Pentacontoricon, so called because vessels with fifty oars were anchored there, stood the temple of Ptolemy Philadelphus; before it were the famous stones called 'the burning rocks,'

and near it was the Palinormicon, which is now better known as the Salibazar Mosque, with which there is a legend connected.

On entering the Bosphorus from the Marmara, one of the pleasantest, if not one of the most curious features in the scene around one, is the aspect of the numberless dolphins that play about the ship that anchors: these dolphins evidently trace a distant ancestry, and apparently were wont to evince a relish for good music. A famous dolphin, charmed by the voice of a bard named Chalcis, who was in the habit of singing daily to the above-named Palinormicon, was so delighted that every day he swam quite close into shore better to enjoy the music which had captivated him. A wicked shepherd, of the name of Charandas—bad luck to his name!—noticed the fact, and waited the opportunity, when the dolphin should put his head out of the water, to slay him mercilessly. Chalcis shed bitter tears, and carried off his admirer's body to bury it with magnificence. He erected a monument on the spot, which he called 'Delphinus et Charandas,' that the name of the one might be handed down to his honour, and that of the other to his confusion.

'Illum sonans honoris memoria; hunc ignominiæ.'

In the time of Gillius there was part of a mole at Cabatash, which was called Caridata, evidently a corruption of the word Charandas.

Dolma Baghtché follows next, and was anciently called Jasonion; close to it is the tomb of the celebrated Haïraddin, known as Kadir Pasha by the Turks, Enobarbus by the Greeks, and Barbarossa by the Europeans.

Next comes the old Rhodian port called Diplokinion, because of two columns which were erected by Romanus the Elder, and on the summit of which there used to be a cross. This place is now called Bechiktash, and is said to have been graced by a temple of Apollo, and a laurel-grove hard by, which earned for it the name of the suburb of Daphne. Mammianus caused a bronze statue of himself to be erected there.

We now come to Ortakieui, the ancient Archion, from Archias of Thasos, who built it even before Constantinople was founded; and therefore deserves to be called as blind as his namesake of Megara, who built the town of Chalcedon. Ortakieui was long called St. Foca, on account of a monastery of that name which was built in the reign of Michael the Stutterer.

On leaving Ortakieui we come to the ancient Clidion, of which we have already spoken.

The next point reached is Tirnakgde, the ancient Paravolos, near which stood the monastery of the patriarch Terasius, whose body was buried with all the honours due to a saint. The Emperor Michael and the Empress Procopia vied with one another in adorning his tomb, which was subsequently desecrated by Venetian merchants, who carried the body off to Venice.

At Kurutchesme, the ancient Calamos, there was a church dedicated to St. Dimitri, which had a certain reputation; and between this place and Arnaout Kieui there are two sites of renown in olden times; the one called the Bay of Isis, now Sarraf Bournou, or 'the Cape of the Bankers;' and the other Bythias, which has no other name, but is where Medea's laurel-tree was planted, and the Scythian Vitalias was vanquished by the Emperor Anastasius.

Bythias may be said to have merged into the adjoining village of Arnaout Kieui, anciently called Estia, where the Archangel Michael is supposed to have appeared to Constantine the Great, who built there a magnificent temple called Taxiarchis. A temple to Vesta is reported to have been erected

on the heights above the village of the Albanians, where the women are pretty and the oysters are good. Arnaout means Albanian.

Coming out of Arnaout Kieui, and before turning into the valley of Bebek, there is a cape called Akiandi Bournou, which received the name of Megarevma, signifying 'the great current,' and is still known by that name; it is so called on account of the great impetuosity of the current which comes down from the Black Sea.

Bebek, which is one of the prettiest villages on the Bosphorus, was anciently called Chilias, and was famous for its temple of Diana.

A little further on is Cayalar Bournou, so called because of the stones which have been thrown into the water, so as to weaken the impetuosity of the sea; *cayalar* meaning stones or rocks. Upon the heights above, where a fine Turkish cemetery is now to be seen, stood formerly a temple dedicated to Mercury.

We now arrive at the towers of Europe, Roumélie Hissar, and that part of the Bosphorus where the breadth is the narrowest; so at least it may be gathered from the doubtful saying that two people standing respectively in Europe and in Asia can speak with one another.

The towers of Europe, as they now exist, are the remains of a magnificent castle, built in only three months by Sultan Mahomed II.; and there is a tradition that the towers of this castle, together with the walls, are so disposed as to represent the Turkish letters that form the word Mahomed.

The beautiful village which lies at the foot of this castle was called Hermes, owing to some columns, which had been erected at this spot, had been consecrated to Hercules, and had marked the limits between Europe and Asia.

It was here that, before the extermination of the Janissaries, such of them as had committed any misdemeanour were shut up; and whenever one of them was condemned to death, his body was thrown into the Bosphorus, and one gun was fired to announce the fact. The same ceremony was wont to take place at the Seraglio and at the Seven Towers. When speaking of the Seraglio, however, it does not mean what people generally believe, namely, the Sultan's harem. The Sultan's palace is called *Serai*, and the French added an *l* to the word, representing it as derived from the Italian *Serrare*, 'to shut up,' and the world accepted that interpretation, which the Turks alone reject, though the most interested in its meaning.

Perhaps the historical fact connected with these towers which most deserves mention, is the passage of Darius on a bridge of boats at this spot, 506 B.C., when he headed the Persians against the Thracians. Mendrocles of Samos followed in his ranks, and was architect of this bridge, in return for which service Darius made him a present of ten specimens of every object he might wish for. Mendrocles then, flushed with success, extolled his sovereign to the skies, and painted him seated on a throne commanding a view of the Bosphorus in its whole length, and presiding at the passage of his troops over the subdued waters.

Herodotus mentions this picture, and adds that Mandrocles hung it in the temple of Juno, with the following inscription beneath :—

'Mandrocles erected the bridge on the Bosphorus, which abounds with fish, and dedicated it to Juno. The honour that befell him in executing the commands of Darius, reverts equally upon his countrymen of Samos.'

Βόσπορον ἰχθυόεντα γεφυρώσας ἀνεθηκε
Μανδροκλέεις Ἥρῃ μνημόσυνον σχεδίης
Αὐτῷ μὲν στεφάνον περιθεὶς, Σαμίοισι δὲ κῦδος
Δαρείου Βασιλέως ἐκτελέσας κατὰ νοῦν.

Between Roumélie Hissar and the next village

of Balta Liman there is a little promontory called by the Turks Cheitan Akindessi, or 'the Devil's Current,' because of the impetuosity of the current there; but which the ancients styled Pyrrhias Kion, or 'the Red Dog.' The origin of the appellation is very uncertain. Dionysius, who mentions it, says, that the strait at this part of its length somewhat resembled the form of a dog, but he also adds that the origin of the name may be attributed to a shepherd's dog that frightened those that landed near the place.

Balta Liman, or 'the Harbour of the Spear,' is said to be indebted for its present name to Balta Oghlou, admiral of Mahomed II.'s fleet, who had anchored there with 400 ships prior to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

It was formerly called Ghinakopolis, or 'the City of the Women,' because, as some assert, it is a protected harbour on all sides, and therefore a safe one; or, as others maintain, because Phidalia, wife of Bysas, repulsed the enemies who attacked Byzantium at the head of a body of women, who came from this favoured little colony. Many other accounts are given, but perhaps the first interpretation is the best.

A handsome Christian church is supposed to

have stood here, of which some remains of the foundations can still be traced. The present Greek church of the Panaghia contains some relics found among these ruins.

Emirghian, the adjacent village, called Kiparodhis in the times which we are recalling, on account of the cypresses which grew so plentifully around it, was celebrated for its temple of Diana, built on a stone which, constantly beaten by the waves, was supposed to answer their call by low and prolonged moanings. All the country from Emirghian to Stenia was consecrated to Diana, and bore the name of Trivia.

Of Stenia we have already spoken, and can only add that its gulf affords one of the best anchorages in the Bosphorus. It was called Lasthenes, and Pliny speaks of it as 'In Bosporo sinus Lasthenes, portus senum et alter mulierum,' which almost confirms my belief that the safe anchorage at Balta Liman was likewise the cause of its being called 'the City of Women.' Constantine the Great is reported to have dedicated a church to the Archangel Michael upon the ruins of the temple erected by the Argonauts.

Yeni Kieui, that follows, is the first of the 'fashionable villages,' and appears to have always

been called 'the new village,' at least ever since it has existed, which may have been some seventy years before Gillius wrote about it in 1550; that is, after the establishment of the Turkish dominion in Europe.

Just above this village, however, and opposite Kalender, the fashionable afternoon resort of Europeans in the summer, are the rocks which the ancients called Bacchias; and had those who lived in Philip's time the same affection for this spot that is evinced by their descendants in the present day, they must have witnessed from the shore the naval battle won by the Byzantine sailors against Demetrius, Philip's general, which earned for it the name of Thermimetria, in commemoration of the skill and ardour displayed in the engagement.

Kalender itself was formerly called Limin Pithicon, or 'Harbour of Pithicus;' but was afterwards changed into Libadion, or 'Grassy Plot,' which is a far more appropriate appellation.

We now come to Therapia, the most celebrated of all the villages on the Bosphorus.

It was known as Pharmakea, 'poison,' for many centuries before Atticus, a Greek patriarch, but he, finding the name unsavoury to his ears, changed

it into that which it has preserved. Part of it was called Linos, and the other Endios Kalos, 'Pretty Bay.'

Here it was that Medea deposited her drugs, and here it was that, before the glorious epoch when the spirit of independence beat high in the bosoms of the oppressed Greeks, their noblest scions came, and endeavoured to cement with their wealthy compatriots of the Phanar that union so essential to their cause, for which they afterwards most bravely fought, but which their unhappy character never allowed them successfully to maintain.

Midway between Therapia and the valley of Bouyukdéré there is a pretty terrace overlooking some stones, against which the sea, coming in a straight line from the entrance to the Bosphorus, beats with some force. The place is called Kiretch Bournou, probably on account of some lime-kilns which formerly existed there; but the stones have a tradition.

One of them was formerly called Dikæa, or 'the Just Stone.' Two merchants agreed, before a journey which they undertook in the Euxine Sea, to place what gold they had beneath this cone-shaped piece of rock, and swore that, should the one return before the other, he would wait his com-

panion's return before taking possession of the money they had secreted.

One of them, however, would have broken the engagement he had entered upon with his friend, had he not had to deal with a stone that guessed his culpable designs. On looking for the gold he could find it nowhere; but when his friend had returned, and he had informed him of the loss of the money, behold! the gold was there, in proof of the fidelity of the rock in restoring its trust. It was ever after known as 'the Just Stone.'

Just before entering the Bouyukdéré valley there is a cluster of houses, and a very small mosque, which has rather a pretty appearance, and the whole goes by the name of Kefeli Kieui.

No notice of the place is what its importance might justify; but the cape where stands the mosque was formerly called Saron; and hard by, in the village itself, stood a monster statue of Saron, whom the Megarians honoured as God of the Sea.

We now come to one of those beautiful meadows which are so numerous on both the shores of the Bosphorus.

Its common name is 'the Valley of Bouyukdéré;' its technical appellation is Kirk Aghadji

('Forty Trees'); or more correctly, Yedi Kardachlar ('Seven Brothers'); and its ancient denomination, Calos Agros, or 'the Beautiful Fields.'

To say that there are forty trees in this plain is to speak of that which is not; but to talk of the fine plane-trees which shade the Armenian women in summer, when the open-air coffee and cigarette are cheap luxuries at the Seven Brothers, is to give to their graceful clustering a semblance of truth.

There is a popular belief that a portion of the army of the Crusaders was encamped in this meadow, under the command of Godfrey of Bouillon, in 1096; and M. Michaud, a French Academician, who appears to have studied the question, confirms this opinion, by spreading the army of the Crusaders all over the land that extends from Maltepe, near Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side, to Belgrade, five miles away from Bouyukdéré on the European coast, and establishing Godfrey de Bouillon's general quarters in that same meadow of Calos Agros.

Bouyukdéré itself is not very ancient, though we hear of Count Raoul of Flanders having encamped with his Crusaders at a place called Βαθύκολπος, which is the modern Bouyukdéré.

It is now the richest of the villages on the Bosphorus. Its quay is the widest, and its houses are the handsomest, on either shore; but prettily situated as it is, it bears no comparison, I think, with its less prosperous companions.

At the end of Bouyukdéré quay there is a promontory now called Mezar Bournou, and formerly styled Simas, whereon stood the statue of Venus Meretrix.

Hammer derives the name Simas from Simos, which he maintains signifies in modern Greek 'a nose;' but M. Timoni angrily denies the statement, and believes that the cape was called Simas in honour of a very beautiful courtesan who had established herself opposite to the landing-place.

Next comes the valley of Seletrina, which is the modern Yeni Mahallé ('New Quarter'); and if from it one diverges to the left, he may come to the pretty valley of Kástaniésoo—a lovely spot, where some fine chestnuts and a clear fountain afford all the delights of shade and rest on a hot summer's day.

Following the coast, Teli Tabia is soon reached, and close to these batteries are the walls of the fort that crowns the heights of the village of Roumélie Kawack.

The temples of Rhea, of Serapis, and of the Sibyl, were all within this district up to Mavromolos, but it is impossible to discover their exact position.

The Genoese, who built two castles, one on the Asiatic side, facing the one on the European side, in order that they might exact a toll from all ships coming into the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, may have used the foundations and ruins of these temples in the construction of their castles. It is certain that a careful investigation of these places, and a discreet excavation, would bring many treasures to light that are now altogether lost or ignored.

On coming down from the heights into the plain, the little river is seen that flows gently upon a golden bed into the deep Bosphorus, and which anciently was called Chrysorhoas. The Temple of Rhea was near it, and in Christian times there was a pretty chapel of Our Lady, called Our Lady of the Chestnut Trees.

Bouyuk Liman, or 'the Big Port,' which comes next, was the ancient Aphosiatin, the harbour of the Ephesians; and on the heights above it was the town of Gypopolis, where reigned the unfor-

tunate King. Phineus, whom the Argonauts consulted and delivered from the Harpies.

Close to the harbour of the Ephesians came the Aphrodision and the harbour of the Lyceans, commanded by a statue of Aphrodite, their favourite goddess; then the lighthouse, Fanaraki, built on a stone which projects from the land, is hid by the waves, and was called 'the Promontory of Pan.'

The Cyanean rocks, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, close the list of places on the European side. They are opposite Fanaraki, and were called Symplegades, because seen from one side they appear to be joined together.

These rocks were very celebrated in antiquity, and sailors used to offer sacrifices before leaving port to commit their persons and property to the ocean. The Romans erected a temple upon them in honour of Apollo, and also a column of white marble, which was called Pompey's Column, though there is no record of Pompey erecting any trophy in these parts after his defeat of Mithridates. The inscription, besides, is said to have been carved in praise of Augustus, though, by some singular effect of civilisation, nothing remains now on the basis

upon which the column must have been placed except the word 'Paris,' carved in the rock.

We now pass to the Asiatic side, and escape, if possible, the Asian Cynean isles, in the midst of which the Argo got stuck, and was only extricated by Minerva, 'who pushed it off with her right hand, while she strengthened herself with her left against the points of the rocks.' The anchor was lost during the operation, and a stone one was shipped at Koum Bournou, the ancient Ankiron, or 'Cape of the Anchor.'

At Fanaraki, Tournefort maintains that there formerly was a temple of Diana; though this is questionable, inasmuch as no one else has supposed it among the many writers he consulted. All that is related of it is that crows were fond of perching on its height, and earned for it the name of Cape Korakion.

The next place of interest is the spot known as the Genoese Towers, on the heights above Anadoli Kawack, which is reached from Fil Bournou ('the Cape of the Crows') by way of that district which bore in ancient times the name of Pantichion, and where was seen Medea's tower.

Here is said to have been the famous Hieron, or Temple of the Twelve Gods, who, according to

Apollonius Rhodius, quoted by Tournefort, were Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Ceres, Mercury, Vulcan, Apollo, Diana, Vesta, Mars, Venus, and Minerva.

Hieron, which means 'holy,' is still traceable in the present Turkish name of Joros Ḳalessi, and is one of the few places on the Bosphorus, if not the only one, which has been noticed by Cicero, owing to there being in its temple a statue of Jupiter, the distributor of good winds, which was so perfect that there were only two others in the world that could vie with it in beauty—the one in the Capitol, the other at Syracuse.

'Tria ferebantur in orbe terrarum signa Jovis Urii pulcherrime facta: unum illud Macedonium quod in Capitolio videmus, alterum in Ponti ore et angustiis, tertium quod Syracusis ante Verrem prætorem fuit.'

He then marvels at the state of perfect preservation in which the Bosphorus statue was, seeing how exposed it was to incursions, and depredations, and warfare.

But I believe myself that the Hieron was not on the heights, but in the village itself of Anadoli Kawack, and I found my assertion partly on the tradition that attributes to Jason the erection of a temple, which he dedicated to Neptune, above

that of Jupiter Urius, and principally on the fact that some English travellers found on the beach, or what may be said to correspond with it, a very ancient marble with the following inscription :— 'The pilot who invokes Jupiter Urius in order to obtain a fortunate journey across the sea, that begins at the Cyanean rocks, or in the Ægin, where so many dangerous sandbanks are hidden, will have his wish answered if he begins by sacrificing to the god whose statue has been erected by Philo Antipater.' The old Genoese castle, upon the walls of which there here and there appears a little Byzantine cross, is supposed to have been built by the Byzantines after the retreat of the Gauls.

In the ninth century Haroun Al Raschid laid siege to this fortress with a force of 200,000 men, and raised a mound against the walls two thirds of their height, on which to place his engines. This mound was cut through a few years back by Dr. Millingen, once a physician of Lord Byron, who is still alive, residing at Mezar Bournou. He found the earth full of human bones, and a walled-up passage which reached the gate of the castle. He also came across some fine white marble slabs, upon which there were elaborate

carvings, apparently the same as adorned the entablatures of Greek temples.

But under the water at the foot of the height of Hieron some fishermen discovered a marble bas-relief, representing the ancient ceremony of divination for the sick. It is certain that, whether the fable of Jason consulting the oracle be true or not, the site whereon it is supposed that the temple stood in which he sacrificed was employed, so far back as three thousand years ago, either a sa beacon or a height from which to observe changes in the weather.

Just before the Giant's Mountain there is a little place called Caviar Tach, which was formerly called Mocadion, where the Emperor Justinian built a very fine church, dedicated to St. Michael, and a little valley where Amycus is supposed to have been slain by Pollux.

So many stories are current respecting the origin of this mountain's name, that it is difficult to know which to believe.

It was long called the 'Back of Hercules,' but an Arabic inscription in the little mosque on the top of the mountain is thus translated by Timoni:—'This is the place where resided Joshua, one of the Apostles. Moses sent him into Rou-

melia. One day, while waging war with the inhabitants of those parts, the sun went down in the midst of the battle. Another time the sun, after setting, rose again, and the people of Roumelia were not able to escape. This miracle proved Joshua to have been a prophet.' Although this does not coincide with the locality mentioned in Scripture, it is clear that the Turks have mixed up the sacred character of Joshua with the giant Amycus, whose arm is supposed to be buried in the tomb, twenty-six feet long, which is shown, and over which there was a laurel-tree, famous in antiquity under the name of 'the mad tree,' because whoever wished to spread discord among the sailors cut a branch of this laurel and threw it on board the doomed vessel.

On the way down from the Giant's Mountain to Hunkiar Skelessi there is a cavern which is said to have been the habitation of Amycus. This cavern is near the pleasant valley of Sutludge. That valley is the beginning of the delightful meadow called the Sultan's Valley, where in late years the present Sultan held a review of his troops for the Empress of the French. Hunkiar Skelessi, which means 'the Landing-place of the Great Lord,' is famous both for the kiosk

built by Suliman the Great, or rather was rebuilt by Mahmud, the first who repaired it; and especially as the place where the treaty was signed by which Turkey and Russia became friends for a time, at the expense of Turkey's other friends.

Beicos is one of the largest and prettiest villages on the Bosphorus. Some say that the Laurus Insana was planted in that vicinity, instead of on the Giant's Mountain, as others assert.*

Most of the villages on the Asiatic side are of Turkish origin; but near the pretty little harbour of Tchiboukli was the harbour of Phryxus, which was called Nausimachium.

It is very questionable whether this harbour was ever constructed by Phryxus, inasmuch as it is more than doubtful whether this brother of Helle ever existed.

Then came a little promontory called Kikonion, on account of the excessive cunning of its inhabitants.

The modern village of Canlidja was formerly called Nausomachium, in commemoration of a naval battle fought before its walls.

* The Laurus Insana was a huge tree, which was planted on the spot where Amycus, king of the Bebryces, is supposed to have been killed by the Argonauts.

We now come to the towers of Asia or Anadoli Hissar, which were built by Mahomed II. before the siege of Constantinople, at the same time that he caused the European towers opposite to be erected, thus securing the passage of the Straits.

It would seem that the little river at the foot of these towers, which runs inland for some considerable distance, and constitutes what is now called the Sweet Waters of Asia, was no other than the Azara mentioned by Strabo.

Ghiok-Soo, the Turkish name for the Sweet Waters, is the favourite resort of the Turkish ladies on Fridays in summer.

Candilli, which means 'a bloody tongue,' is perhaps the spot from which one can obtain the finest view of the many splendid prospects which the Bosphorus affords.

From the house and grounds of Mr. Hanson there is a view on the one side extending to the kiosk of the Sultan at Beicos, and on the other embracing the whole of the harbour of Constantinople.

Anything to come up to the beauty of the scenery at this spot, or any prospect more varied, cannot, I think, be obtained even in the much-favoured land of the Bosphorus.

Beylerbey is a modern Turkish village, but touches that of Stavros, so called from a gilt cross on the top of a church built by Constantine. If we add Oxuz Liman, of which we have spoken, and Chrysopolis, the modern Scutari, we have made the tour of the Bosphorus, and partly reconstructed it in its more ancient form.

Others have undertaken the task of describing its several and unquestionable beauties, as well as the modern merits of its present shores: but such was not the purpose I had in view; and if the reader cares for the past history of this neck of water as much as he may for its actual beauties, he will perhaps forgive me for having treated so charming a subject in a manner so unworthy of it.

After all, what is mythology but the cloud through which the acts and thoughts of the early inhabitants of this earth are handed down to us in a misty and unsatisfactory light? And what is the use of recording the names of places that are no more, and of which scarcely a stone remains to recall their celebrity in days gone by?

Dreams are out of place in this age of reality, and the future is the all-absorbing thought; but

if this be so in regions where civilisation has left no place for idle wanderings, be it remembered that the peculiar charm of Eastern climes is the natural desire which grows upon one of enjoying the present in visions of the past.

Galata Bridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

GALATA BRIDGE.

IT was not until the year 1838 that the idea of communicating between the two shores of the Golden Horn by means of a bridge was finally adopted and put into practice, thanks to the energy and resolution of Sultan Mahmoud II., and the skill of a Greek mast-maker of the name of Georgi employed in the Imperial dockyard. This bridge was not long, however, alone in its glory, and shortly after, in 1850, that bridge was built of which I am about to speak, and which connects the eastern part of Galata with Stamboul.

Besides the immense advantage of such a bridge, there is, perhaps, no spot in Constantinople more curious or interesting from the busy aspect which it presents at all hours of the day,

from the innumerable costumes that one sees and from the different nationalities that parade upon it on their way either to the Porte or to the European quarters of Pera and of Galata. The bridge, besides, marks the limit between the commercial harbour and that of the Imperial navy.

While on the one side the scene is full of life, on the other it assumes a severer aspect. Thousands of ships, flying all possible colours, constantly departing and arriving from both the Black Sea and the Marmara, animate that portion of the harbour of Constantinople which is devoted to commerce alone; while on the other side the crescent upon the red Turkish flag, which occasionally shows itself upon some high-masted ship, reminds one that activity on board the men-of-war of his Imperial Majesty is subordinate to occupation, and that occupation is somewhat at a discount just at present.

Whenever a ship passes through the swing-bridge from the busy Marmara side to that of the Arsenal, one is reminded of the lines of Dante,—

> 'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.
> Non isperate mai veder il cielo.'

Even the porpoises that roll in countless numbers

amid the caïques and shipping on the other side seem to understand that there is no life for them if they cross the bridge, and no hope of a merry meal.

The gulls and cormorants that help the porpoises in clearing the harbour of impurities are only seen in winter on the Golden Horn side of the port, and their absence from this side of the bridge to animate the life on the other adds considerably to the charm of the latter. The tameness of these animals is quite curious. They never trouble to avoid the plashing of an oar; no more do the ringdoves and pigeons that abound, and take up a comfortable position upon masts, and decks, and oars, wherever by doing so they find themselves in close proximity to a cargo of grain, from which sight they derive great expectations.

But it is not of the aspect of the bridge so much as of the different nationalities that pass to and fro upon it all day that I wish to say a few words. For an excellent rendering in water-colours of the life which is visible on the bridge, no one who visits Constantinople should fail to see Mr. Preziosi's studio. With an admirable talent for water-colouring in general, he has above

all been gifted with the power of seizing to the life the particular Eastern hue which pervades all things Eastern, and of preserving therefore to the traveller the true recollection of what he most admired.

In Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* there is an estimate of the peculiar qualities of some of these various nations, which, he says, may be relied upon so far 'that it was composed by a person who had acquired a practical knowledge of their capacities by having been cheated more than once by the countrymen of each of the nations mentioned in the following table.'

It takes the wits of,

4 Turks to overreach one Frank.
2 Franks to cheat one Greek.
2 Greeks to cheat one Jew.
6 Jews to cheat one Armenian.

Besides these there are Persians, Georgians, Kurds, Croats, who all deserve a mention, if not a place, in the above table; and Dervishes, Gipsies, and Hamals, that require a notice.

To begin with the Turks. I find that according to a Turkish writer their origin is as follows:—Japhet, son of Noah, was the father of three male

* Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*, p. 70.

children, the eldest of whom was called Turk, and was given the sovereignty of Turkestan, over which he reigned under the title of Aboul-Turk, *i. e.* Father of the Turks. This is the same who is called Japhet-Oghlou, or the son of Japhet, by the Oriental Turks, and is looked upon by them as the father of their race. This Aboul-Turk reigned 240 years with prudence and justice, and at his death he divided his dominions between his five sons ; who, later again, divided them into twenty-four parts, forming together two wings, the right and the left, which were wont to unite in the common cause whenever one of their number was attacked. Among these twenty-four tribes there were three, respectively called Turk, Mogul, and Tartar, which have each given their name to the well-known so-called nations of the present day. According to Dr. Latham, all the early great Asiatic conquerors have been of Turkish races, with the exception of Zenghis-Khan ; but these must not be confounded with the Ottoman Turks, who are descended from a people known under the name of Oguzians, and who, together with the Arabs and the Persians, despise the other Turks not entitled to the name of Osmanlis. The latter have a saying which proves what con-

tempt they entertain for the others,—'Even were a Turk to excel in the sciences, he could never hide his innate barbarism.'*

In D'Ohsson's exhaustive work upon Turkey he explains how the Osmanlis cannot conceive why in Europe they should be called by the generic term of Turks, when they themselves look upon the word as the greatest insult which they can throw at the head of each other. A Turk in their mind represents an inhabitant of those desert plains of Turkestan, Mazanderan, and Khorassan, and corresponds, therefore, to a brutal and uncultivated individual.†

So great is the insult, that it is on a par with the epithets of *giaour* (infidel), *kiopek* (dog), which they apply to Christians; *kizil bash* (red head), and *papas oghlou* (child of a priest), with which they gratify an impious man; or *Moscow* (Muscovite), which they use when they want to designate a traitor or an enemy of their country.

It may be remarked, however, that the Europeans have familiarised the Turks so much of late with the appellation, that they no longer are so sensitive to the insult which it contains; just in

* Tinnoni's *Méditations Bosphoriques.*

† D'Ohsson, *Tableaux de l'Empire Ottoman.* Part ii. p. 217.

the same way that *annasini-sikeim*, an insult too gross to be translated, has been so frequently used, that it is almost looked upon as a natural phrase.

This familiarisation of the Turks with European expressions and habits is precisely the one fact which deserves a special notice, inasmuch as it points to the degeneracy of the present Turks, through the means of the Christian element alive among them.

The statement may be considered somewhat bold, but the fact nevertheless remains true, that the change which the Turkish character has undergone for the worse, is mainly due to the relaxation of those stringent rules which formerly prohibited the Turks from mixing with their Christian fellow-countrymen. The reason of it is very simple. Most of the habits of the Turks in ordinary life have been settled for them by precepts and counsels expounded in the Coran, and a motive has each time been given for the adoption or rejection of certain customs peculiar to Mussulmans.

Familiarisation with European customs, therefore, has naturally worked its effect upon the Turkish mind, by lessening the horror with which Christian habits were formerly looked upon, and creating next a desire to adopt them partially;

thus preparing the way to their becoming personally responsible for the evils which such habits must create—according, at least, to what they have been taught on the subject.

It would be easy, but rather long, to show how the various results of European civilisation would work their dire effects upon the Turkish race as a religiously constituted people, if entirely adopted by them, by an exposition of the evils already resulting from some of the innovations introduced by the Christians.

But I shall confine myself to one point only, which is their traditional honesty—a trait in their character which has singularly disappeared since the barriers have been broken that prevented the hordes of Christian money-seekers from raising the standard of interest, and enrolling the Mussulmans in the ranks of those gold-worshippers who tolerate no other god.

The time has long passed away when they looked upon brutal force as the only lever of strength by which a nation could arrive at being great, and while they now conceive no more real sign of greatness than to be rich, they overlook altogether the means by which intelligent races have arrived at an almost similar conclusion.

Other nations have found, in their search for greater comforts, a better education and more refined tastes—stimulants which have urged them on; but the Turks are quite satisfied with the ignorance in which, for the most part, they all live; and they do not care to change their habits or uncomfortable manner of living, nor do they exhibit any wish to improve their taste for the beautiful, and hence their present greed for money is a temptation for them to obtain it, by fair or foul means, for the sole purpose of possessing that which they see the Christians also possess.

Notwithstanding incontestable points in their character which claim for the Turks a place among intelligent people, it must be allowed that they are very childish still.

Thus, they see their Christian fellow-countrymen using their brains in the pursuit of fortune, and even enriching themselves at their own expense. They very rationally conclude that they ought to turn the cards and profit in the same way, but they leave out of the question altogether the necessity of work to accomplish such an object. Just as children desire to possess every kind of

knowledge, without ever striving to obtain it, so the Turks wish instinctively to emulate the Christians, but are too lazy and too proud to work towards that end.

It follows that they are necessarily constantly in contact with men whom they either must coax or intimidate, as they think it best for the promotion of their interests. The Armenians are too accustomed to threats to be intimidated by them, and hence their greater power; the Jews are the most wily, hence their next position in the scale; the Greeks fear intimidation, but require coaxing; and the Levantine Frank is neither fish nor fowl. His intelligence, however, being equal to that of four Turks, he takes the place in the table, which Curzon assigned to him. There are not wanting signs of the pupil becoming the master at the master's expense, but certain it is that the great rule of the Coran, 'Thou shalt not possess any illegitimate riches, or riches known to have belonged wrongfully to another,' is a forgotten precept, which is due to the Christian influence over the less intelligent Turks.

The Greeks, of whom we next have to say a word, are a peculiar race, whose great intelligence

and genuine gaiety of character redeem the prodigious quantity of faults of which they are generally accused.

Certain it is, however, that the Greek outside of Greece itself is a very different man from what he is in his own country.

In the one case he is not only bearable, but can be pleasant; in the latter he can never be one or the other—I except the Phanariot families.

In a prejudiced work upon and against the Greeks, 'an old diplomatist,' who very prudently does not give his name, has endeavoured to prove that, from the earliest times to the year 1870, when he wrote his book, the Greeks have never excelled in anything, except 'in three of their principal vices—pride, falsehood, and licentiousness.' He adds that 'they made capital so adroitly out of these, that they owed to them their first place in history for the space of 2000 years.'

This rather startling statement is followed by nearly 500 pages of close print, wherein the author sometimes amusingly, at others wrongly, endeavours to prove that brigandage has always been honoured by the Greeks, and labour despised; that the so-called Greek art is nothing but Egyptian art continued, and that Greek philosophy con-

tained the germs of dissolution and of death to any constituted society that adopted them.

A German writer calls the Greeks a useless burden upon earth; and Gillius, speaking of their ignorance, maintains that they had swallowed the whole of the river of '*oubli*,' so as not even to have left a single drop. In fact, there are few failings of which they are not accused, and few good points that are scored to them.

In speaking of the Greeks it is very difficult to know whom one is speaking of; for the Greek can so easily accustom himself to the manners of the people with whom he lives, and assimilate his character to theirs, that, were it not for the romantic attachment every Greek possesses for the name of his country (by no means for the country itself), he might very well be considered to be a native of the land where he had taken up his residence.

Thus the Greeks of Marseilles are quite French, while the Greeks of Liverpool and London are more English than ourselves. The Greeks of Odessa have a partiality for Russia, which betrays itself in a hesitation as to which country they really belong to whenever the question is put whether they are Russians or Greeks.

Then, again, outside Greece they belie wholly the accusation of idleness put forward against them. Their wealth, their great commercial aptitudes, and success, are proofs of their industry, and the energy with which they pursue their money-making object testifies to the perseverance and resolve of their character.

Pliable as the Greek character is, and impressionable to a degree which is curious, no wonder that it should pick up on the way many faults and failings not purely of indigenous origin.

Of the Greeks of Greece, however, the same cannot be said. They are essentially idle, frivolous, ignorant, and vain. They expect the Greeks abroad to help them, and revile them for not living in Greece. They all aim at being ministers of State, and cannot condescend to be apprentices in a workshop, though they have not even the means to pay for their daily food.

A change of ministry is a God-send to hundreds, who live while the ministry lasts, and question whether brigandage is not the best profession after all, whenever, by the overthrow of their leader, they lose the appointment he had given them.

One man has understood them perfectly, and

he is a Frenchman. The Greeks have many points in common with the French, but Edmond About has no equal in Greece; and hence he was able to laugh at them, while he displayed admirable skill in describing them in his *Grèce Contemporaine.*

They hate all those who are not Greeks, and even the Greeks who are not in Greece; for their jealousy knows no bounds, and their vanity no limit. They are so false that they pride themselves in getting the best of one another by fraud or trickery, and pity is the only feeling which is felt for the thief who has proved so little dexterous as to be caught.

The country is remarkably rich in mines of all kinds, and, properly cultivated, would amply supply the necessities of the public, leaving a large surplus for exportation; but there are no hands to work the one and no labourer to fertilise the soil.

'Why should I work for another? I am as good as he!' And the result of this argument is the deplorable condition in which we see the country.'

They are by no means devoid of fine qualities, but their overweening vanity is such that it paralyses all that is good in them.

A miserable line of railway from Athens to

the Piræus is all that Greece can boast; but such is the jealousy of the natives, who neither planned it nor helped its construction in any way, either by encouragement or private capital, that two companies failed before this line, which is not longer than four miles, was fairly begun, and the carriages of the present company are damaged in every way by those who profit by them.

Finally, they have no religion whatever; and, in fact, this remark applies pretty much to the Greek Church throughout the East. I say Greek Church, instead of Orthodox, because the Russian Church, which is equally orthodox, is the only one in which there exists some vitality.

Some one remarked that the Greek Orthodox Church is a petrified religion; and so it is: even M. Somnini, who has taken to heart the numberless accusations against his compatriots, and has very ably defended them, is obliged to allow that gross superstition is the basis of the Greek religion.

'Provided a Greek fasts scrupulously,' he says, 'provided he utters a few words which he looks upon as magical, and that he attends all the ceremonies of his rite, there is nothing which prevents his giving himself up to any excesses against the laws that rule the morals of society in general.'

Ed. About likewise points to this superstition when he defines the Greek religion as 'an assemblage of duties, consisting in a number of signs of the cross made so many times and in various ways,—a quantity of genuflexions,—the mathematically regulated adoration of certain stereotyped and almost geometrical images,—the utterance of certain interminable formulæ which have almost become a dead letter,—the observation of certain fasts,—the holiday-making on feast-days, which take up half the year, and the obligation of feeding the clergy and enriching the churches by perpetual almsgiving.'

The sure sign of the ignorance of the Greeks respecting their religion is the fanaticism which is their characteristic: a fanaticism unlike that of the Turks, which is a strength, while that of the Greeks proceeds from vanity. The Greek religion is that of the Greeks, and therefore no other religion can be good.

There are signs, however, of better days, and if the young Greeks educated abroad can, on their return to their native and beautiful country, give it the benefit of their foreign experience, forego the temptation of being thought great men because they are working for their country's good,

and prove besides to be energetic and resolved; then, indeed, there will be a chance of beholding a new era and a brighter time in the dark pages of modern Greek history.

The language is decidedly improving, and being daily purified of its vicious and imported expressions. The names of Soutzo, Rizo, Paparrigopoulo, Rhangabe, and before them Corai, are so many proofs that modern Greek is fast resuming the life which has been refused to it since old Greek became, in modern parlance, one of the dead languages.

In short, to conclude with one of M. About's witty sayings,—'La Grèce manque du nécessaire: elle s'en console par le superflu.'[1]

Tournefort, writing to the Count de Pontchartrain in 1741, calls the Armenians 'the best people in the world,' civil, polite, and full of good sense and probity; troubling themselves with nothing but trade, which they follow with the utmost attention and application; always equal in temper; shunning strangers who are turbulent and troublesome as much as they esteem those that are peaceable; economical, and so religious that, whatever fatigues they go through, they as care-

[1] Ed. About, *La Grèce Contemporaine.* Ch. iv. p. 113.

fully observe the fasts of the Church as if they were at repose in a city; knowing nothing of dispensations, not even in sickness.'*

Lamartine, writing a century later, describes them as the 'Swiss of the East; laborious, peaceable, and regular in their habits, but calculating and rapacious. No heroism or spirit of resistance marks their character. Their genius shines in commerce, and they place it at the service of anyone who is their master. Of all the Christians in the East, they best sympathise with the Turks, whose language, besides, is more their own than the Armenian.'

These two definitions of the Armenian character, written at an interval of a hundred years, agree so well in the main with the salient points of the Armenian character as it can be seen now-a-days, that I am bound to subscribe to their truthful estimate.

The Armeno-Catholics are decidedly more intelligent and better educated than their Gregorian brethren.

It is difficult to decide where their country is, for there are Armenians all over the world,—in Anatolia, in Persia, in Egypt, in India, in Poland,

* Tournefort's *Voyage into the Levant.* Vol. iii. p. 231.

in France, in Holland, in Italy, and even in Spain.

The principal so-called Armenian territory, however, extends from Erzeroum to Erivan: that is, between Georgia to the north, Kurdistan to the east, and Anatolia to the west. A range of mountains, extending from the Taurus to the Caucasus, divides Armenia into Turkish and Russian. Mount Ararat is the central point, and the Euphrates and Tigris rivers both have their sources within its limits.

Sebeos, a Bishop who lived in the seventh century, gives the following account of the origin of the Armenian nation:—

'After the misfortune of Babel, Titan, or Didan, was the first who reigned over those who had taken refuge in the desert, but being very ambitious he wished to rule over the whole earth.

'Haïg then rose against him. This Haïg was a descendant of Noah by Japhet.

'Haïg begot Aramaniak at Babylon.

'Aramaniak had several sons and daughters, the eldest of whom was called Aramaïs.

'Aramaïs had many children, and the eldest was called Amasia.

'Amasia begot several sons and daughters, the eldest of whom was called Kegham.

'Kegham had many children, of whom the eldest was called Harma.

'Harma begot Aram and many others.

'Aram begot Ara the beautiful, and several others.

'Such are the names of the first founders of the Armenian race, who migrated towards the north and settled at the foot of Mount Ararat.

'Haïg came there with his wife and children, and all his goods; and hence the country around was called Haïg, and his descendants Haicians, or Armenians.'*

The Armenians of Constantinople keep greatly together, and do not associate much with their Greek compatriots. Indeed I do not think there is much sympathy between them; partly owing to differences of character, partly also to different interests.

They have, however, occupied a great place in the limited topics of conversation during the last few years, by the sudden fancy which possessed some of them to become separated from the Church of Rome.

* *History of Armenia.* V. Langlois. Vol. i. p. 196.

It would be too long for me to enter into the merits of the question, nor would the reader probably care to know anything about it, unless its political aspects were revealed at the same time.

Suffice it to say, that a few intelligent Armenians got alarmed at the very Latin tendencies of their Patriarch, Monsignor Hassoun, and fearing lest, little by little, all the old privileges of their Church might be taken from them, rebelled against a Papal Bull called *Reversurus*, which deprived them of their ancient right of associating the civil with the clerical element in the election of their Bishops and Patriarchs.

Heedless of the Papal remonstrances they became severed from Rome, declaring themselves, however, to be good and true Catholics, and only refusing to submit to Rome in those prescriptions which did not suit their fancy; a reasoning which of course is excellent, if only practicable, but impossible with a Church so strongly constituted as that from which they separated. A Papal nuncio was sent to Constantinople to settle all things, but returned to Rome, having signally failed. Against obstinacy there is not much chance of

success, and against Eastern obstinacy there is no prospect of it whatever.

The Porte all of a sudden got alarmed. The Bull *Reversurus*, it said, is an infringement on the rights of the sovereign. How? was a question not so easily answered; but Pashas talked themselves into believing it, and Mussulmans interpreted Christian doctrines with an eagerness they soon would have put down had Christians chosen to discuss the Coran in the same tone. Finally, the dragomans embittered the discussion, and Monsignor Hassoun had to leave Constantinople, it being made out, somehow or other, that his presence was a danger to the Porte. This was the signal for further troubles. A new Patriarch had to be elected. An election took place. An anti-Hassounite came out successful. It is true that none but anti-Hassounites had voted. All the other Armenians were then told they were to submit to this Patriarch,—very much in the same way as if our own Government were to tell the Irish Catholics that they must submit to the Protestant Bishop of Dublin in all religious matters. This was impossible. The Hassounites cried bitterly. The anti-Hassounites applauded the

wise resolution of the Porte, and said '*pecki*' (all right) a few times oftener than usual.

But this could not last, and finally an officer of the Porte became practically the Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians.

The question is a very long and interesting one, but the above relates the main facts which constitute that question, and it will be seen what a boon it was for all those who craved for a little more conversation than the daily inquiry into the health of each member of a family they visited.

There are about 60,000 Jews in Constantinople, who inhabit mostly that quarter of Stamboul which is situated between the Fanar, where the Greek Patriarch resides, and Eyoub, where is the sacred mosque which no Christian can enter. A good number also inhabit on the opposite shore, at the villages of Cassim Pasha and of Haskieui. They live apart from the rest of the world, and make no show of wealth. The Greeks detest them, and the Turks loathe them. The Christians abhor them, and they live in fear and dread of all those who are not followers of the Talmud. When a Greek wishes to be charitable in mind and in speech, he says, 'May God avert such a calamity

even from the Jews!' and when a Turk speaks of a Jew he calls him *Tchiffut*, which means avaricious, vile, and despicable, all at the same time.

It must be allowed that the Jews of Stamboul are not made to impress one with their intelligence, or to inspire any commiseration. Those who traffic in the bazaars generally produce such a feeling of irritation that it is quite a trial of patience not to break one's stick over their shoulders. They are for the most part descendants of the Jews that were banished from Spain by that great but bigoted king, Philip II., and the language they now speak is a mixture of bad Spanish, worse Greek, and infamous Turkish.

A ride on a Saturday through the Fanar to Eyoub, is, however, interesting; for among the Jewesses, who abound in the proportion of three to every Jew, there are some of very great beauty, and as they all sit in one room, and generally before the open windows, there is not much difficulty in catching a glimpse of them. They are so exclusive that it is almost impossible to find out their good points, though it was my good fortune to discover one trait in their character

which must be commended. Notwithstanding their poverty, and they are for the most part very poor, their charities, entirely confined as they are to their co-religionists, exceed by a great deal those of any other religious community in Constantinople. This would prove that, sordid and avaricious as they appear to the rest of the world, they are not incapable of generosity when it is a question of helping a brother Jew in distress. I dare say this remark applies to the Jews throughout the world, but in Constantinople it has more force from the fact that there are no Jewish names, or at least very few, if any, among the wealthiest tradesmen or merchants.

A rather good story went the round of Constantinople, which may find its place here. The Sultan took it into his head to renew an old order by which Christians on horseback, as well as Turks, were to dismount on riding by his palace of Dolma Baghtché. A man passed on horseback before the palace, and refused to dismount.

'The order is general, and applies to all Christians and Turks equally,' said the *zaptieh*, or policeman on duty.

'I am not a Christian.'

'But you are a Turk.'

'No, I am a Jew, and therefore neither a Turk nor a Christian.'

The order had not taken notice of the difference, and he was allowed to pass.

Among the men that constantly cross and recross the bridge there is a set of fine and stalwart fellows who supply the place of wheeled vehicles, and perform, *ad libitum*, the office of cart and cart-horse. These men, who are mostly Armenians from the neighbourhood of Van, look upon the profession of Hamal, or porter, as an heirloom. They are constituted into a powerful body, with a chief called *vekil*, or deputy, and monopolise the carrying trade. Some carry loads on their back to the extent of eight cwt.; others are provided with poles, of which the ends rest on their shoulders, and to the centre of which is suspended the load they have to carry.

Mr. White, who is most minute in his descriptions generally of men and things at Constantinople, gives an excellent picture of eight men carrying a ton-weight up the steep and tortuous alleys of Pera. 'The load is first made fast to three pieces of wood, exactly resembling the bars used for leaders in coaches, and then slung by cords to the longest or centre bar, each end of

the smaller bars being affixed to a different pole. The bearers then advance with a quick, short step, four abreast, but somewhat obliquely. Each rests the right hand on the shoulder of him at his side, and takes care to keep exact time and pace.' To see them advance in this order is quite a picturesque sight. The whole secret of their being able to carry so much weight lies in the fact that they make the loins bear the principal burden, but, notwithstanding, it appears almost incredible that the human frame can bear so much.

They do not work for more than ten years, when they return to their native country with a very fair capital, which they generally convert into merchandise.

In 1845, when Mr. White wrote his book, the wages were much lower than they are now. Hamals and suruks gained about a piastre and a half (threepence) each, for each trip, but now-a-days it is difficult to know what will satisfy them. Average earnings then amounted to eight piastres a-day, and average expenses to four (sixteenpence and eightpence). I once went so far as to trust the veracity of a hamal I always employed, and asked him what his average earnings were.

He answered, without much hesitation, 'Be-

tween four and five beshlicks.' A beshlick equals tenpence; therefore, in twenty-five years (allowing for the truth of the statement, which is very questionable, inasmuch as it is sure to be a good deal below the real figure) the average earnings had increased from sixteen pence to fifty pence a-day.

Their proverbial honesty and good conduct are also more or less questionable, and somewhat dependent upon the definition of honesty and good conduct. If to return a sixpence left in a sedan-chair is honesty, they deserve the appellation. If to pocket a gold piece and deny having seen it is likewise an honest act, as they are entitled to the benefit of the doubt and cannot be positively accused of stealing, then again they deserve their reputation. If, however, to charge double and treble what they are entitled to charge, by the regulations of their corporation, is not to be honest, then indeed they are liable to be called what many foreigners, like myself, felt frequently inclined to call them, a rascally set of swindlers.

They are very quiet on week-days; very riotous on holidays and Sundays; and indulge in a *sans-gêne* which is sometimes rather annoying. Going to dinner on one occasion I had recourse to a sedan-chair, the usual mode of transport on

a wet and muddy day. My two hamals were apparently displeased with something, or had had a previous quarrel, but suddenly, and without giving any warning, they planted the sedan-chair in the middle of the road and 'had it out,' as the expression goes. When they had knocked each other about they took me up again, and then vented their concentrated rage upon me by jerking me in a manner which, had it been after instead of before dinner, might have proved very disagreeable.

The Bulgarians, according to M. Coprichtanski, a writer of that nationality, 'are gifted with honesty, sincerity, and economy; are serious, silent, and pacific, besides being imbued with much real piety and little taste for dogmatic religion, their worship consisting in an aspiration towards a beloved but unknown deity, who is never adored except in church.'*

Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy have written a book on Bulgaria, wherein they depict the Bulgarian rayah 'from the life, as brutish, obstinate, idle, superstitious, dirty—*sans foi ni loi*: in short, a degraded being, amongst whom they have dwelt

* *La Question Bulgare*, par Coprichtanski.

long, and for the accuracy of whose picture they hold themselves responsible.'*

Voilà comment on écrit l'histoire! Not having resided in Bulgaria, nor mixed much with the few Bulgarians that are in Constantinople, it is difficult to pronounce between the two opposite statements; but whatever may be the general ignorance in which the country revels, it is a certain fact that there is much intelligence in the nation, which only requires favourable opportunities to be developed. At the American College on the Bosphorus the best pupils are of Bulgarian origin, and when the prizes at the end of the year are distributed to the scholars, Bulgarian boys generally carry off the best and the greatest number.

The nation is wakening to a new existence, and has a future in store, whatever may be its present state of degradation.

The great question, known as 'the Bulgarian,' has brought them prominently forward before the public; and though, as in the Armenian dispute, I am not at liberty to touch upon the political sides—that is, upon the most interesting portions of the question—there remains enough of it worth

* *Residence in Bulgaria*, p. 405.

speaking of for me not to apologise, if I point to its most salient characteristics.

It appears that one of the principal canons of the Orthodox Church states most distinctly that 'there cannot exist an independent Church or an ecclesiastical administration without expressly defined limits, just as there cannot be a civil administration without geographical boundaries.'*

Even the Holy Synod of Russia was obliged to recognise the truth of this statement, when represented by the Greek Patriarch. 'If,' said the letter from the Holy Synod, 'the Bulgarians wish for certain concessions, they must ask for them; for without the consent, and against the will of the Greek Patriarch, they clearly have no right to make any innovations. Still less, indeed, have they the right to free themselves from their dependence upon the ecclesiastical authority which binds them to their Supreme Master, or to detach themselves *proprio motu* from it; for it would be a schism, and, according to the canons of the Church, they would unquestionably be looked upon as schismatics.'

The result of all this was that the Bulgarians,

* Ninth Canon of the Council of Antioch, Second Canon of the Second Council, and Sixth of the Fourth.

who wished to obtain an independent Church, could only have their wishes attended to by proving that they had certain geographical limits.

This they could not do, as in reality there are more Bulgarians in Thrace and Macedonia alone than in Bulgaria proper, and Mr. Coprichtanski includes many other countries in the extensive limits which he gives to his own, when he says that it lies between the Danube and the Archipelago, Albania, and the Black Sea.

They further found themselves in opposition with the canons of the Greek Church, when, not being able to define their limits geographically, they put forward the principle of their nationality.

Thus a people 'who have no religious bias whatever,' as Mr. Brophy remarked, were suddenly brought to task for claiming a seemingly natural right, and not asking a favour which they could not obtain.

They did what less sensible people might have hesitated in doing. They rebelled, and proclaimed the autonomy of their Church and their separation from the Greek Orthodox Church.

They became Schismatic Greeks, both in the eyes of the Orthodox Greeks and of the Russian Synod.

Their conduct throughout showed, on the part at least of the leaders of the movement, an independence of spirit, an energy and a perseverance, which are so many signs that the Bulgarians are not so degraded as Messrs. St. Clair and Brophy have depicted them; at the same time, that they are not yet the remarkable people their apologist makes them out to be.

I would pass over the Kurds, were it not that their savage aspect reminds one of their vagrant existence. They live in camps, and the life of highwaymen, causing as much mischief to the Turks, among whom they live, as to the strangers they have the good fortune to fall in with. They eat up the pasturage of one country, then remove to another, and scent a caravan as a pig does a truffle. They are of very old origin, and there is a fable told respecting the latter by Ferdoussy, the Persian poet, which is somewhat curious :—

The reign of Djoak, of the dynasty of the Pich-Dadians, was marked by cruelty and tyranny of the most odious kind. But he soon received the punishment of his crimes. Two serpents were born of his shoulders, and wound themselves round his body, so that no one could get them off. To appease their hunger, it required no more

nor less than the brains of two men daily. The king's cook, who was exceedingly clever, however, in his art, so contrived the dishes he prepared that only the brains of one man were served to the monsters, and thus the life of one man was spared every day. The individuals thus saved were then sent to the mountains, and out of these were born the ancestors of the present Kurds.

As men they are sober, robust, hardy, and quick. They are supposed to be hospitable, but it is difficult to receive any hospitality at their hands without feeling that everything tendered to one has probably been previously stolen from another.

The Georgians are a handsome race of men, who appear in former times to have had so great a horror of Judas, that they concocted a story on his account which, *se non è vero*, is not bad for an invention.

Judas, having repented of his foul betrayal of our Lord, imagined that there was but one only means of saving his soul, which was to hang himself as quickly as he could, and then to appear in Limbo before Jesus Christ did so Himself, and to belong to the number of those who were to be

saved by the appearance of our Lord. But the devil had his eye upon the fellow, and held him by the foot until our Lord had visited Limbo and saved those who were there; then he dropped him, and Judas fell head over heels into hell.

Strabo speaks of the Georgians as tall, handsome, and simple-mannered.

Tournefort speaks of their liberality and smiling countenances; and I can add my humble adhesion to the opinion of those who find the Georgian women remarkably good-looking.

Of the Persians it is unnecessary to speak, as they are an independent race, and not tributaries of the Porte.

But of the Bohemians, or Gipsies, I will only say a few words, and bring to a conclusion this already too lengthy chapter.

They are a wandering tribe of ugly females and uglier men, of screeching children and dirty families. They seldom remain more than a few weeks in the same village or in the outskirts of great towns, and when they do settle down the children are sent to beg, the women are set to scream, and the men to work at tinkering, forging iron, or basket-making.

I have read somewhere that the appellation of 'Bohemian,' as applied to gipsies, was derived from an old French word, *Boëms*, which meant 'bewitched.'

It is curious, however, to find that they are called Tartars by the Swedes and the Danes; Egyptians by ourselves; Zingari, or people from the Indus, by the Italians, and also by the Turks, who pronounce the word *Chinguiane;* while I cannot make out why the Germans call them Zigeuner, unless it derives from Xigonza or Gigonza, the ancient Saguntia, the modern Murviedo in Spain. If so, perhaps the Spanish appellation of Gitanos comes from the same origin. The gipsies call themselves Egyptians, but it is more than likely that they are of Indian extraction, and fled before Tamerlane in the sixteenth century, and dispersed all over Europe.

In Turkey these poor wretches lead a very sad existence, even for a wandering tribe. They are disliked and despised by the Turks, who never allow pity to get the upper hand when dislike has taken precedence of other feelings; and they find no commiseration on the part of the Christians, who hate them, if possible, more than do the Turks.

Their raven-black hair and brown complexion, their staring large eyes and beautiful white teeth, their look of earnestness and their poverty, are so many reasons why they should be disliked.

Is it not Madame du Deffand who said that there was no greater folly than to be unfortunate? These poor gipsies, clad in rags and tatters, carrying their babies in slings, sometimes one on the back and another at the breast, besides, perhaps, poultry or a new-born calf under the arm, look the unfortunate wretches that they are, and they are condemned by society because they are hopelessly poor.

The Turks look down upon them as undeserving of their pity. The Christians associate them with the Evil One. It is so easy to find a pretext not to be charitable! Yet they are harmless beings, and their importunity, while very vexatious at times, is only the result of a dire necessity. '*Un para celebi* (ten paras,—halfpenny, sir,') cries a little ragged child, running with all her might in pursuit of the fleet Arab horse that carries a wealthy Greek or Armenian, or after the carriage of a rich Pasha; and while the child gets exhausted in a fruitless attempt to obtain a mite,

the Christian thinks he has done a good action by refusing a farthing to the child of the devil.

They have their faults, but who has not? They are not very conscientious, but is it to be expected? They have been accused of stealing, but little else than petty larceny has ever been put down to their score.

When in the beautiful valley of Bouyukdéré, under the splendid old plane-tree which is said to have been planted by Godfrey de Bouillon, I have seen Armenians and Greeks on a Sunday afternoon sipping, in pleasant enjoyment of an exquisite sunshine and sea-breeze, their beloved cup of coffee, I have always been amazed at the horror with which they recoiled from the sight of those poor beings, and the hard-heartedness with which they refused them the miserable trifle they asked.

I have come to the end of what I wished to say on the subject of some of the people that one sees on the bridge of Galata, and while dismissing the subject I must again recommend the visitor to Constantinople not to let his stay in that capital pass away without his devoting half-an-hour, at least, to the observation of the world as it passes to and fro on that bridge. Europe ends and Asia

begins there. The two Continents meet. This fact alone gives to Galata bridge an interest which other grander structures and more magnificent architectural works do not, nor can ever possess.

It may be almost said that the tide of civilisation flows over that bridge, and to watch its ebb and flow is surely worth a few minutes' observation.

THE END.

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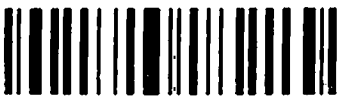
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